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TRANSATLANTIC AFFAIRS.

Revolt of Spanish Soldiers—A Republic Demanded.

The Usual Conflict of Opinion on Matters in Ireland.

Minor Notes of Interest from European Centres.

An ill-timed revolution, which serves only to exhibit the fickleness of Spanish politics and illustrate the sneer that Spain is largely a "government of generals," occurred in Madrid on Sunday evening. The troops quartered in the city broke out, but the uprising was ill planned and ill managed, and practically amounted to little more than a mutiny. The trouble was inaugurated by a regiment of infantry quartered in the Gil Blas barracks. The soldiers revolted, broke down the partition wall that separated them from the quarters occupied by the cavalry and intermingled with the men of the two cavalry regiments, a number of whom joined in the revolution.

The officers of all three regiments did all in their power to dissuade the men from revolting, but 300 soldiers, after beating a number of officers and wounding three, deserted the barracks and marched in two bodies through the town. One body went to the Prado, the principal park, and promenade of Madrid. Two thousand troops were quartered in the Prado at the time, and the revolutionists expected to be joined by them. The other body went hurrahing through the centre of Madrid, calling on the people to join in the revolution, crying, "Live the Republic," and making all kinds of threats against the monarchy.

At this time the theatres and other places of amusement were crowded. The populace were taken by surprise. To most of the public places the people flocked in a panic. All entertainments were abruptly terminated. The streets were soon filled with people, nearly all of whom were terror-stricken because of exaggerated ideas of what was transpiring.

The insurgents attempted among their first exploits to secure possession of the arsenal, docks and barracks, which they attacked with open fire, but all these places were well and successfully defended, and the rebels were repulsed. Finally, their reverses drawing them together, the insurgents attacked and got possession of the Southern railway.

By this time the authorities had taken in the situation, and had fully prepared to master it. The loyal troops were marched to the railway, and after a short fight they completely dislodged the revolutionists, who dispersed into the country, General Pavia pursuing.

During the fighting in the city one of the officers leading the insurgents was shot and killed. The rebels shot General Valarde for refusing to join them.

Martial law was proclaimed throughout the city as soon as the condition of affairs was clearly perceived by the government. The emeute was a complete surprise to Madrid.

Quiet was soon restored after the revolutionists were driven from the Southern railway. A number of the insurgents were taken prisoners. This morning there is no appearance of a revolution or even of disorder.

When the insurgents fled from town, forty of them compelled the station master to place at their disposal a special train, with which they made their flight to Alcala de Henares. Government troops were soon in pursuit in another special train.

Count Mirasol was mortally wounded by the soldiers in last night's revolt, and a colonel of artillery was killed outright.

The authorities are making a great many arrests for complicity in the revolution of last night, and a large proportion of the prisoners are officers. It is learned today that the revolution was led by Brigadier-General Villacampa. He escaped on the special train which left the city on the Southern railway.

Loyal troops are scouring the suburbs of Madrid in search of fugitive rebels. Telegrams from all the provinces show that public order remains undisturbed. The ministers, who happened to be all absent from the city yesterday, have been summoned to return immediately.

It has been learned that the revolutionists, who started for for Alcala de Henares, becoming convinced that the Loyalists would stop and probably oppose them, stopped their special train en route, sent it back to Madrid, and fled.

CONFLICTING OPINIONS.

Obstruction as an Element of Irish Legislation.

What little there is of interest in Great Britain centres again in the British Parliament, where the most ridiculous burlesques on parliamentary government are going on, if the testimony of the different correspondents are to be taken—not as facts, but as illustrations of the scenes. Naturally as partisanship deeds, the story is told in a different fashion, and the conclusions are so different that it makes very pleasant, if not instructive, reading. Says one: "The Irish members determined that the estimates, and especially the Irish estimates, should be pretty fully discussed, and proceeded to carry out their plans. This drove Churchill and the Tories wild with fury. They charged the Irish with obstruction, and threatened, for the thousandth time, all sorts of pains and penalties. These tactics, so far from producing the desired result, led directly the other way. The Irish became more talkative than ever, and, when the chief secretary, Beach, insolently rebuked them, they fastened on him and tamed him. At last Lord Randolph came down from his high horse, and actually made an ad misericordiam appeal for time for the government to map out their Irish policy. Nor was this the only result. In order to get the Irish members to hold their hands and to get the work of voting the supplies finished this week, he consented to put Parnell's bill on Monday before the appropriation bill, and not after it, as he had originally intended, a course which insures for the new land proposals as full a disscussion as the Irish members will care to have. On the whole, the Irish members have scored heavily, and have shown Parliament that they are a formidable force."

Another View of It.

It seems difficult to deny that obstruction had been practised. Matters went so far on Thursday that Lord Randolph Churchill protested against what he called the unprecedented and immeasurable protraction of the proceedings of the House. The House grew so impatient that a majority of the members silenced Dr. Tanner by groans, and received Irishman after Irishman with derisive laughter. The discussion of the Fahy case threatened to become interminable.

The excitement ran so high that the chairman constantly interrupted to moderate the language used. Then came attacks on Captain Plunkett, special resident magistrate for the Cork district, whom Dr. Tanner declared as occupying his leisure, when not engaged in savagery, with gambling, female society and German bands. Mr. Morley came to Captain Plunkett's defence and declared that he had but done his duty. The chairman finally interrupted Mr. Harrington with the remark that he must see the necessity of observing the usual decencies of debate.

Mr. Parnell, during the sessions, as during the earlier part of the week, was conspicuous by his absence. His acquiescence in the proceedings, which two words from him would have stopped, is explained on various theories. Whatever the true explanation, Mr. Parnell last night came to the conclusion that the experiment had been continued long enough. Nothing sufficed to shake the determination of the government to finish the supply before taking up Mr. Parnell's bill. Lord Randolph's announcement was decisive. The bill would come on Monday if supply were out of the way, otherwise it must take its chance.

The Parnell Bill.

A number of English and Scotch Liberals have warned Mr. Parnell that if he practices further obstruction on the budget estimates in the House of Commons they will withdraw their support from him and go away on a vacation, leaving the Parnellites to face the Conservatives alone and unaided.

The Times, commenting on Mr. Parnell's land bill, says: "Mr. Parnell's bill has undergone another change. It is a legislative chameleon. Parliament is asked to enforce a gigantic act of repudiation by the simple process of allowing debtors to retain what they owe their creditors without being liable to legal proceedings. It is a project of legislative spoliation without modern precedent.

Father Fahy, a Catholic priest, was arrested for using language inciting to riot, and promptly sentenced to six months in jail. Of course, this is a rich grievance for the growling element, but it is evident that if the peace is to be preserved it can never be done by allowing such incendiary talk.

"The news from Ireland itself does not indicate a peaceful winter," says a home rule correspondent. "General Buller's presence in Kerry and Clare has distinctly led to an increase of outrage in those counties, and the imprisonment of Father Fahy in Galway has made things very feverish there. A few more events of the kind, and no man can answer for the consequences."

Scotch Crofters.

The agitation for the relief of the Irish tenant is bearing fruit in various directions. Mr. Peter Esslemont, member of Parliament for Aberdeen, is one of the most active Scotch representatives. He has given notice that on the earliest possible day of the next session he will move that, in consequence of the altered circumstances of the country, legislative relief ought to be afforded to the Scotch agriculturists holding under leases. Mr. Esslemont says: "Land hunger has increased with the population. The value of land increased about 100 per cent. per annum, or one-half from 1827 to 1877. Under the circumstances, the tenant was induced, in order to retain preference, to offer a high rent, because he expected that during nineteen years the current increase of 9-100ths would accrue to him. The landlords took advantage of this, and almost invariably made it a condition that all improvements reverted to the proprietor. This stipulation often induced the tenant to submit to the increase rather than forfeit the improvements. American competition mainly has brought the change from about 25 to 35 per cent. in value of agricultural produce, and consequently the leaseholders, who renewed from '75 to '85, have still from nine to eighteen years of the lease to run, and many of them, who have either poor or inconsiderate proprietors, unable or unwilling to reduce their rents, are gradually being drained of their savings and capital, and will inevitably be greatly impoverished, and not a few be financially ruined, unless the Legislature interfere and afford them some relief. My main argument for the proposed intervention is that the fall in prices was unforeseen, and could not have been anticipated by any calculation founded on past experience. The strongest objection to this scheme is the well-known one of inviolability of contract as between man and man, as free agents."

GLEANINGS.

Notes of News Clipped from the Week's Despatches.

Hostile Arabs are said to be threatening the Egyptian frontier.

The convicts employed by the Egyptian government at the Djebelzeit petroleum works mutinied recently, and twenty-four of the mutineers had to be killed before the others could be forced again into submission.

Father Fahy, the Catholic priest who is undergoing six months' imprisonment for alleged threats against a landlord for having evicted one of the priest's parishioners at Woodford, said to a reporter: "I never mentioned dynamite to Mr. Lewis. I never threatened him. I never urged the people to groan against him. I did not give bail, because such a compliance would have been a tacit admission that my defence was false, and if I made a false defence I would prove myself unworthy of the priesthood."

Succi, the faster at Rome, has accomplished his task of subsisting thirty days without ordinary food on mineral waters and an extract from an African root. He was not at all exhausted.

Mrs. Girling, the head of the English Shakers, is dead. Her death, it is expected, will cause the Shaker community to disperse. They are ill provided with funds and necessaries, and her death has to a great extent shaken the faith of the younger portion of the community. To the last the Shakers relied implicitly upon Mrs. Girling's prophecy that she would never die, but when her time came would be caught up and translated into heaven.

The Republique Francaise states that the Sultan of Turkey demands the evacuation of Egypt by the English, and that Russia supports the Turkish demand.

The Greek gypsies who went to Hamburg with the intention of taking passage there for America were prevented from landing and have returned to Hull. The authorities at Hull have forbidden them to enter the town.

Six students of the Pesth University have been fined for making a demonstration before the house of the Russian consul on the occasion of Alexander's visit.

A part of the town of Kaschau, Austria, with several villages near by, has been inundated by a waterspout.

Captain Clement Robert Markham, the eminent Arctic explorer, who is surveying Hudson's straits and Hudson's bay in the interests of the Royal Geographical Society and the Hudson Railway Company, cables to the railway authorities as follows: "I think the proposed route entirely practicable four months in the year, and possibly five or more, and the nature of the ice in the straits is quite favorable for navigation. I have forwarded a detailed report. Good-night."

The Albert bridge, spanning the Lagan river at Belfast, collapsed Thursday. Twenty persons were thrown into the river and four were drowned.

The suspension bridge over the Ostrawitza river, in the town of Ostran in Moravia, collapsed today while a squadron of Uhlans were riding across. The Uhlans and a number of spectators, who were on the bridge watching the soldiers, were all precipitated into the river. Seven persons were instantly killed, one of whom was a Uhlan, and many were seriously injured.

M. Bratiano, Roumanian prime minister, was shot at last week. The would-be assassin confessed that he wished to kill the minister, but there was no evidence of a political conspiracy.

An anti-Jewish riot broke out at Krajova, in Roumania. A mob plundered and destroyed a number of houses belonging to Jews. Several rioters were wounded and 100 arrests were made.

Russia has demanded of the Corean government the harbor of Kankyek for a naval station.

The authorities of the city of London, regardless of the opposition made by the government, contemplate presenting the freedom of the city to Prince Alexander. This is presumably done at the instigation of the Queen.

Three officers belonging to the Spanish army at Barcelona have been arrested and imprisoned for leading a band of soldiers to join the Carlists.

Forty Catholic families have embraced the Protestant faith at Nagy-Koros, in Hungary.

The negotiations between the powers on the Bulgarian question have reached an acute stage. Several of the signatories of the treaty of Berlin oppose the election of a prince to succeed Prince Alexander by the Sobranje, and insist that the final election can be made only by Europe.

Emperor William of Germany is reported sick. He is reported about every three days. On the "off days," he is generally inspecting troops or otherwise showing himself robust. But he is at least 89 years old, and may go off any day.

Cardinal Jacobini, the Pope's secretary of state, is a sick man. His illness is considered very serious.

Baron Edmond Carayou Latour is dead in his 76th year.

General Schmettoro, who led the celebrated charge of Bismarck's cuirassiers at Viouville, is dead.

The will of Abbe Liszt has been made public. It makes Caroline Wiltjenstein his sole heiress.

The Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son and heir of the Scotch Duke of Buccleuch, was accidentally killed while hunting.

In connection with the Fahy affair eighteen persons have been arrested at Woodford on the charge of assaulting the police. The prisoners were taken to Galway under a strong escort. A mob numbering several thousand persons, attacked the escort with stones and other missiles. After they had conveyed their prisoner to a place of safety, the police charged the mob with fixed bayonets and many of the rioters were felled to the ground, but none of them were seriously injured. Some of the police were cut by the stones thrown at them.

The Marquis and Lady Londonderry formally entered Dublin on Saturday. The marquis is now lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and the Freeman's Journal, with a charitable idea of making enemies if possible, did its best to secure him a poor reception. There wasn't any reason for it, except that one of the ancestors of the marquis was Lord Costlereagh, and the chance for a sentimental grievance was not lost.

Fell On His Circular Saw.

WORCESTER, Mass., September 20.—Church Wallis, 71 years of age, who keeps a wood yard at 15 Hawley street, fell forward on the circular saw while at work this morning and was terribly mangled. His right arm was nearly sawed in two and his right breast was terribly cut. He was alone when the accident happened, and was found about half an hour later.

BODWELL'S PLURALITY 13,500.

The Returns in Maine Coming in Slowly---Democrats Make a Gain in the Senate and Republicans in the House.

AUGUSTA, September 14.—The returns have come in slowly. Not more than 100 of the 500 towns in Maine have as yet reported to the secretary of state. The Republican plurality, however, will be about 13,500. The vote for Clark, Prohibition candidate for governor, will reach 3700, against 1100 for Eustis in September, 1884, and 2100 for St. John in the presidential vote of that year. The scattering vote for governor was very small, and it is evident that the Republicans will have about 9500 majority over all. In 1884 Robie had 19,800 plurality and over 16,000 majority.

The result has demonstrated the fact that when the Democrats work unitedly and harmoniously for the success of their ticket they can succeed in their work. York county two years ago gave Robie 1000 plurality. This year the Democrats got it by about 100. In Waldo county the party also was united, and the Democrats won by 300 plurality. Two years ago it gave 500 Republican plurality. The last Senate of Maine consisted of 31 Republicans and no Democrats. This year it will stand 26 Republicans and 5 Democrats. The House last year was composed of 115 Republicans, 34 Democrats and 2 Greenbackers. The new House will consist of 120 Republicans and 31 Democrats.

EL COYOTE SLAIN.

Pierced by a Dozen Mexican Sabres--Twenty of the Bandits Cut Through the Soldiers, Leaving Their Chief and Seven Men Dead on the Field.

CHICAGO, September 18.—A special to the Times from Lampasas, Mex., regarding the killing of El Coyote, says: "Captain Jose Maria Herrera and seventy men of the Tenth Cavalry surrounded El Coyote and thirty of his band yesterday at 3 p. m., while they were enjoying an afternoon nap at the Santa Domingo ranch. The horses were staked out, guns stacked and the bandits had their shoes off, when the soldiers quickly approached with drawn swords and began the work of extermination. The bandits were taken completely by surprise, but they made a desperate hand-to-hand fight, and twenty of them fought their way through the ranks of the troops. Eight were killed and three wounded.

Among the killed are Colonel Juan Rodriguez Martinez, better known as El Coyote, Captain Manuel Perez Vela, and Lieutenant Paulino Chaverz, and the troops lost one killed and one wounded. The troops captured fifteen horses, seventeen saddles and twenty carbines. Captain Herrera is being heartily congratulated from all quarters for the splendid results of his expedition. It is a matter of general surprise that the wily Coyote, who has so long been a terror on the border, should have been caught napping. When the troops closed in on the slumbering bandits, El Coyote was the first to awake. He fought like a demon, and tried to rally his men, but his great power and his herculean form went down, pierced by a dozen sabres amidst the exultant yells of the victorious troopers. The bodies of the eight bandits were buried where they fell."

A despatch from New Laredo says: "The reported death of El Coyote caused intense excitement in this city, his former home, and the present home of his family. He has many friends here, who claim that he possessed many very good qualities. However, there is a general feeling of relief, as it is believed that his death and the recent defeat of of Mauricio Cruz will bring about a state of peace on the border that will not be disregarded for some time to come."

$6000 STOLEN IN FIVE YEARS.

The Secretary of Cincinnati's Late Board of Public Works Arrested.

CINCINNATI, September 19.—The Board of Revision, consisting of the Mayor, city comptroller, and one or two other city officers, recently employed an accountant to examine the books of the late Board of Public Works. After a brief consultation with the expert, a warrant was issued for the arrest of George Seiter, assistant secretary of the late Board of Public Works, and at present holding the same office under the Board of Public Affairs, which succeeded the other named board. He is charged with having embezzled $6000 at various times within the past five years. He was arrested this afternoon and gave bonds in the sum of $10,000 for his appearance.

The expert says that the evidence of embezzlement is of such a character as to prove that it could not have been accomplished without the connivance of other officers. It is therefore expected that much more startling revelations will be made when the investigation is completed and the report made. Seiter has been in the city service under both Republican and Democratic administrations for many years, though always acting with the Democratic party. He is well connected by marriage and has always been highly respected.

A REMORSEFUL DESERTER.

He Returns to Bavaria to Expiate His Crime After Thirteen Years.

PITTSBURG, Penn., September 14.—About thirteen years ago, Franz Dallinger, a private in a regiment of guards at Munich, Bavaria, a veteran of the Franco-German war, disgusted at the promotion of a hated rival to the position of orderly sergeant, which he had coveted, deserted and fled to this country. He settled on the South Side, and lived there in moderate prosperity until a little more than a month ago.

Then he began brooding over his breach of the oath of fidelity to his country, and at last he returned, conscience-stricken, and surrendered himself for the crime which was nearly forgotten. The news came to his friends on this side of the ocean in a letter from Dallinger, which also stated that he had been sentenced to six months in the penitentiary for his desertion of the flag.

CUT HIS CHILD'S THROAT.

A Farmer Goes Insane and Drives His Relatives Out of the House.

TROY, N. Y., September 19.—Dexter P. Wager, 29 years old, a farmer at Cropseyville, this county, has for a week past manifested signs of insanity. Yesterday afternoon he drove his wife and mother-in-law from the house. When they returned with help it was found that Wager had cut the throat of his daughter, Lena, 3 years old, from ear to ear. After a struggle the madman was secured and confined. His only statement was a raving one, to the effect that cats had run away with the girl. Wager was arraigned and committed to the Troy jail on a charge of murder.

Wise in His Day and Generation.

[The Hour.]

When Mr. Hedden was collector it was next to impossible for the reporters to get near his majesty. They went back to their offices and took their revenge by sticking pins in every inch of his sensitive official hide. Mr. Magone is an old politician, and with a wise regard for his own comfort has reversed the Hedden policy of exclusion. His latchstring is always out to the press men, and the result, we predict, will be that Mr. Magone will have the most beautiful assortment of paragraphs in his scrap books. The public man who has learned the art of managing the reporters—and it is a very high art—is indeed fortunate. He who has not is to be pitied, as, for instance, Mr. Conkling.

Any reader with a little effort can form a club of 25-cent subscribers, and be certain that nearly all will renew next January, for a year. Now is the time to do it. Will you put sample copies where they will do the most good, and form a club?

CHIMNEY ROCK A CRATER.

Volumes of Black Smoke Issuing from Crevices.

Western Maryland Excited Over the Strange Volcanic Phenomena.

Huge Fissures Noticed Since the Recent Earthquake.

BALTIMORE, Md., September 19.—Some excitement was created in Western Maryland the past week by reports that, since the earthquake of August 31, volumes of smoke had been seen issuing from crevices in the neighborhood of the Chimney Rock, near Mechanicstown, Md., on the Blue Ridge range. One paper went so far as to state that a Maryland volcano had been discovered, which increased the alarm, particularly in the towns that dot the sides of the Blue Ridge in Maryland, and the beautiful Cumberland valley. Newspaper correspondents made a trip to Chimney Rock, and were aided in their investigation by John D. Miller, the hotel-keeper of Mechanicstown, who has lived on the mountain within gunshot of the mysterious Chimney rock all his life. Mr. Miller declared that while there had not been any particular disturbance noticed further than the general vibrations felt all along the Blue ridge at the time of the Charleston earthquake, still there had been within the past two years phenomena in the vicinity of Chimney rock which could not be understood, and had alarmed some of the mountaineers to such an extent that they moved away.

The summit of Chimney rock is very difficult to reach. It is one of the steepest and wildest of the Blue Ridge chain. The summit is 1200 feet above Mechanicstown and if Chimney rock should ever turn into a Vesuvius, that would be the last of the charming village in which so many Baltimoreans now find their summer home. At the height of 1100 feet a terrace is reached. After proceeding about fifty yards along the plateau the progress of the tourist is blocked by a perpendicular wall of bare lime-stone known as Table rock. This wall arises from the plateau fully 250 feet on each side like the ramparts of a great fortress. It is here that are to be seen the strange freaks of nature, which give rise to the theory that down in that mountain are vast internal furnaces straining to give vent to their pent-up fires. By perilous climbing the top of Chimney rock is reached. There are many curious fissures in the rock. These are of unknown depth. From the fissures columns of smoke have been seen to rise from time to time, within the last two years. Landlord Miller and many others have seen this smoke, and it was plainly definable from the intense haze that always covers the Blue Ridge peaks. It was a dense, black smoke forming a strong contrast to the blue haze.

Mr. Miller says that when he first noticed the smoke coming out of the mountain, two years ago, it seemed to start up like a jet of high pressure steam, as thick as the trunk of a big tree and with a crown like the spreading foliage of a pine tree. The newspaper investigators made efforts to gauge the depth of the fissures, but without success. Many of them were partly filled in with timber and huge stones which had been cast down by inquisitive visitors, but wherever the view was unobstructed it was easy to see that they extended far below the visible base of the table rock itself and probably hundreds of feet into the depths of the mountain. There had evidently been considerable disturbance of the rock within a recent period. In some places masses weighing hundreds of tons had split away and sunk vertically, as if to fill a mighty chasm existing beneath. The sinking varied from twelve to forty or fifty feet, and the growth of young brushwood in the crevices seemed to indicate that the changes had been effected within the last three or four years. In a few spots light penetrated the fissures in a lateral direction fifty or eighty feet below, and signs of burning or blackening on the walls were distinctly noticeable. Volcano or no volcano, it is plain that active geological changes had been at work on Chimney Rock within quite a recent period. The attention of geologists has been called to Chimney Rock and its queer phenomena, and since the recent earthquake disturbances which somewhat enlarged the fissures, the residents of the valley have been not a little agitated over the idea that the top of Chimney Rock may prove to be a crater.

RIDDLED WITH BULLETS

After He Had Been Hanged to a Tree for Assaulting a Woman.

SAVANNAH, Ga., September 17. — Three weeks ago, during the absence of her husband, Mrs. Thomas Willis was assaulted by a negro. Mrs. Willis defended herself with a gun, which she used as a club, but was on the point of being overpowered by the burly brute, when a negro girl, armed with an axe, rushed to her assistance, dealing the assailant several severe blows in the head. The two women, after a desperate, combined struggle, put the negro to flight. Tuesday afternoon, Edward Fay noticed a negro named Wilkerson with a gun at No. 4½ on the Central railroad, which answered the description of the weapon carried off by Mrs. Willis' assailant. The negro was arrested and recognized by a lad named Brinson as the negro who had outraged his sister, aged 11 years, near Mellen, a year ago. The girl was sent for, and on seeing the negro on the depot platform identified him and fell in a fainting fit. An extra strong guard was placed around the jail last night to prevent lynching if possible.

During the night the prisoner confessed his guilt in the Brinson case, and stated that he had obtained the gun which led to his arrest from a negro named Berry Wiggs. Wiggs, who bears a bad reputation, was working in the cotton fields about Mellen when Wilkerson was arrested, but upon hearing of the charge against Wilkerson immediately disappeared and has not been seen since.

This morning Wilkerson was sent to Sylvania. As Wilkerson was proceeding across the country, guarded by the officers, they were met by a band of fifty masked and well-armed men. Having obtained possession of the prisoner, they hanged him to a tree near the scene of his crime and riddled his body with bullets. A similar fate is in store for Wigg whenever captured.

PROFESSOR LEROUX'S LEAP.

He Jumps from the Top of the Dime Museum Building in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, September 14.—A large crowd of people gathered yesterday to witness Professor Leroux make his jump from the top of the Dime Museum building. First on the ground were the newsboys and bootblacks. Then followed hundreds of school children. Merchants, clerks and artisans hastily swallowed their lunches and hurried, some coatless, some hatless, to witness the feat. Women and girls, and mothers with babies in their arms, joined the throng, which every moment grew denser. All traffic was suspended, and cars and vehicles of all kinds were blockaded until Arch street from Eighth to Tenth was one solid mass of people, horses and vehicles. The blockade also extended for a long distance north and south on Ninth street. The windows and housetops were filled with people. Boys climbed up on the obstructed wagons, paying five cents apiece for the privilege. Uniformed messenger boys were conspicuous in the crowd, and no amount of money could induce a boy to do an errand at that hour.

Promptly at 12.30 o'clock the professor appeared upon the high mansard roof, 100 feet above the pavement. He was greeted with loud cheers. His well-knit figure was displayed to advantage in light blue silk tights and satin trunks. A parachute sixteen feet in diameter swayed back and forth in the wind, and as the professor seized the lower end of it the crowd called out a steady "one, two, three; one, two, three." The policemen cleared a space twenty feet square on Arch street, directly in front of the place from which the leap was to be made. As the crowd cried "three" the third time, the professor leaped into the air. His descent was very rapid. A light breeze carried the parachute and its passenger about thirty feet to the east, and the professor just missed the lamp-post at the street corner. He struck a man upon the head, throwing the professor's right knee against his own forehead and cutting a gash which bled profusely. The jumper was led into the office as the crimson fluid dripped upon his bright-colored clothing.

After the crowd was dispersed it took twenty minutes for the policemen to move the cars and carriages and restore travel to its accustomed course. Professor Leroux is 30 years old, and weighs 144 pounds. He is a professional aeronaut, having made thirty-eight ascensions. He has leaped from High bridge in New York, and on July 27 he jumped 100 feet in Paterson, N. J.

SIXTEEN KILLED

In a Collision on the Nickel-Plate Railroad at Silver Creek, N. Y.

A fearful railroad accident occurred near Silver Creek, N. Y., on Tuesday morning, by which sixteen persons were killed and a great many injured. The scene of the accident was near the place where the great bridge disaster occurred in 1867. Over sixty were killed at that time.

A special train left Ashtabula, O., at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning, bearing an excursion party to Niagara Falls. There were fourteen coaches, and all were well filled. People joined the excursion at Erie, Dunkirk and other places along the road, and a load of passengers from Pittsburg joined the excursion party at Erie.

When the train reached Silver Creek, shortly after 10 o'clock, there were upward of 600 people on it. A way freight from Buffalo is due at Silver Creek every day at 10.10. The engineer of the excursion train received orders at Dunkirk to pass the way freight at Silver Creek. As the excursion train was already behind time, and as the engineer found no freight waiting for him at Silver Creek he pushed forward, intending to pass the freight at Irving, a small station two miles east. Silver Creek is a small village and few trains receive orders there.

The excursion train, with its 600 passengers, left the Silver Creek station at 10.15. Just east of the depot is the Silver Creek bridge. The train went over the structure slowly, but as it left the bridge the speed was greatly increased. The train entered a deep cut which curves to the north. The engine had gone only about four rods in the cut when the engineer of the excursion train saw the way freight rounding the curve about twenty feet ahead of him. The freight was going down grade at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The engineer of the excursion train reversed his engine, yelled to his fireman and both men jumped. A moment later the engineer and fireman of the way freight leaped from the engine and ran backward.

The Awful Crash.

Then came the crash. Fragments of wood and fragments of iron flew in all directions. Both engines were crushed into one shapeless mass, two freight cars were shattered into fragments and their contents destroyed. No one on the freight train was injured. With the passenger train the result was horribly disastrous. The engine, baggage car and smoking car were telescoped. The passenger coaches in the rear of the smoker were uninjured.

From the confused mass formed by the wrecked baggage car and smoker came wild cries of agony, the groans of the dying and the hoarse yells of those who had escaped.

The excursionists in the coaches rushed forward and aided in the work of removing the dead and dying. The first body taken out of the wreck was that of a middle-aged man. Both legs were crushed and the head was disfigured. In twenty minutes thirteen bodies had been removed from the wreck. These were at once carried back to the freight house at Silver Creek, where the coroner's inquest was held. As fast as the injured were taken out of the ruins they were carried to the ladies' waiting-room in the depot. Villagers came with bedding and bandages, and the wounded were made comfortable. In the meanwhile a special train from Dunkirk was on the way bearing railway men and five surgeons.

Removing the Dead and Dying.

Several were fatally injured. One man died while being carried to the depot, and another died in the afternoon. A young man named Henry L. Hike died that evening. In one corner of the wrecked smoker the bodies of four men were found heaped one upon the other. Three of these men were lifted out dead. The fourth man was buried under three dead bodies. He was alive, and what is stranger still, he was uninjured. To the surprise of those present he walked away. His name could not be learned.

The dead and dying from Erie were taken by a special train to that city. Those from Dunkirk were conveyed to their home. Others remained at Silver Creek.

Wrecking trains came from Dunkirk and Buffalo, and in less than three hours the track was cleared and the excursion train proceeded to Niagara Falls. Some of the slightly injured accompanied friends on the train.

No women or children were killed or injured. The men who were in the smoker were the ones who suffered most.

FIRING AT SHORT RANGE.

A Young Man Kills His Sister's Husband Because the Latter Abused Her.

GREENVILLE, Ga., September 14.—A bloody domestic tragedy took place near this place yesterday, in which Frank Freeman killed William Odum. About two years ago Odum came to this place and started in business. He boarded with a widow named Mrs. Freeman, who had a daughter and a son Frank. Odum subsequently married the daughter, but almost immediately after grew jealous of her and frequently chastised her in a cruel manner. Yesterday, at dinner, he slapped her jaws vigorously, and then kicked her out of the house. Her brother Frank then took her out to the house of her uncle, Henry Blalock.

In about an hour Odum made his appearance, armed with two revolvers and demanded admittance. This being refused he began firing into the door and the windows, one of the balls penetrating Frank Freeman through the back. The latter then opened the door and both men began emptying their revolvers at each other. Odum being struck several times. When the chambers were emptied the two men closed in upon each other and beat each other upon the head with their pistol butts until Odum fell dead at Freeman's feet.

HIS BAD RECORD.

Schults, a Noted New England Cracksman, Captured.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 18.—Henry Schults and Charles M. Coleman, celebrated Eastern craksmen, who have been engaged on a systematic safe-cracking tour from Washington Territory down to San Diego, Cal., their latest exploits being robberies of the post offices at Redwood and Los Gatos, this State, have been captured in this city. Schults has served several terms in the penitentiary at San Quentin, Cal., and at Albany, N. Y., and at the latter place, in an attempt to escape, he shot two officers, and at another time set fire to a bed in his cell with the intention of destroying the penitentiary. Coleman has an unenviable reputation in the New England States.

YOUNG BLAINE'S BRIDE.

How She Made a Kentuckian Apologize for Insulting Her.

CINCINNATI, O., September 19.—The marriage of James G. Blaine, Jr., to Miss Nevins has recalled a story of the latter, which occurred in Cincinnati two years ago, and was well known in society circles at the time. Miss Nevins was visiting here, where she is well known and had many admirers. Among them was Cass Hopple, a rich young man, who boarded at the Grant Hotel, where Miss Nevins stopped. Hopple, who has since died, was a declared lover. One night he took her to the theatre.

Harry Turpin of Dayton, Ky., also an admirer of the young lady, was present with friends. Turpin did not know Hopple, but having seen him about the hotel, somehow jumped to the conclusion that he was a hotel clerk and felt aggrieved that Miss Nevins should show a preference for him over himself, and dropped an impolite remark about the couple, which Miss Nevins overheard. Although the words were meant to apply more to Hopple than to her, the young lady was the more angry of the two.

She insisted to Hopple that the insult was one which could be wiped out only on the field of honor. Young Hopple either was not as mad as she or had less grit, and so showed no disposition to move in the matter. Thereupon Miss Nevins wrote a very strong letter to Turpin, setting out her views and her demands in the matter which she caused Hopple to sign and send. Turpin, who was supposed not to be averse to accepting responsibility for his actions was so completely taken aback by the positive tone of the unexpected missive that he returned a perfectly satisfactory reply.

The incident was well known to many at the time, but it was a long while before it was generally learned that Miss Nevins herself was the author of the spirited letter that caused a settlement of the trouble.

TONS OF ROCK AND COAL

Fall in the Marvine Shaft, Near Scranton, Penn.

Seven Men Imprisoned, With Little Hope of Their Rescue Alive.

Hundreds of Searchers About the Opening This Morning.

SCRANTON, Penn., September 14.—The morning dawned today upon a sad scene at the mouth of the ill-fated pit of the Marvin colliery. Some relatives of the entombed men still linger around the shafts.

Mine Inspector Blewitt was on the ground early, and took an active part in the search. When he entered the mine he was compelled to crawl over several falls of roof which almost blocked the passage leading to where the main fall had occurred. At this point the noxious air had accumulated in such volume and the gases were so dense that a safety lamp could not be lifted more than a foot from the ground without incurring a fearful risk.

It was ascertained on authority that seems almost a certainty that four of the workmen were directly under the fall when the crash came and therefore it is impossible that they could escape. In Mr. Blewitt's opinion given about noon all the men are dead. He says it is impossible even if they had escaped the tremendous wreck to have lived in the poisonous atmosphere. When Mr. Blewitt was in the mine this morning the roof was still "working," and he had several narrow escapes from being struck with large pieces of rock, many of which weighed over a ton each.

The mine inspector says it will be impossible to reach the imprisoned men inside of forty-eight hours at the earliest possible time, and it may take a month to extricate them.

Superintendent Nicol says the rescuers are cutting through the coal in two directions at the shortest possible distance from where the men are supposed to be. The situation at the mouth of the mine is, if anything, more painful today than it was yesterday.

Full details of the terrible mining accident, referred to above, are as follows:

A fall of thousands of tons of rock and coal, 350 feet below the surface, shook the earth for two or three miles around, and made people turn pale from fright. Those who lived in the neighborhood of the shaft saw a great cloud of dust roll up from the dark pit immediately after the shock had been felt, and knew at once that a disaster had occurred down in the depths of the mine, where 300 men and boys were working. Ambulances and stretchers were sent to the mouth of the shaft by Superintendent Atherton, and a few minutes later hundreds of men, women, and children were grouped around the entrance to the mine. The report that fifteen men had been crushed to death spread quickly among the crowd, and the anguish of the women who had relatives in the pit was heart-rending.

In the course of an hour several of the miners were brought out of the shaft in safety. They said that the first intimation they had of their danger was when clouds of black dust and debris began to rush through the galleries and chambers of the great colliery. The air caused by the cave in, 600 feet from where they were, swept through the passageways with the force of a tornado, spreading alarm and death through the underground workshop. A panic followed, as all the lights were blown out. The rumbling sounds told the men that death was near, and made them feel that the next moment they would be crushed to death under tons of earth and rock. Many of them worked their way to a place of safety near the foot of the shaft, but those who were near the tremendous cave-in, a thousand feet from the foot, either lost their lives or were injured.

John Shafer, 50 years old, and married, was crushed to death by the fall of a rock. His body was found near the fall by a rescuing party. His son, Henry Shafer, was caught at the edge of the fall. He had a shoulder fractured and three ribs broken. He was the first one of the injured to get out of the pit. Thomas Healy had his legs caught under a mass of earth and had a miraculous escape. He was prostrated for some time, and got away by pulling his feet out of his boots. A driver named Joseph Raddy had several of his toes smashed. George Mason, a miner, got out with a crushed hand. Patrick Gibbons, a miner, who was only a few feet from the head of the slope, was thrown to the top by the tremendous force of the wind. His body was wedged under the engines, but he escaped without injury. Philip Kelly, a timberman, who was knocked against a car, was slightly hurt. He told the following story of the crash:

"About a week ago the men noticed 'a squeeze' in the old workings. It seemed to be working its way toward the spot where the cave-in occurred. I was there today with a gang of six men, putting up timbers on the road to the right of where the fall occurred. In that part of the mine there were sixteen chambers, in which sixty men were employed. We felt the squeeze coming, and we all assembled in a group. We then started through the old workings, and a second later the first fall occurred. All of our lights were put out at once. The fall of earth and rock extended from where the timbering gang had been at work to the road on the right, a distance of 100 yards. We had to go through the other old workings to escape. When we got into the main heading we found the gate locked. We quickly tore it down, and as we did so the roof fell in on all sides. Our only hope then was to rush out in the face of the fall to get out to the slope. This we did while the roof was falling all around us." Kelly received a wound in the head and on the shoulder.

These men are still imprisoned in the mine: John Carden, a laborer, 30 years of age, married; John Young, a miner, 55 years, married, three children; Patrick McNulty, miner, married, seven children; Cormac Maguire, miner, 55 years, married, two children; Patrick Kavanaugh, miner, aged 45, married, six children; P. Murphy, laborer, aged 25, single; Patrick Harrison, laborer, 35 years, single. It is supposed that they ran back when they saw the second fall coming, and were cut off from all escape. A rescuing party has been trying to reach them all day and tonight. The hope that the men will ever be got out alive has almost been abandoned.

The searchers went into the mine 215 feet with safety lamps and such other implements as they needed. A little later props were sent down the shaft, as the roof was still rumbling, and they had to prop up the roof before they could proceed. One of the searchers said that the roof was "working" constantly, and it was dangerous to proceed beyond the head of the slope. While they were working a strong current of air rushed through the gangways, and the men were several times hurled against the walls by the current and their lights put out. Every time the searchers came to the surface they were besieged with questions by the weeping wives, mothers and sisters of the imprisoned men. They spoke in cheering tones and words to the sorrowful women, but to the reporter they expressed their doubts of ever getting the men out alive. Experienced miners, especially those who are familiar with that particular mine, believe that the seven men are already dead, and that it would be next to impossible to reach their bodies inside of a week.

An idea of the extent of the cave-in may be got from the fact that there are a number of cracks in the surface, 355 feet above where the cave-in occurred. The scenes around the shaft this evening are pitiful in the extreme.

SHAVED HER FACE REGULARLY.

Became Second Steward and Even Some of the Fair Guests Were Smitten With Her—Mattie Carpenter of Providence in Male Attire.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 14.—A pretty little romance comes from Lake Elmo, a family summer resort 15 miles from St. Paul on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railroad.

Two months ago a handsome, well-dressed young fellow applied to Manager Moore of the resort for a position as servant in the hotel. He was given one, and was soon promoted to be second steward of the house. He did his work faithfully and well, was kind to his subordinates, and became a general favorite. His bright eyes, handsome face and elegant figure made a perceptible impression upon several susceptible maidens who were stopping at the lake. He treated all kindly, paying no more especial attention to one than another. In reply to questions, he said his name was Alfred Smith, and that his home was in the East.

He occupied a room with another employe, who, a month ago, accidentally made the astounding discovery that the fair-faced Alfred was a woman.

She left the place at once, simply saying that her home was in St. Paul, that she had adopted male attire simply because she could obtain a better position and more money in that garb. The girl shaved her face regularly while at the Lake. The matter has been kept very quiet.

It has since been learned that the woman's name is Mattie Carpenter, and that she is the daughter of a retired business man in Providence, R. I. She has left for parts unknown.

WILL ROACH BUILD THE VESSELS?

The Wily Naval Contractor to Bid for the New Ships—Inability of Any One to Compete With Him.

WASHINGTON, September 18.—There is some speculation in navy circles as to whether John Roach will bid on the construction of the additional cruisers and gunboats. The general impression is that he only accepted the small final payment on the Dolphin to make it impossible to object to any of his bids on the ground that he is a failing or defaulting contractor. That he will make an effort to do the work on the Baltimore, Newark and Charleston, as well as the gunboats, seems to be a foregone conclusion.

It is generally conceded that no ship builder in the country can compete with him for this kind of work, and that his bid will be the lowest, enabling him to secure the contract no matter what the opposition may be.

Before Mr. Roach began work on the Chicago, Atlanta and Boston he had the most complete shipbuilding plant in the country, and while constructing these vessels he improved it to such an extent that in the opinion of the majority of naval officers his yard is the only place where a fairly good war vessel can be put together. Some say that the secretary hurried the settlement of the Dolphin difficulty in order to give Roach an oppportunity to bid, recognizing the fact that it is to him he must look if the vessels are to be constructed at home.

BRADY WILL CONFESS.

He is Writing a Book Giving the Inside History of the Florida Election Frauds and the Star Route Steals.

WASHINGTON, September 14.—General Thomas J. Brady, ex-assistant postmaster-general, is dividing his time between cultivating his farm and writing a book giving the inside history of the Star route episode and of the "honest count" in the Florida election returns in 1876. General Brady was one of the visiting statesmen, representing the Republican party, assigned to duty in Florida during the exciting period in 1876, when the country was waiting for the election returns from that State, upon which hinged the fate of the election of Hayes or Tilden as president. What the general doesn't know about the manipulation of those Florida election returns no one else does, and it is assumed that his statement of the true inwardness of that period of political strategy will create a startling sensation even at this late day. His full revelation of the secret history of the late Star route episode is bound to produce a sensation which will startle the country and create consternation among certain persons who have heretofore escaped the public gaze in connection with the celebrated investigation and court proceedings.

General Brady was here today and was prevailed upon to talk a little. He said: "I propose to place several alleged statesmen and others in the public pillory, in order that their fellow-citizens may see them in their true light. I shall embellish my book with fac-simile autograph letters and memoranda which will speak for themselves; in short, it will give the true inside history of the Florida election returns of 1876, and of the Star route investigation and trials, with all the collateral incidents, congressional and otherwise, connected therewith. I have shielded a lot of hypocrites and moral cowards long enough, and there is nothing left for me to do but to publish the true inside history of these events. They may say of me as was said of Rousseau's private memoirs, 'It is mighty interesting reading, but he was a d—d fool to publish them.' I can't help what anybody may say, it is my time now to speak out, and I shall do so fully and fearlessly."

ALMOST TOTALLY DESTROYED.

The Town of Council Grove Suffers by Fire to the Extent of $150,000.

CHICAGO, September 20.—A Times special from Emporia, Kan., says a fire broke out in the business portion of Council Grove, a town twenty-five miles north of here, Sunday afternoon. The fire spread to adjacent buildings, and several blocks were destroyed. Telegrams were sent to neighboring cities, asking for assistance. Late in the evening the fire was gotten under control. The total loss is estimated at $150,000.

INDIAN RAIDS OVER.

The Infantry Ordered to New Mexico Because the Apaches Are Quiet.

DENVER, Col., September 18.—A special from El Paso says: Captain Duggal of the Tenth Infantry, who has been operating in the field against the Apaches all summer, has been ordered with his command to Fort Bliss, from where he will go shortly to Fort Union, New Mexico. This removal shows that the military authorities consider the Indian troubles over, and that the presence of troops on that account is no longer needed in New Mexico and Arizona. Any further reports about Indian raids in that country may be set down as sensational.

A MOTHER DRIVEN INSANE.

She Saw Her Two Sons Die and She was Powerless to Save Them.

ST. LOUIS, September 15.—A Little Rock special says: "A sad casse of drowning occurred in this county, near the residence of Joseph Morse, yesterday afternoon. The twelve-year-old son of Mr. Morse was bathing in a pond near the house at the time, when he was suddenly taken with cramps and called to his brother Henry, who was standing upon the bank, to save him. Henry sprang into the water to aid his brother, but the latter's weight, in addition to that of his own clothing, proved too great, and they both sank, never to rise again. Mrs. Morse had run from the house when the first warning was given, and witnessed the death of her two sons. She fainted at the sight, and when restored to consciousness it was found that she had lost her reason and had become a raving maniac."

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

The Dreaded Disease on a Milk Farm Near Chicago—No Rigid Quarantine.

CHICAGO, September 19.—The State veterinarian yesterday slaughtered, on the farm of a Mr. Carnes, at Ridgeland, two cows and a calf affected with pleuro-pneumonia. The bodies were buried five feet deep and covered with lime. All efforts will be made to thoroughly disinfect the place. The presence of the disease was discovered early in the week, as there were indications that the disease was communicated by a cow from the barn of a milkman named Harver. The State veterinary surgeon and the commissioners made a visit there and found that five head of cattle on the place were suffering with the disease, two of which were promptly killed and buried. One of them was dissected and its lungs plainly indicated that it must have been tainted with the disease for many months. The usual notice of quarantine has been served on Harver, but there are grave doubts whether he will be able to enforce it. There are 118 head of cattle on the place, nearly all of them belonging to different milkmen, who merely pasture there. There is very little fencing on the farm, and the cows have wandered at will over that section of the country. The three that show symptoms have been isolated, but with the present plan of one man taking charge of each milkman's herd no rigid quarantine can possibly be enforced. Mr. Casewell, the State veterinary surgeon, says there will be a meeting of the Board of Commissioners early this week, and his first step will be an effort to induce them to put a force of men at work to watch the Harver cattle day and night. He is of the opinion that pleuro-pneumonia has been about this region since some time last fall. He explains the fact that it has not before been discovered by saying that the cattle so far affected have been the property of milkmen. As soon as a cow took the disease her milk would fall off to nothing and the man took no pains to doctor them, but they shipped a dry cow to the slaughter house at once, or traded her off at a sacrifice, without stopping to make any investigation of the cause of her illness. Ridgeland is a suburb of Chicago, and a large proportion of the milk consumed in the city comes from there.

MUST BE INSANE.

The Handsome Marguerretta Browne of Boston,

Once Courted and Feted in the Cultured Circles of the Hub.

Arrested for Drunkenness in Pittsburg's Streets.

PITTSBURG, Penn., September 17.—A well-dressed, highly respectable-looking lady intercepted Officer George Robinson on Fifth avenue last night and asked to be directed to where she could get lodgings for the night. She was recognized as Mrs. Marguerretta Browne, who has a history probably as interesting as any woman within twenty miles of Pittsburg. Mrs. Browne has been in the city only five weeks, but during that time she has prayed and sung in City Hall, addressed temperance meetings in Alleghany, and spent a month doing work for the county.

Yesterday morning, as a sort of afterpiece, she took a turn around the bull ring at the Oil Exchange, to the amusement of the citizens who do business within that charmed circle.

The first seen of Mrs. Browne in this city was when on an afternoon about five weeks ago she appeared at City Hall and startled the people there by singing and praying. It was at first thought she was crazy, but the chief of police finally decided that she was intoxicated, and had her sent to the workhouse for thirty days. She was a remarkably refined and intelligent woman, and as she was brought in handcuffed to a couple of common drunken women she attracted Superintendent Warner's attention. He had a talk with her, and was still more surprised at the story she told, and at the degree of education she displayed. She was raised, she said, by an uncle, who was an elder in a United Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. When 22 years old she was married to Dr. William Browne, a practising physician and lecturer in a Boston medical college. Her husband was wealthy, and for several years she lived in the best society known to Boston and New York. When Mr. Browne died, eight or nine years ago, he left her a large property in Tennessee. She went to Washington, and for four years moved in good society. Then she went to San Francisco, where she was also known to social circles.

Finally her title to the property in Tennessee was disputed, and she came East to fight the matter in the court. Several weeks ago the case was decided against her, and, with a little over $1000, all the money she had in the world. She started for Pittsburg. On the train she was robbed of her pocketbook and satchel and she landed in this city penniless. Her misfortunes, she said, brought on mental trouble and caused her to act as she did in the Mayor's office. The woman was very straightforward in her statements, and seemed to bear her troubles in a truly religious spirit.

Superintendent Warner became interested in her, and after she had served her term out he gave her a letter to Rev. E. R. Donahue of the Improvement of the Poor Society. She came to the city, and the ladies of the society placed her in the Temporary Home for Destitute Women on Penn avenue. That was on Monday morning. Miss M. A. Smith, matron of the home, says that each day since then Mrs. Brown has been out ostensibly looking for a situation of some kind. One or two evenings she went to Alleghany to address temperance meetings. She seemed very much interested in church work of all kinds. On Thursday she came home late and sat up all night.

Yesterday morning she left the house and did not return. The next place she was heard of was at the Oil Exchange, where she created quite a sensation. When she applied to Officer Robinson last night, she was directed to a down-town hotel, for which place she started. Where she turned up is not known. Those who have come in contact with the woman are considerably mystified in regard to her. Her polished manner and intelligent ability stamp her undoubtedly as a lady. Her actions in this city, however, have led some to think that she must be of unsound mind. The names of Philadelphia people whom she gave as relatives are well known in the Quaker City. They were notified of her condition today.

TRICYCLING THROUGH RUSSIA.

A New Jersey School Teacher's Trip on a Dormo Wagon.

NEWARK, N. J., September 15.—James Ricalton, a Maplewood school teacher, has just returned from a trip through Russia on a bicycle. He left New York on June 12, and reached Archangel early in July. Having supplied himself with passports he started on his "dormo wagon" for a trip of 800 miles. He experienced little trouble on his trip, and arrived at St. Petersburg on August 11. He then paid a visit to Sweden and Norway and other points of interest before returning home.

GERONIMO'S PEOPLE.

Hundreds of Them Transferred to the Florida Reservation.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., September 19.—The band of 302 Warm Springs and Chiricahua Indians, bucks, squaws and papooses, from San Carlos reservation, arrived tonight, guarded by two companies of United States troops, Colonel J. F. Wade commanding. They left immediately for St. Augustine where they will be placed on a reservation. Great interest was manifest here, hundreds of people surrounding the depot to see them. The Indians at Fort Marion, St. Augustine, waited anxiously for the band from San Carlos reservation. An advance party which arrived Thursday with Captain J. H. Dorst of the Fourth Cavalry brought news of deaths to those at Fort Marion, causing a howl of grief and the death dance. A daughter born to Geronimo by one of his squaws in the fort on the 12th has been named Marion by Colonel Langdon.

SECRETARY LAMAR TO MARRY.

His Betrothed a Wealthy Widow of Macon.

CHICAGO, September 19.—A Washington special to the Herald says: "It transpires that Secretary Lamar is absent in New England, travelling in the company of Mrs. Holt of Macon, Ga., to whom he will soon be wedded, although the happy day is not yet fixed. Mrs. Holt is the widow of a prominent merchant of Macon, and is said to have inherited quite a fortune in her own right from her husband's estate. She is of mature years, but possesses a fine presence and captivating manners and is well fit to adorn society as the wife of a cabinet officer. It has been known for some time that Secretary Lamar was matrimonially inclined and specially attentive to the lady in question, but his prospective marriage is no longer a secret."

CONFIDENT OF A GREAT SUCCESS.

Director Whitley of the American Exhibition Sails for Europe to Take Personal Charge.

NEW YORK, September 17.—Mr. John R. Whitley of London, a vice-president and English director of the American exhibition to be held in London next summer, sails tomorrow in the steamer Servia. Mr. Whitley has been in America for six months past, and during that time has visited every part of the country in the interests of the exhibition.

He reports the work of preparation well advanced on this side, and his advices from London make it necessary for him to hasten there to take personal charge of the building operations, so that all will be in readiness for the reception of exhibits early next spring.

Several of the managers of the American exhibition were high officials at the Centennial exhibition in 1876. Among these are General A. T. Goshorn of Cincinnati, president of the general council; Captain Burnet Landreth, vice-president and director of the exhibition; Mr. John Sartain, chief of the department of fine arts, and Mr. Rufus M. Smith, chief of installation.

At the centennial General Goshorn was director-general, and Captain Landreth chief of the department of agriculture, while Messrs. Sartain and Smith had similar positions to those they held in the American exhibition in London. These gentlemen say that the work of the American exhibition is quite as far advanced as was the work of Philadelphia at a corresponding period.

AROUND THE FARM.

FRUIT CULTURE.

The Strawberry—Keeping Fruit from Decay—Wine from Dried Fruits—Revised Fruit List for 1886.

My first advice in regard to strawberries is to set them out immediately almost anywhere except upon land so recently in grass that the sod is still undecayed. This course is better than not to have the fruit at all, or to wait for it. A year without strawberries is a lost year in one serious respect. While there is a wide difference between what plants can do under unfavorable conditions and what they can be made to do when their needs are fully met, they will probably in any event yield a fair supply of delicious fruit. Secure this as soon as possible. At the same time remember that a plant of a good variety is a genus capable of wonderful development. In ordinary circumstances it is like the "mute, inglorious poets" whose enforced limitations were lamented by the poet, Gray; but when its innate powers and gifts are fully nourished it expands into surprising proportions, sends up hundreds of flowers, which are followed by ruby gems of fruit whose exquisite flavor is only surpassed by its beauty. No such concentrated ambrosia ever graced the feasts of the Olympian gods, for they were restricted to the humble Fragaria vesca, or Alpine species. In discovering the New World, Columbus also discovered the true strawberry, and died without knowledge of this result of his achievement.

I can imagine the expression on the faces of those who buy the "sour, crude, half-ripe Wilsons," against which the poet Bryant inveighed so justly. The market is flooded with this fruit, because it bears transportation about as well as would marbles. Yes; they are strawberries; choke-pears and Seckels belong to the same species. There is truth enough in my exaggeration to warrant the assertion that if we would enjoy the possible strawberry we must raise it ourselves and pick it when fully matured—ready for the table and not for market. Then any man's garden can furnish something better than was found in Eden. Having started a strawberry patch without loss of time wherever it was handiest, we can now give our attention to the formation of an ideal bed. In this instance we must shun the shade of trees above and their roots beneath. The land should be open to the sky, and the sun free to practice his alchemy on the fruit the greater part of the day. The most favorable soil is a sandy loam, verging toward clay, and it should have been under cultivation sufficiently long to destroy all roots of grass and perennial weeds. Put on the fertilizer with a free hand. If it is barnyard manure, the rate of sixty tons to the acre is not in excess. A strawberry plant has a large appetite and excellent digestion. It prefers, decidedly, manure from the cow stable, but that from the horse stable answers very well, but it is not advisable to incorporate it with the soil in its raw, unfermented state, and then to plant immediately. The ground can scarcely be too rich for strawberries, but it can easily be overheated and stimulated. In fertilizing ever keep in mind the two great requisites, moisture and coolness. Manure from the horse stable, therefore, is about doubled in value as well as bulk if composted with leaves, muck or sods, and allowed to decay before being used. Next to enriching the soil the most important step is to deepen it. If a plough is used, sink it to the beam, run it twice in a furrow. If a lifting subsoil plough can follow, all the better. Strawberry roots have been traced two feet below the surface. If the location of the plot does not admit the use of a plough, let the gardener begin at one side and trench the area to at least the depth of eighteen inches, taking pains to mix the surface, subsoil and fertilizer evenly and thoroughly. A small plot thus treated will yield as much as one three or four times as large. One of the chief advantages of thus deepening the soil is that the plants are insured against their worst enemy, drought. How often I have seen beds in early June languishing for moisture, the fruit trusses lying on the ground, fainting under the burden, and the berries ripening prematurely into little more than diminutive collections of seeds! When ground has been deepened, as I have said, the drought must be almost unparalleled to resist the development of the fruit. Even in the most favorable seasons, hard, shallow soils give but a brief period of strawberries; the fruit ripens all at once, and although the first berries may be of good size, the later ones dwindle until they are scarcely larger than peas. Be sure to have a deep, mellow soil beneath the plants.—[E. P. Roe, in Harper's Magazine for September.

Keeping Fruit from Decay.

J. F. Torrance of Nova Scotia stated in a paper read before the Nova Scotia Fruit-Growers' Association, that he had succeeded in keeping fruit much beyond the usual period of ripening, as well as preventing any injury from severe frost, by encasing the fruit in cases of an infusorial earth. The specimens are wrapped in fine manilla paper, and the spaces between them filled with this earth. The Alexander apple, a late autumn variety, packed in this way, "was found plump, hard and sound" on the 8th of March. Another case, containing Concord, Niagara, Agawam, Delaware and other grapes, was left by mistake in an open shed until the thermometer had gone below zero. When opened, every grape was as sound as when first packed. The frost had not penetrated the package. The advantage of employing the infusorial earth appears to be that while it is a non-conductor of heat and excludes air, it imparts no bad flavor to the fruit in which it is encased. Other substances are said to be objectionable on account of the flavor given. The cost of the earth is stated as $1 50 for 100 pounds, and the case at fifty cents. Fruit should sell at a high price to pay for earth, case, paper, packing and conveyance. There is no question that the exclusion of light and air, and preventing the frequent changes of temperature when fruit is exposed to air currents, would greatly prolong its keeping. We have found that simply wrapping apples in paper has materially prevented decay. The method above described we understand is patented, and its advantages are doubtless strongly stated.

Our Revised Fruit List—Fall 1886.

Our regular published list is always more or less slighly changed, for sufficient reasons, either in taking from or adding to it; but in regard to the list as a whole we can see no just grounds for disturbing it, though we do not hesitate to do so whenever there are new things strongly recommended to us and sustained by the best authority. Indeed, we do not see how it can be improved for this section of the country, or as a general list for all the Middle States. And this is the opinion of a number of fruit-raisers who have criticised it, or from whom we have heard. Some of each of the seperate selections may not do well upon one premises that will succeed admirably on another, even if separated by only a singly farm or a line-fence. Hence, each grower must find out for himself the particular apples, pears, etc., especially adapted to his soil and location. This can be easily done by inquiries of those who within a reasonable circuit are successful fruit-growers and those whose soil is somewhat similar to his own. According to our present preference, we should select the following for our own planting, nearly all of which we have grown more or less successfully:

STANDARD PEARS.

1. Gifford.	10. Manning's Elizabeth,
2. Doyenné d'Ete,	11. Seckel,
3. Early Catharine,	12. Howell,
4. Bloodgood,	13. Anjou,
5. Summer Julienne,	14. Sheldon,
6. Tyson,	15. Lawrence,
7. Brandywine,	16. Reading,
8. Bartlett,	17. Kieffer.
9. Belle Lucrative,	

For those who may desire a smaller number, we should select: 1, Giffard; 2, Early Catharine; 3, Bloodgood; 4, Tyson; 5, Bartlett; 6, Belle Lucrative; 7, Henkel; 8, Seckel; 9, Lawrence; 10, Reading; 11, Kieffer. They ripen in about the order they are arranged, except as to the three latter. Lawrence, which begins to ripen, or can be made to ripen, early in November, will keep until April with care, it being the only winter pear which with us keeps beyond February. In the above list, from No. 1 to 8, are summer varieties; from 9 to 14, autumn (early and late); and 15, 16 and 17, winter; thus affording a sufficient number for each of the periods of the best known sorts for this region. It will be seen that we have added to our list of standard pears the Henkel. It is perfect in form, above medium size, an early and profuse bearer and good in quality. Once introduced it will not be abandoned.

DWARF PEARS.

1. St. Michael d'Archange,	7. Lawrence.
2. Bartlett,	8. Ott,
3. Comice,	9. Louise Bonne,
4. Diel,	10. Bosc,
5. Tyson,	11. Boussock,
6. Belle Lucrative,	12. Glout Morceau.

We have dropped the Rostiezer as not being generally sufficiently productive.

APPLES.

1. Maiden's Blush,	8. Red Astrachan,
2. Baldwin,	9. Wagener,
3. Smokehouse,	10. Porter,
4. Northern Spy,	11. Gravenstein,
5. Smith's Cider,	12. Tompkin's King,
6. Fallawater,	13. Roxbury Russet.
7. Cornell's Fancy,	

PEACHES.

1. Crawford's Early,	5. Crawford's Late,
2. Hale's Early,	6. Ward's Late,
3. Troth's Early,	7. Smock's Late,
4. Old Mixon,	8. Admirable, Late.

QUINCES.

There are several varieties of the quince, to wit: Orange, Champion, Rea's Mammoth, and half a dozen others; but we can safely recommend only the Orange. It is the one almost universally grown for market, and is all that any one can desire. We have uniformly raised splendid crops of it.

GRAPES.

1. Telegraph,	6. Rogers' No. 32,
2. Concord,	7. Brighton,
3. Hartford,	8. Prentiss,
4. Clinton,	9. Pocklington,
5. Salem,	10. Creveling.

The Prentiss is, so far, the best of all white grapes. The Pocklington and Brighton the best out-door varieties. Clinton is expressly for wine. For a fewer varieties for family use, we should select the five last named in the list. It will be seen that we have restored the Creveling. It is too good a grape to be ignored.

CHERRIES.

1. May Bigarreau,	7. Downer's Late,
2. Belle de Choisy,	8. Early Richmond,
3. Black Tartarian,	9. Guigne, Early Purple,
4. Black Eagle,	10. Delaware Bleeding Heart.
5. Black Hawk,	
6. Elton,	

The ripening of the list will range from the earliest to the latest, thus carrying one through the whole cherry season. No one can go amiss in adopting this list, as it cannot be surpassed.

RASPBERRIES.

1. Hornet,	3. Brandywine,
2. Herstine,	4. Cuthbert.

The Cuthbert, a new variety, possesses all the evidence of being a raspberry of decided merit. It is of good size, excellent quality, the cane a strong grower, abundant bearer, and perfectly hardy without protection, though we have always contended that notwithstanding how hardy a variety may be, it is more productive and the fruit of finer size by being pruned in the fall and laid down and covered through the winter.

STRAWBERRIES.

1. Captain Jack,	3. Sharpless,
2. Seth Boyden,	4. James Vick.

New kinds of strawberries are constantly appearing, and we could name half a dozen; but thus far we know of no improvements on the foregoing, which, it will be seen, includes the "James Vick," a variety of a single plant which was found beside an old barn near Sedalia, Mo., by Judge Samuel Miller, who, in a somewhat similar way, discovered a single plant of the famous strawberry, "Captain Jack," and from a single one enough has been propagated to supply all the great demands for them. These are good enough until better turn up, which we shall not be slow in announcing.

CURRANTS.

1. Red Dutch,	3. Red Versailles,
2. Red Cherry,	4. White Grape,
	5. Black Naples.

GOOSEBERRIES.

1. Houghton,	2. Downing.

These are the two best gooseberries grown in this country for general use, so far as we know. They bear every year heavy crops, are free from mildew, are of excellent quality, and are large enough for all practical purposes.

BLACKBERRIES.

1. New Rochelle,	3. Wilson's Early,
2. Missouri Cluster,	4. Snyder.

It is better that those who intend to cultivate fruit and have to make purchases should take this list with them to the nursery, and adhere to it as far as possible, except in special cases in which their own individual wishes may be better satisfied.

In selecting fruit trees, or any others, be careful to choose those with smooth, healthy-looking bark, have entirely shed their leaves, and have plenty of small fibrous roots. Trees on which the leaves remain after frost sets in, and stick to the branches in the spring, may be regarded as not healthy and in some way lacking stamina.—[Germantown Telegraph.

Wine from Dried Fruits.

When the phylloxera first devastated the French vineyards, the imports of raisins and currants into France amounted to only 6000 to 7000 tons a year; for the last three years the imports of both these dried fruits have averaged 65,000 tons—an increase of nearly 60,000 tons in seven years. And, remember, these imports of dried fruit represent no less than 270,000 tons of fresh fruit. The vine-growers, learning that wine was made from these imports, complained to the government, and the minister of agriculture has just reported the results of the investigation ordered. The preparation of the wine, according to this report, is simple. The dried fruit is put into a vat with water at a temperature of 68° Fahrenheit, there being fifty-five gallons of water to every 100 pounds of fruit. At times a small quantity of sugar is added, in order to assist fermentation, which as a rule soon occurs and generally continues for a week or two. At the end of this period the water is drawn off and the wine is made. As a rule it is of a very pale color. When highly-colored wine is required, it is mixed usually with the very darkest Spanish wine. These wines, when made, contain from 7 to 10 per cent. of alcohol, but they have very little tannin and do not keep long. The greater part of the supply of fruit is obtained from Greece and Turkey. Of currants alone, France imported the last two years 80,000 tons. The demand from this quarter has greatly enhanced the price. The production has not increased, remaining almost stationary. While the imports into the United States decreased from 12,500 tons in 1883 to 7400 tons last year, those of France increased from 20,260 tons to 48,000 tons for the same period. The fruit from the Ionian Islands is most desirable, because in curing it is allowed to remain upon the tree until dried, the stem being twisted in order to prevent the sap from ascending.

THE BEST WAY TO FATTEN SHEEP.

A Prize Essay by Peter Hawk, Bolivar, O., Published in the Pittsburg National Stockman.

There should be a decided improvement in the merinos or grade merino for mutton purposes. They have been bred too much for their heavy fleeces rather than for weight of carcass. It is now time to halt on this march and take a detour to the right, and try to increase the size of body. One of my neighbors some five years ago brought from Washington county, Penn., 200 head or more of fine-wooled sheep, with large round bodies devoid of wrinkles. Such sheep are bred in the right direction to combine mutton and wool. The wool should all go in the delaine class, and the sheep should be free from wrinkles, except a small dewlap or apron. The wool must not be oily, as in the heavy-fleeced sorts, but at the same time there should be more wool and less grease, and this fact will make this kind of wool sell better and at a higher price. My notion is to have a mutton merino, which will shear a good-paying fleece and at the same time be marketed as a good mutton sheep. With sheep of the kind spoken of we will be ready to commence fattening.

A person to succeed in sheep-feeding must do it because he likes to do it—because he prefers to feed sheep and see them eat to any other business done in fall and winter; and although he may not be able or willing to do the work himself, still he must take delight in seeing it well attended to, if he expects to prosper. He should be sure to see every sheep he has at least once a day, when, if he understands his business, he can tell at a glance whether they have been properly cared for. Having decided to fatten sheep for the butcher, it will or should occur to our minds what kind of sheep are best adapted to our location as to market, let it be wethers, lambs, or what might be termed a mixed lot, part ewes and wethers. Having twenty years' experience in feeding sheep, the writer would prefer grade merino wethers from three to four years old, if to be had, younger will do, to fatten during the winter months. When I can use straw and any coarse litter for bedding, I thus accumulate a quantity of good manure to use, which is of more value in proportion to the food consumed than that of any other stock, which fact led to the Spanish proverb that "The foot of the sheep is golden." I have my sheep ready for market by February, when they are liable to command the highest price. If the market should not be such as to be favorable, I can hold on a little longer, by proper care so that they don't fall back, with very little feed, until the market is suitable. In case I should not have any of my own breeding, or not a sufficient number I wish to fatten, in August and September is probably the best time to buy, for then, if ever in the year, they will be depressed in price and can be bought to advantage.

Selecting the flock is an important matter. The proper selection of a flock of sheep to fatten should be made by an experienced man; but to beginners I would say, but only the best—don't buy inferior stock at any price. My rule has been, if I cannot get the number of sheep that suits me, I feed a smaller number. Put into flocks of not more than fifty, if you can so arrange it, believing that 100 head should be the outside limit put together to fatten well. A smaller number will well pay for the extra care and trouble. Then as soon as I can arrange I commence to feed, say about the 1st of October, by giving at first a half-bushel of shelled corn and oats mixed once to twice a day, until they eat well. I strive from the very first to gain the confidence and love of my sheep by kind and gentle treatment. I encourage them to eat out of a basket or my hand. If you have not the love for your flock that will prompt you to give them this time, and many more little attentions, you will not achieve the highest success with them. This is a matter of care which cannot be too much impressed in the care of sheep.

My plan of winter feeding is to give good clover hay. If not, timothy will do in the morning, and a bushel of shelled corn to fifty head about 11 o'clock in V-shaped troughs in a yard or lot adjacent to their stable, if the weather will permit; if not will feed in their stable. I give a feed of corn fodder after dinner, which I feed them on the bare ground, if I can have it so arranged as to draw a load of fodder in a field which I wish to plough the coming spring to oats or corn. Then I can give them an hour picking, and in case the spot should become muddy or filthy I hook on my team and draw my fodder to a more convenient place. Every load I haul I always take to a fresh place. By that my sheep get enough exercise to give them a keen appetite for their evening feed of hay at about 3 or 4 o'clock. I think the distribution of their droppings on my field will pay me amply for my little fodder trouble. I feed bran and salt twice a week, sometimes a little sulphur or ashes with the bran. My hay I always feed them in their stable in a close manger. I give them water twice, or rather they should have access to water twice a day, before they receive their ration of grain, and just before they are turned in to their evening's hay.

I think it does not pay, under any circumstances, to grind grain for sheep. They prefer it unground, and are less liable to choke, which now and then occurs in feeding sheep. I have had them to choke and drop dead in an instant. Of all farm animals, perhaps, they have the best digestive apparatus, and feeding whole grain saves both toil and hauling both ways, to and from the mill.

A word to recapitulate: In fattening sheep there must be a good frame, healthy condition, careful attention, proper feed at the least outlay, pure water, good shelter and kind treatment. The farmer must also aim to produce the best quality at all times. Poor mutton never finds ready sale at good profits. If the conditions above given were judiciously followed, there would be profit in hundreds of cases where feeding is now conducted at a loss.

THE APIARY.

Wintering Bees in Cellars—The Safest, Cheapest and the Least Labor of Any Plan Yet Recommended.

Another year has passed since we met together in council, and thousands of colonies of bees have been lost for want of proper protection in winter. It is quite often said that no one has learned the secret of wintering bees, so that they can be wintered safely every time; but I deny the assertion, and ask this association of bee-keepers if a quarter of a century of successful wintering of hundreds of colonies of bees without loss, except where an occasional one starves, is not long enough to establish the fact that bees can be wintered as safely as any other stock?

In my early experience I had all the troubles in wintering that many are experiencing now, and I tried every place and manner of wintering that looked reasonable, to add to their comfort, and, as a rule, when they came out of winter quarters the loss would be from 30 to 75 per cent. For a long term of years I have wintered bees without loss, and fully 80 per cent. came out as good as when they were placed in winter quarters. If you ask where I winter my bees, my answer would be, in a warm, damp cellar. Why I prefer a warm cellar is because a warm atmosphere is a natural element of the honey bee; and why I prefer a damp atmosphere is because bees are more quiet and healthier than in a warm, dry atmosphere for so long a time as 170 days without water.

In a warm cellar, where the temperature is from 60° to 90°, there is no discharge from the bees while in the cellar, unless it be in a dry state; and if bees have to be fed for winter it can be done the last thing before placing them in, and then the beekeeper knows just what the bees have, and no harm will be done because their feed is not sealed. The hives should be packed in a solid body when kept in a high temperature, and piled one on top of the other, three or four deep, with no upward ventilation. In this way of packing, if some of the bees get uneasy and leave their hive, they are quite sure to enter some other hive, and no harm is done.

In wintering in a warm cellar, bees require all the combs that they occupy in the summer, and they will be all over the combs and do not cluster. The cellar must be closed, with no currents of air either hot or cold passing through it to arouse the bees. It is necessary to have a small ventilator from the top of the room for constant draught; a three-inch pipe is sufficient for 200 colonies. A fire should be kept in the room above the bees whenever the mercury goes below zero.

Much is said about moisture in hives, and all manner of ways are tried to get rid of it. A warm atmosphere disposes of all moisture that arises from the bees, without any absorbents. Every colony should have plenty of feed to carry them through our longest winters, before they are placed in, so that their owner will have no excuse to go near them until spring. They will use more feed in a warm room than in a cool one.

The time to place bees in the cellar is before cold weather arrives—about the middle of November, as a rule. I use caps taken from the hives for stands to set the brood chambers on, so that each tier of three or four hives rests on the one cap. The caps should be placed close together, and when all are in they form a floor to the cellar, and yet each stand is separate, so that there is no jarring when handling in taking them out. The bottom tier of hives should be raised off the bottom boards about half an inch at one end of the hive, while all the rest should be left just as they come from the yard, with a good cloth and sound top-board, well glued in every hive. When all are in, close the cellar and let them entirely alone until there is something for them to do in the spring. About the time that willow begins to bloom is early enough in my locality.

The above plan of wintering bees is no theory, but is one that is practiced by scores of bee-keepers in northern New York, and invariably without loss in winter.

I have been as brief as possible in giving my mode of wintering, and will only add further that this plan is given for wintering large lots of bees. Where but few bees are kept where I live they have no trouble in wintering them in any cellar where vegetables will keep without freezing.

What I claim for this plan of wintering is this: 1. It is the safest plan. 2. It is the cheapest. 3. It requires far less labor than any plan yet recommended.—[Ira Barker in Beekeeper's Magazine.

TOBACCO CULTURE.

The New Method of Curing, Ordering, Stripping and Packing Tobacco.

The following is given as the latest improvements in curing tobacco;

House the tobacco as soon as cut, and, after warming up the barn for two or three hours at a temperature of 90°, advance the heat gradually up to 125°, or as high as it will bear without scalding the tobacco, letting the heat remain at 125° only a few minutes, and then, by drawing the fires and turning the dampers, cut off the heat and let the temperature of the barn descend to 90°. This is generally called "sapping." The rationale of the process is this. The heat, by expansion, opens the sap cells and starts the water to the surface, facilitates evaporation and hastens the yellowing process. This "limbering up" process of high heat at the start must be of short duration, or else great injury will be done to the tobacco. Following this mode the yellowing process is greatly shortened, requiring from four to eight hours less to yellow sufficiently, and also hastens the second stage of curing—fixing the color. It is well to state that there is so great a difference in the character of tobacco grown in different localities, that no rule can be given for the yellowing process applicable to all. The tobacco of middle and western North Carolina will yellow in much less time than that grown in middle Virginia. Then again, tobacco will bear higher temperature in the yellowing process during some years than in others. Notably, the season of 1884 was so dry, and tobacco held so little sap when ripe, that many commenced yellowing at 100 degrees, and had the leaf cured in fifty hours. But this is exceptional, and for general practice would spoil both color and tobacco. The season, therefore, it must be borne in mind, greatly determines the amount of heat the tobacco will require to be yellowed and cured. Some of the patented flues are so constructed that the heat is easily controlled, and the tobacco smoked or steamed, or both, as may be necessary in the yellowing stage. Some tobacco will require neither to yellow right, while some other will dry up green or red without yellowing, if smoke or steam be not used to assist the yellowing process. Smoke and steam will facilitate the yellowing of thin, poor tobacco, holding very little sap. Wetting the barn floor from time to time will assist in yellowing tobacco. Then there is an occasional barn of tobacco that defies all known modes and appliances to yellow or cure bright. But for all practical purposes whenever the curer has mastered a knowledge of the effects of too much or too little heat, as evidenced in the color of the tobacco, clearly described heretofore, he possesses a key to solve the difficult problem in the science of curing tobacco. By close observation this lesson may soon be learned and then success is easy. After curing, as soon as the tobacco is sufficiently soft to move, you may run it up in the roof of the barn and crowd it close, or if the barn is needed for other curings the tobacco may be carried to the storage barn or bulked down in any dry house on the premises. But be sure that nothing is bulked with green stalks or swelled stems, for if such are placed down in bulk it will be sure to heat and utterly ruin.

If, after the tobacco is cured, the weather remains dry and it fails to get soft readily, so that it can be moved, it may be brought in order in the following way: Place green bushes with the leaves on over the floor and sprinkle water over them copiously; if the tobacco is very dry and the atmosphere contains but little moisture, and if the weather is cool, a little fire kindled in the flues will assist in making the tobacco soft. Straw wet, or made so, will answer the same purpose. If the weather is damp, there will be no necessity to use either straw, brush or water. But when it is necessary to use any means to order tobacco, it is best to apply them in the afternoon, that the tobacco may be removed the next morning. If the weather continues warm, damp or rainy, tobacco that remains hanging will be apt to change color, unless dried out by flues or charcoal. When this becomes necessary, build small fires at first and raise the heat gradually.

Tobacco should never be stripped from the stalks except in pliable order, and the leaves on every plant should be carefully assorted, and every grade tied up separately. Usually there will be three grades of leaf, assorted with reference to color and size, and two of lugs. Of leaf, the six to eight leaves in a bundle, and of lugs eight to ten. As fast as you strip, either hang the "hands" on sticks—twenty-five to each stick—and hang up or bulk down in two layers, the heads of hands or bundles facing downward. The latter mode is best, if you intend to sell in winter order, loose, on the warehouse floors. If bulked down, watch frequently to see that it does not heat. If the bulk becomes warm it must be broken up, aired and rebulked, or hung up if too soft. It is safer always to hang up as soon as stripped, unless you design to sell soon, and strike down in "safe-keeping order," in spring or summer. It is considered in "safe order" when the leaf is pliable and the stem will crack half-way down from the tie.

If you sell loose, deliver in large, uniform piles; such will cost less, and your tobacco bring more in price. But to sell in a distant market, pack in tierces—half hogsheads make the best and cheapest—to weigh about 400 pounds net, taking care not to press the tobacco so as to bruise it, or pack it too closely together. The best leaf is wanted for wrappers, and it must open easily when shaken in the hand. Pack one grade only in each tierce, uniform in color and length; but, if it becomes necessary to put more than one grade in a tierce, place strips of paper or straw between to mark and separate them. Pack honestly, for honesty is always the best policy. The man who "nests" his tobacco will certainly go on the blacklist, and buyers have good memories. If your tobacco is fine, sound and nicely handled, you will have the satisfaction of getting, at the least, a remunerative price for it, although poor and nondescript stock may be selling for less than the cost of production. The world outside of this country makes, as a rule, low grades plenty, and at a cost to raise much less than we can compass. We must plant less surface, manure heavier, and cultivate and manage better if we would get the best prices.—[Major Robert L. Rayland, in the North Carolina Farmer.

THE MANURE HEAP.

Growth and Surface Manuring—Valuable Ingredients of Fertilizers—Cow-Pea Vines as a Fertilizer—Bone Manure.

My observation teaches me that in most cases, in moist soils, plants feed near the surface. I am satisfied that fruit trees, not excepting apple trees, would derive most of their nutriment from near the surface, if they were allowed to do so. I think such trees are the healthiest, and, of course, the longer lived. When the rootlets near the surface are ruthlessly torn away by the plough, the tree, in order to live, must turn its roots down into the cold, hard and uninviting ground to get its supply of plant food. The elements of growth are generally found near the surface, in what is called the soil, and here almost all vegetation feeds. It is so with cultivated crops, except where the under strata are uncommonly rich, as may be the case with an underground of disintegrated lime rock, or something similar. We all know that while there is an excess of vegetable mould, as in swamps, the roots are always near the surface, and so they are in clayey land, while in rocky ground they follow the instinct of growth, and go down where they can. A hard soil subsoiled will hold water, and in a wet time there may be too much water—i. e., water above, and water below. Any one conversant with the growth of plants, knows that a wet subsoil is detrimental to the growth of either trees or plants.

Subsoiling must not be confounded with draining in its results, for one is quite the opposite of the other in one material effect—the disposition of the water. Both tend to mellow or loosen the substrata, one by direct mechanical effect, and the other by rapid percolation of the water through it, followed by the admission of air and warmth. In the one case the deteriorating results of an excess of water are obviated by its running away; and in the other this is prevented by deepening and increasing the reservoir for holding it. And when it is thus held by a hard-pan bottom, and there is an excess on top also, the effects must be injurious to the growth of vegetation, producing coldness and sourness.

I am aware that no single or arbitrary rule will apply to subsoiling, deep or shallow ploughing, or many other things about farming.

It is also true that in some instances the under strata are rich in fertilizing material, and when turned up to the surface will produce a larger growth of weeds or grain. This, however, is not always the case, and to urge extensive or universal subsoiling, and turning things bottom upward, because sometimes the earth thrown out of the bottom of a ditch has proved to be rich, would be a great mistake. A farmer should feel his way in such experiments, or he may do his land great damage. It is better to spend one's energies in good surface culture, than to risk efforts in breaking up or upheaving the ground underneath. I am not taking the ground that drainage is not often beneficial, and that stirring the subsoil will not sometimes do good, but as a rule I do insist that the place for work and manure is on the surface. Here manure will do the most good, as it will work down fast enough, and its effect on the surface, or worked into the surface, is to keep moisture in the ground, and it is just where the plants will have it at hand.

I do not believe in working the land where apple trees have been set for an orchard, as they should be left to follow their nature, and spread out near the surface, and to send the mouths of the rootlets upward toward the surface, where nature sheds her bounties in the way of light, heat, moisture and food. The best farmers in this section of the country, where the soil is exceedingly varied, and is of all kinds, follow the practice of spreading the barnyard manure on the surface in the latter part of summer or in the autumn. They put it on the meadows to improve the grass, and on the pastures for the same purpose, and also on greensward, to be ploughed up in the spring for corn. They get the best results in this way. The manure spread on the land is well incorporated with the soil in nature's way by decomposition and soaking in; and in the spring, when the corn land is ploughed, it is well mixed through it, or has become soil itself. Very few now follow the practice of spreading manure in the spring and ploughing it right under. A bountiful surface manuring will mellow almost any soil sufficiently, and it will also increase the lasting effects of moisture; that is to say, it will retain it. I think that deep ploughing is usually a waste of energy, and does more hurt than good. In most soils a depth of six inches is sufficient, as most of the grains send out their roots within this depth. For roots, where the hardpan is near the surface, a deeper furrow is needed. We should not plough or subsoil so much by rule as for the kind of plant to be grown.—[F. D. Curtis, in Country Gentleman.

Valuable Ingredients of Fertilizers.

The annual report of the Maine Fertilizer Control and Agricultural Experiment Station, recently received, contains, with other information of practical interest to the average farmer, the following statements regarding valuable ingredients of fertilizers, which is here given, as it answers the queries of several World readers:

The ingredients of commercial fertilizers upon which both their agricultural and commercial value chiefly depend are nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. Besides these more valuable ingredients, sulphuric acid and lime are always present in superphosphates in considerable quantities, being a necessary accompaniment of phosphoric acid as it exists in nearly all manufactured fertilizers.

Nitrogen is the most costly of the three important ingredients mentioned, and adds largely to the commercial value of all the fertilizers sold, with few exceptions. It is found in the markets in quite a variety of substances which are used to supply this ingredient to mixed fertilizers, but which are available for fertilizing purposes when purchased unmixed with anything else. The following materials furnish organic nitrogen to fertilizers:

Dried blood, dried and ground fish, azotin and ammonite (prepared animal matter), fish scrap, meat scrap, cottonseed meal, castor pumice, horn, hair, wool, leather waste, etc. These substances must decompose, and the nitrogen become charged into compounds of nitric acid and ammonia before it is available to plants. There is, therefore, a great difference in the value of organic nitrogen as found in the above-named materials. Dried blood, for instance, decomposes in the soil rapidly, while horn, hair, wool and leather scrap decay very slowly, and the nitrogen which they contain becomes useful only after a long period of time. These latter substances are not only less useful to the farmer than blood, fish and meat, but they are also much less costly, and their presence in a fertilizer, supposed to be manufactured of the best materials, is good evidence of fraud.

The phosphoric acid of superphosphates is determined in three forms according to its solubility in various liquids—viz., soluble, reverted and insoluble.

Soluble phosphoric acid is that which exists in fertilizers in a form freely soluble in water.

It is obtained by treating certain phosphatic materials, such as bone and South Carolina rock, with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol).

In the chemical changes caused by the sulphuric acid, calcium sulphate (gypsum) is formed, if sufficient water be present, which is the same compound as land plaster. The advantage of having the phosphoric acid of fertilizers rendered soluble is not that it remains so in the soil, for it becomes insoluble in water very shortly after application, but in the fact that when the compounds of the soil change it back to insoluble forms, it becomes deposited in particles so minute that they are easily appropriated by the roots of plants.

Reverted phosphoric acid is a term originally signifying phosphoric acid that had once been soluble, but which from some cause had reverted or gone back to forms insoluble in water. Now it is used to designate that which is dissolved by a solution of ammonium citrate, and includes not only the truly reverted, but also more or less of phosphoric acid as combined in the original undissolved phosphatic material. Reverted phosphatic acid, in so far as it comes within the strict meaning of the term, most probably has a value for crop production equal to that of the soluble form, but it is not clear that this holds true of that which would be dissolved by ammonium citrate from finely ground South Carolina rock, for instance.

Insoluble phosphoric acid is that which is readily soluble neither in water nor ammonium citrate, but which can be dissolved in strong acids. It comes from some of the original phosphatic material that has not been acted upon by sulphuric acid, and depends mostly for its value upon the kind of material used, whether bone or rock phosphate. In any case, it has less value than the soluble or reverted form.

It should be remembered that the terms "soluble," "reverted," "insoluble" are merely relative in their significance. There is no compound of phosphoric acid that is not dissolved to a slight degree, at least, by pure water, and to a still greater degree by ammonium citrate; and the extent of the solubility of raw phosphates in these liquids and in weak acids, such as are found in the roots of plants, depends very largely upon their mechanical condition, or the degree of fineness to which they are ground.

The potash used in this country for agricultural purposes comes mostly from Germany, in the so called "German potash salts," which include potassium sulphate, potassium chloride (the muriate) and kainite. Except for a few special purposes, potash is equally valuable in all these forms, but costs least in the muriate and in kainite.

Cow-Pea Vines as a Fertilizer.

The growing of clover as a certain method of improving land has long been advocated, and to some extent practised, although many farmers have a substitute for this purpose in the cow-pea, which is also a good forage plant. It is claimed that there is no plant that may be more quickly, easily and cheaply grown than the cow-pea. Upon a rich soil it grows with great vigor. The practice South, which in that respect could hardly be adopted North, is to plant in rows after harvesting wheat and oats, planting in rows and using a little fertilizer if the soil is too light. Nor is it considered necessary to plough them under; it is claimed that better results will follow if the soil is not disturbed—after the crop is grown—until the next spring. The pease may be gathered or hogs may be turned in to eat them. In either case the pease will pay for the harvesting. But North few if any pease will be ripened unless acclimated seed is used, although a large quantity of vines will be produced. It is not surprising that they should produce beneficial effects when the fact is considered that one-tenth of green pea vines—roots, stems and leaves—contain the elements and in almost the same percentage that they exist in good stable manure. It may be claimed that the inorganic elements are drawn from the soil, which is true, but much of it was before in an insoluble condition or so deep in the subsoil as to be unavailable for ordinary crops. At the same time, a large amount of organic matter is obtained from the atmosphere. It has been claimed, too, that the mere shading of the soil by artificial means adds to its fertility. If this is so, with the enormous growth of this plant, the ground may be most completely shaded, the growth of weeds prevented, and receive a sort of special preparation for succeeding crops, to say nothing of the fertility coming from the roots, vines and foliage.—[Germantown Telegraph.

Bone Manure.

Bones are ground more readily after having been steamed, as steaming renders them brittle. The steaming takes out the fat, and, if long continued, some of the gelatine. The gelatine contains the nitrogen of the bones, which is the most valuable portion of the fertilizing matter. Bone contains, when dry, about 45 per cent. of organic matter, which has very nearly the composition of wool, hair and horn, and is rich in nitrogen; the 55 per cent. remaining consists of phosphate of lime with a little carbonate of lime, magnesia, soda and potash. All this earthy matter is not affected by boiling, it is the organic part which is partly dissolved, and, of course, lost in the cleaning. The liquid from the steamed bones makes a valuable fertilizer. Steamed bones, however, decay sooner in the soil, and consequently have a more active effect than fresh bones. On the whole, the small loss resulting from moderate steaming is balanced by the cheaper grinding. Dissolved bone is bone which is treated with sulpuric acid, and is thus made into superphosphate of lime. In this condition the phosphoric acid of the bone is soluble, and the effect is immediate, while that of ground bone is more lasting. Superphosphate is made as follows: The ground bone is put into a wooden or leaden vat, and is thoroughly wetted; sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) is then poured on at the rate of 120 pounds to 480 pounds of bone. The mixture foams up and the bone is changed in character; the phosphoric acid is released, and the lime of the bones unites with the sulphuric acid and makes sulphate of lime, or plaster. The bone is then in a pasty condition, and is dried by mixing dry wood ashes or plaster with it. It is then what is called dissolved bone. A ton of dry bone will make about 2500 pounds of superphosphate; 300 or 400 pounds of this are generally used per acre in seeding down. Clear bone dust is an excellent manure, and nothing is needed with it to make a perfect fertilizer but some potash; either wood ashes or the German potash salts. Oyster shells, when burned, make the best of lime; they do not need grinding.

THE HORSE.

General Care of the Feet of the Horse—Ration for a Trotter.

While bad shoeing is undoubtedly the most prolific cause of diseases of the feet, due largely to the deplorable condition of our present farrier system, still there are many other matters in the care of the feet that every farmer can and ought to look after. Through this carelessness and inattention, and I may say ignorance, especially on the part of the average farrier, more horses are either blemished, permanently injured or ruined than by any other method. An occasional systematic inspection of the feet and limbs should be made, to see that they are being kept in the proper healthy condition. This will enable the owner to discover any slight injury or disease in the earlier stages, when treatment is comparatively simple and recovery much more certain. It will also cultivate a habit of observation that will be invaluable to every horse-owner.

Whether at work or standing idle, all dirt and manure collecting in the shoe should be daily removed, preferably at evening, with a blunt-pointed iron instrument. If allowed to remain it dries, retains or increases the heat of the foot, and tends to drying and brittleness of the sole. During the winter there is very little danger from drying and contraction, but during the heat and droughts of summer the danger is greatly increased. Horses that are constantly kept on dry roads or paved streets or dry stables are quite liable to suffer from over-drying. Simple contraction, however, must not be confounded with the contraction which so frequently results from various diseases of the feet. The former occurs only occasionally; but the latter very frequently. One of the most common causes of contraction from drying is the prevailing custom of farriers to mutilate the hoof by excessive rasping and paring. In their opinion, an animal is not properly shod unless a large part of the surface horn—the great safeguard against excessive drying—is removed. The progress of contraction can very readily be seen by observing the heels and frog. As contraction goes on, the heels approach each other—"turn in"—and the frog becomes dry, hard and diminished in size. An excellent method is to keep accurate measurements of the feet, taken when they are in good condition. These can be used as a ready means of comparison, and will indicate the degree of contraction at any time.

Wetting the feet frequently, especially when heated, while answering a very good purpose in many cases, is a questionable practice. Better to allow the horse to stand for several hours daily for a few days in a puddle of clay or a water-bath just deep enough to cover the hoofs. Turning the horse on a wet pasture for several days, pasturing at night, or even for a few hours in the morning where there are heavy dews, are all beneficial. It must not be forgotten that after such soaking or moistening, the hoofs are, for a time, even more susceptible to drying influences than before; so that to counteract this tendency a suitable hoof ointment should be repeatedly applied after the soaking. These hoof ointments can very frequently be employed to advantage to prevent excessive drying, not only after soaking, but whenever the hoof is drying from other causes, and especially after the hoof has been unduly rasped by the farrier. An excellent simple ointment for this purpose is a mixture of equal parts of the best pine tar and vaseline, to be applied daily as long as required. A horse should not be allowed to stand on or near heating manure, in urine, or on any decomposing substances. It injures the quality of the hoof, rendering it dry and brittle. In recent bruises, pricks, strains, or other injuries to the feet where inflammation is liable to result, cold water is one of the best of applications to keep down the inflammation. Loosely fasten a piece of old blanket or sacking about the injured foot, and keep it saturated with cold water until the inflammation is reduced. In very severe cases, or in those not promptly attended to, a warm poultice may be more soothing.

Rest is an all-important part of the treatment. If this is neglected, and the animal is kept at work, or if it is not promptly and properly treated, structural changes may soon occur, which will render the case very difficult to cure, or perhaps altogether incurable. Too much importance cannot be given to the early, proper care of all injuries and diseases of the feet. Rest, without treatment, is usually better than treatment without rest, but to secure the best results the two must be combined. In the case of strains or sprains, the animal should be allowed to rest for several days, or in severe cases for several weeks, after an apparent complete recovery, otherwise a return of the lameness in an aggravated form frequently results. In all cases of wounds that are discharging, a free opening should be made for the discharge of the pus; the cavity should be thoroughly swabbed out with some astringent antiseptic wash, as sulphate of copper or zinc, carbolic acid, etc., one drachm in a pint of water, and dressed with tar. Perfect cleanliness should be observed; all wounds should be carefully cleaned, and the foot bandaged, when necessary, to retain the dressing and keep out the dirt. During the enforced rest the animal should be kept on a restricted laxative diet; when again put to work, it should be gradual, until there is no danger of a recurrence of the injury.—[Dr. F. L. Kilborn, in Rural New Yorker.

Ration for Trotter.

To the Editors of the Country Gentleman:

Will Professor Stewart say in what proportion to mix corn meal, wheat bran and ground oats, to make a well-balanced ration for a horse being trained to trot? Would there need to be anything else added? Give what is considered the very best ration. The practice here is to feed whole oats and hay; some wet the oats and others feed dry; the hay is generally fed long. The horse is allowed to graze for an hour or so each day.

Prof. E. W. Stewart answers: Your correspondent has not proposed the right materials for compounding a ration for a trotter. This class of horses are kept for their muscle, and corn meal is too heating for the summer ration, unless in extremely small proportion. He should also discontinue the hour's grazing. This tends to soften the muscle and reduce endurance. At this season he had better make up the ration of fine bran, ground oats, linseed meal and hay. The linseed is needed to add to the muscle-forming matter, and also for its cooling and cleansing effect upon the stomach, besides operating as a digester of other food. Supposing the horse to weigh 1000 pounds, the following would be an appropriate ration, which, to make more plain as to the make-up of its different parts, and the elements each adds to it, is analyzed:

	Albuminoids, lbs........	Carbo-hydrate lbs......	Fat, lbs......
10 lbs. early cut timothy	0.70	4.10	0.30
8 lbs. ground oats	0.72	3.46	0.38
6 lbs. fine bran	0.60	3.00	0.18
2 lbs. linseed meal	0.56	0.68	0.08
Totals	2.58	11.24	0.94

It will be seen that this is not a very strong ration. Its nutritive ratio is one of albuminoids to five of carbo-hydrates, including fat. The timothy hay given is of excellent quality. The linseed meal is supposed to be "new process," but the thin cakes now made of the old process are nearly the same, the oil being much reduced.

The method of feeding this ration is very important. Eight pounds of the hay should be cut, and the ground ration mixed with the cut hay. The cut part of the hay will be one bushel; this should be slightly moistened, so that the ground oats, fine bran and linseed meal will adhere to it when mixed with the hay. The horse will then masticate all together, giving the full benefit of the saliva, and the food will be so porous in the stomach that digestion will proceed much more rapidly, and be much more complete than if the ground feed and hay were given separately. With such feeding the stomach never gets into a feverish condition. Only a small proportion of horses masticate unground oats properly, and this imperfect mastication often produces serious effects. The horse will be trained very moderately until he gets well used to his ration.

IN GENERAL.

What Farmers Should Know.

Ringbone in young horses is most frequently caused by neglect to shorten their toes. When the hoof grows long forward too much strain, from this leverage, is thrown on the ligaments of the pastern joints; hence inflammation and finally a bony deposit. Pare off the toe and remove the cause. Be sure that the sides of the hoof are cut even, so that the joint is not tilted to one side and become another cause for inflammation.

It may not be generally known that there is a very simple and inexpensive remedy for cuts and bruises on horses and cattle, at the command of almost every one. In cases of fresh cuts or injuries from barbed wire, however severe, or running sores, apply to the wound lime, fresh slaked, of the consistency of thick cream, with a common paint brush. Cover the wound as quickly as possible, and repeat daily, or oftener if necessary. In a short time new flesh will form, and the wound heal with hardly a scar.

Ragweed is the great bane of our grain stubbles. If of spring grain, to be ploughed under in the fall for winter wheat or rye, they do little harm, as they are ploughed under before seeds form. But if the ground has already been seeded with grass or clover, the ragweed should be mowed in September while in blossom. This will prevent it from seeding, and as it is an annual, the weed will die. Next spring either clover or grass will keep it from becoming troublesome.

The rule that young animals gain more rapidly in proportion to the food consumed has an apparent exception in young pigs. As soon as old enough to be fed they are given a diet so plentiful and rich that their weak digestive organs are heavily overtasked. This is especially true where corn is the staple feed, as it is in large sections of the country. Corn, as a main feed, should be tabooed until they are a year old. By this time their digestive organs will acquire power to digest even the richest food. If fed while young with oats or barley meal in summer, and a little corn-meal as cold weather approaches, the pig's health will be unimpared and his largest gain made while young.

As much depends upon the manner of killing poultry as on dressing it, to have it fit for market; the French mode is, perhaps, the best, as it causes immediate death. It is simply done by opening the beak of the bird, and, with a sharp-pointed, narrow-bladed knife making an incision in the roof of the mouth, which will divide the vertebræ and cause immediate death, after which the fowl should be hung up by the legs till bleeding ceases. A good plan is to have a rough bag, angle shaped, cutting a hole in the top for the bird's head to come through. If this be placed over the fowl before using the knife, it will prevent the bird fluttering and soiling the feathers with the blood.

Oats are one of the severest crops in taxing fertility that the farmer grows. They ripen late, and these two facts combined make them an undesirable crop to precede wheat. The production of a crop of oats takes the same kind of elements as a wheat crop, and after it is off the soil is pumped dry of the food that the growing wheat plant needs. The difficulty is aggravated if an effort is made to sow the wheat early. This means plowing and seeding with little preparation, and with probably two grains of scattering oats for every one of wheat to come up and contest with the more valuable grain for what plant food there is. The oat plant grows with a large broad leaf, which quite overshadows the wheat until frost kills it. The only way to get good wheat crops after oats is to harvest the latter very early, cutting rather green, and getting the crop in with as little shelling as possible. Then plow at once, and afterwards pulverize, roll and harden the surface by cultivation for two, or, if possible, three weeks before seeding. In this way not only will a good seed-bed be obtained, but some plant food will be developed. The oats which have scattered will be cultivated under the surface, and thus increase both moisture and fertility. We would have this done thoroughly, even if the preparation delayed seeding till the last days of September or early in October. No delay in sowing wheat after oats is prejudicial to the crop if the time is judiciously occupied in preparing the seed-bed. When everything is ready drill in 200 pounds of phosphate with the seed. No matter how rich the land it will not bring good wheat after oats without an additional supply of phosphate.

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Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly)	4.00	4.35
" " Chimney Corner (W'y)	4.00	4.35
" " Sunday Magazine (M'y)	2.00	3.10
" " Popular Monthly	3.00	3.50
" " Pleasant Hours (M'y)	1.75	2.50
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Home and Farm	50	1.45
Household	1.00	1.80
Housekeeper	75	1.45
Home Journal	2.00	2.55
Indiana Farmer	2.00	2.55
Independent	3.00	3.55
International Review	5.00	5.10
Iowa Homestead	2.00	2.60
Journal of Microscopy	1.00	1.75
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Leisure Hours, with premium	1.50	2.25
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London Edinburgh Review	4.00	4.20
London Quarterly Review	4.00	4.25
London Quarterly Review	2.50	3.30
Magazine American History	5.00	5.10
Mining Record	3.00	3.30
Mother's Magazine	1.50	2.00
North American Review	5.00	5.10
N. Y. Medical Journal	5.00	5.15
N. Y. Fashion Bazar	3.00	3.30
Nursery	1.50	2.20
N. Y. Weekly	3.00	3.60
N. Y. Sportsman	4.00	4.60
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Ohio Farmer	2.00	2.05
Puck (the best comic weekly)	5.00	5.00
Portland Transcript (new names)	2.00	2.60
Phrenological Journal, without prem	2.00	2.55
Pansy	1.00	1.80
Phrenological Journal with prem	2.25	2.80
Princeton Review	2.00	2.85
Prairie Farmer	2.00	2.50
Peterson's Lady's Magazine	2.00	2.55
Popular Science Monthly	5.00	5.10
Produce Exchange Bulletin	3.00	3.10
Philadelphia Medical Times	4.00	4.10
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
BOSTON, MASS.

WHAT FRANCE SPENDS ON CARDS

The Duty on Them 2,500,000 Francs—The Growing Passion for Playing.

Card playing in Paris has become an absolute passion. Cards are played at all hours of the day or night. In all the cafes, from the Cafe Reche to the Taverne de Bagne, the game goes on uninterruptedly, and not only in cafes, but in the houses of rich and poor alike. Those unfortunate mortals who cannot get out of Paris on Sundays, resort to the quiet excitement of card playing to pass the time. One may see the concierges playing in the doorways, and the milkwoman and the costermonger at it on the pavement in the intervals of business. The passion dominates the whole community, and as money is generally introduced in the game, it exercises a demoralizing effect. During the past year the duty on cards in France, which was first imposed by Henry III., amounted to 2,500,000 francs, an excess of 25,000 francs over the previous year. More money is probably put on cards than in the century of the Roi Soleil, when Mme. de Montespan lost 70,000 crowns in one evening.

Couldn't be Real Live Girls.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Some years ago Hon. James Emnritt of Waverley, O., visited Europe, and while there made the purchase of two marble statues of girls, clad simply in primeval simplicity. On his return he had his stone "girls," as the boys called them, placed in the rotunda of the State House with the expectation of selling them to the State. They looked so neat and lifelike that many a ruralist was taken in at their expense. One day a couple of lads from Sharon township dropped in to watch the proceedings of the Legislature. When they reached the rotunda they walked around taking in the pictures. All at once they came to a stop. They had discovered the "stone girls," and for the time being stood spellbound, gazing with all the rapture of mortal life at the faultless beauties before them. At last one of them spoke up and said:

"Bill, do you see that?"

"See what?"

"That card just hanging over the girls' heads?"

"Yes, but what of that?"

"Why, don't you see that it reads 'Hands off?'"

"Yes."

"Well, Bill, them ain't genuine live girls, for what live girl would say 'Hands off!'"

Or Walked.

[Philadelphia News.]
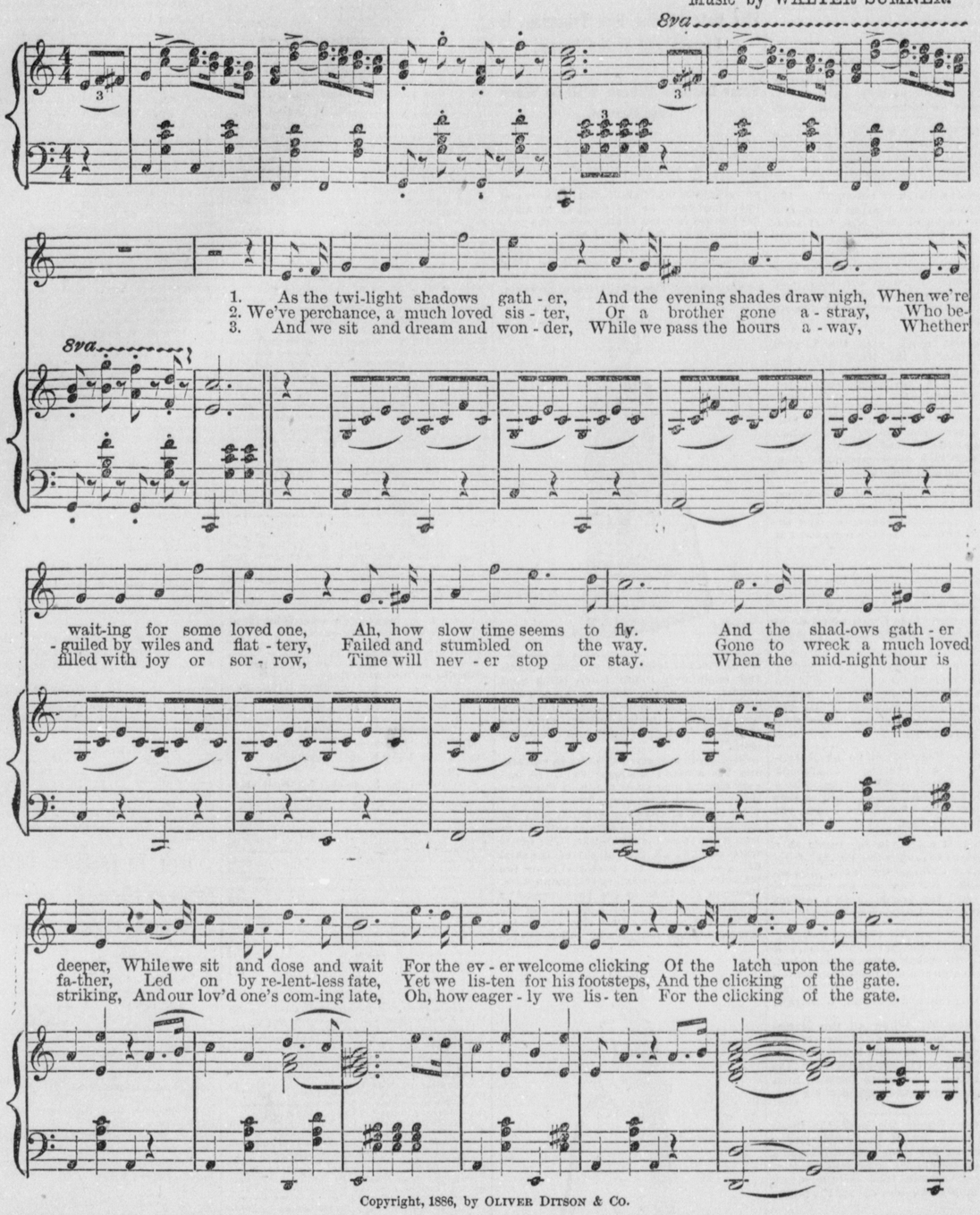
Bostonians who are proud of having come over in the Mayflower can now say of later arrivals that they probably came in an English cutter.

THE CLICKING OF THE GATE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

For Mixed or Male Voices.
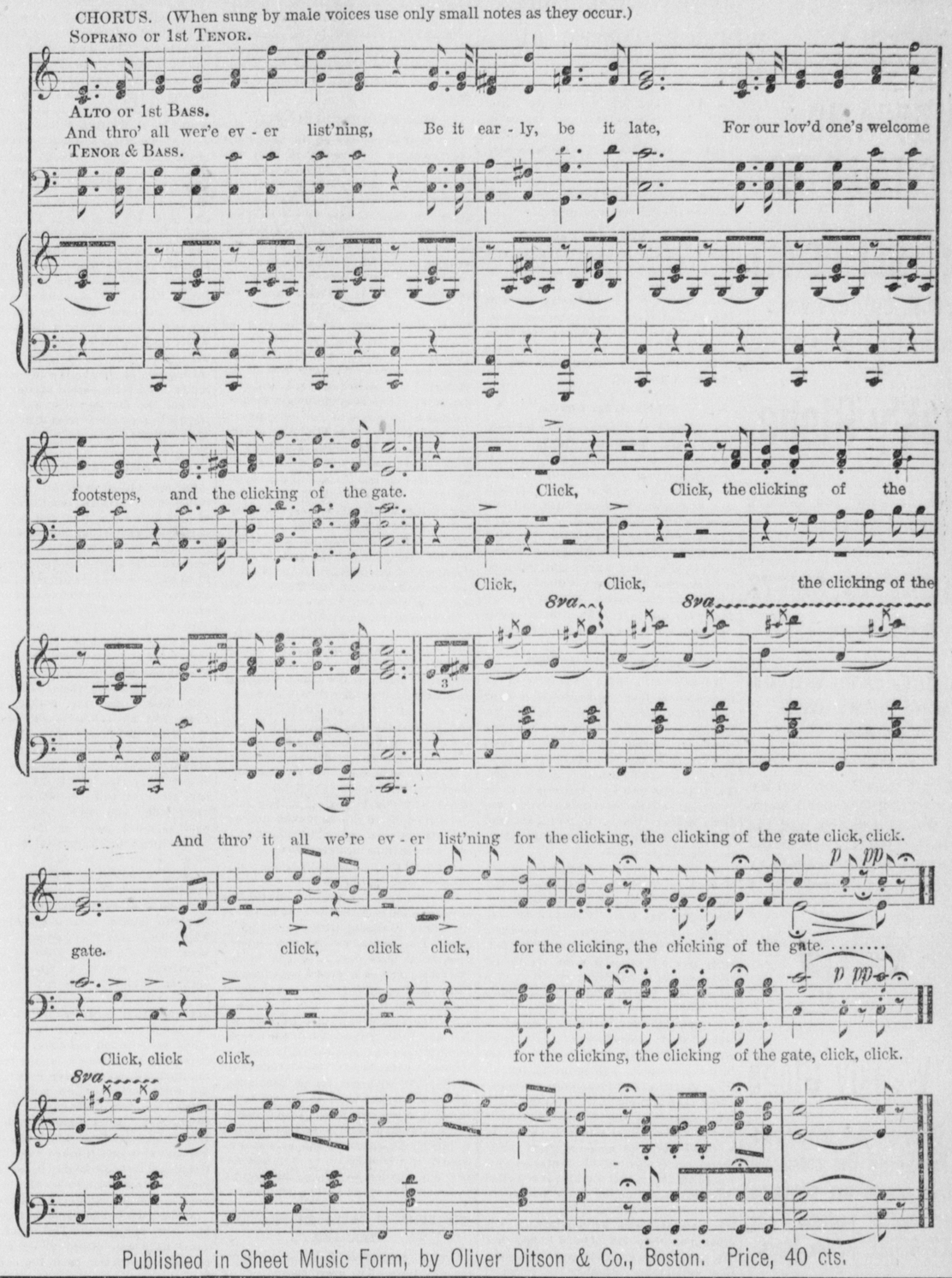
Music by WALTER SUMNER.



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THE CLICKING OF THE GATE.

CHORUS. (When sung by male voices use only small notes as they occur.)



Published in Sheet Music Form, by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. Price, 40 cts.

HOW CRICKET IS PLAYED.

Increased Popularity of England's National Game.

Ways in which the Batter Defends His Wicket and Makes Runs.

Something About the Various Styles of Bowling.

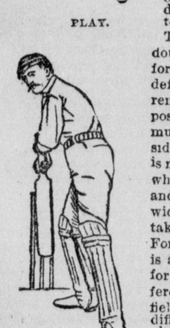
The cricket event of the season in this section will take place this week beginning tomorrow, when the picked team of gentlemen players from England will meet the Longwoods. So rapidly has the game grown in this country, that there are ten players now where there was one only a few years ago. No better proof of the growing popularity of the game is wanted, than the increase in the number of matches from one year to another. With the greater number of matches has come a better understanding of the game, and many who have not been interested in it before, are eager to know something about it, now that an international match is to be played.

Cricket resembles base ball in that it is made up of batting, base running, fielding, and bowling which takes the place of the pitching in our national game, and yet only in fielding, pure and simple, are the two games anything alike. The batting of cricket is far more complicated than that of base ball; the running to score is between two points, the wickets, instead of around a diamond, and the bowling resembles the pitching only in the manner of delivery of the ball to the batsman.



PLAY.

The batsman has a double duty to perform. First, he must defend his wicket and remain in as long as possible, and then he must make runs for his side. To score runs it is necessary to bat, and while hitting the ball and defending his wicket the batsman takes various positions. For each of these there is a name, as well as for the hits to the different parts of the field. To show the different positions of play and the various styles of hitting, several cuts are given, which are accurate photographs.



THE BACK PLAY.

The figure "play" shows the batsman waiting and ready to receive the ball from the bowler. "Back play" is one in which the batsman must use every care in following a good length ball from the pitch, or where it hits the ground within a short distance of the wicket. It is a difficult play and requires patience. "Forward play" shows the batsman reaching well forward for a good length ball. It is the one mostly used in cricket, and thus the most important. It requires decision, however, as the batsman has less time to watch the ball than in the "back play."



THE FORWARD PLAY.

A very difficult hit in cricket is "the cut." To make it the batsman steps backward and across the wicket with the right foot. This is considered a very scientific play, and to make it with any degree of certainty is very difficult, and it must be made with great care to be played successfully.

THE CUT.

The "leg hit" is made from a ball on the legs or one likely to pass back of you, and is a play in which a batsman can put forth all the power of his shoulder.

An effective hit against swift bowling is the "Leg Poke." It is a bit made from a ball bowled on the legs, and instead of being hit at is gently touched with the bat and sent behind the batsman for one or two runs. This is favorite play with some of the English team. The "Forward drive," a difficult play to illustrate, is a favorite one in cricket. It is made from a ball pitched well up to the batsman, who hits it hard back to the bowler, or to his left or right.

As in base ball there are many ways in which a batsman may be put out. Briefly summarized they are as follows:



THE LEG POKE.

Bowled out—if the bowler succeeds in bowling a ball that passes the bat and hits the wicket.

Hit wicket—If the batsman in playing at the ball hits the wicket with his bat or person.

Stumped out—If the batsman, in playing at a ball, steps out of his ground, that is beyond a marked line called the popping crease, but misses it, and the wicket keeper catches the ball, and with it puts down the wicket before the batsman returns his bat or his body within the popping crease.

Caught out—If any fielder catches the ball direct from the striker's bat or hand before it touches the ground.

Run out—If the batsman, in making a run, fails to reach his ground before the wicket to which he is running is put down with the ball by a fielder.

Leg before wicket—If the batsman stops with his leg or other part of his body a bowled ball whose course, in the opinion of the umpire, is in a line with the wicket, and if not so stopped would have taken the wicket.

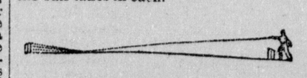


BOWLER DELIVERING BALL.

At every ball bowled, therefore, the batsman must guard against all these dangers. He must, without leaving the ground, and avoiding leg before wicket, play the ball so that it will not strike his wicket and cannot be caught. And hit it away he can make a run or runs, if he can reach the goal before the ball is returned by the fielders and the wicket to which is running is put down.

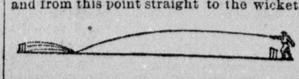
A good bowler is the most important and valuable player in a cricket team. Bowling is brought to a great perfection in the leading cricket counties of England, especially among the professionals, as it requires continual practice to get full command over the ball.

There are several different styles of bowling, and the appended cuts will give one a very good idea of these styles and the course the ball takes in each.



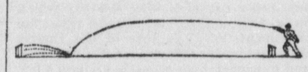
FAST ROUND ARM.

In "fast round arm" bowling the ball generally takes a course straight from the hand to the place where it hits the ground, and from this point straight to the wicket.



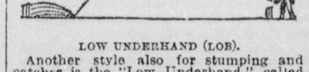
MEDIUM PACE.

The above cut shows the course of a ball delivered by round-arm bowling at a medium pace. It is after given a twist, and the course of the ball is curved instead of straight.



SLOW ROUND-ARM.

The "slow round-arm" style is bowled for catches or stumping out, with twists from the leg and offside. This style tries the patience of the best batsmen, who are liable to try to hit balls that they should not.



LOW UNDERHAND (LOB).

Another style also for stumping and catches is the "Low Underhand," called "Lobs." The ball is delivered below the waist, and by being given various twists is made to shoot off at an angle after striking the ground.

In these different styles a bowler does not hold to the pitch of the ball on the ground as illustrated in the accompanying drawings, but changes it according to the style of play of the batsman. For instance to the backward player, as in figure above, he would pitch the ball well up.

Then there are several terms which are used in every cricket match, and should be understood by everyone who wishes to get a complete understanding of the game. Following are some of the most important terms:

A bye—Should the batsman fail to hit the ball and it should pass the fielders behind the wicket, the batsman may make a run, which scores one to his side as a bye.

Leg bye—Should the ball glance from any part of the batsman's body and pass the fielders, the batsman may make a run, which counts one for his side as a leg bye.

Wide—When a ball is bowled out of the reach of a batsman and the umpire calls wide, it counts one for the batsman's side.

No ball—When the bowler delivers a ball in front of the bowling crease, jerks or throws it, the umpire calls no ball. When a "no ball" is bowled, a batsman can only be put out by "running out."

A maiden over is when the bowler bowls five balls and no runs are made.

Overs—After the bowler has bowled five balls, he is temporarily relieved, and then the ball is bowled by another bowler from the other wicket. This causes the fielders to change their places. The object of the overs is to rest the bowlers.

A ball is in play from the moment a bowler starts to deliver it until it is settled in his own or the wicket keeper's hands, when it becomes dead, and while so no batsman can be put out. If a batsman handles a ball while in play he is out. A "lost ball" counts six runs.

The telegraph is a small wooden frame on which the correct score of the game is kept at fall of each wicket by hanging up black tins on which numbers are painted in white. The top figures show the score of the side. The next show the number of men out, and the bottom figures the score made by the last batsman put out.

GEORGE WRIGHT.

How Skill Brought One Man Luck.

[Allentown (Penn.) Chronicle.]

The usefulness of possessing skill in a specialty was demonstrated the other day by the good fortune of a young man of respectable appearance but evidently reduced circumstances, who had been peddling lead pencils for several days in Norristown. He paid a visit to Bridgeport and entering the office of one of the mills at that place tried to sell the owner three pencils for five cents. The good-natured manufacturer listened to him as he dilated on the merits of his wares and drew strokes on a piece of paper to show the quality of the lead. As the strokes were drawn they formed themselves into a figure of tasteful pattern, executed with neatness and precision. A few questions showed that the peddler was a designer, and had not mentioned the fact because he had no hope of getting employment where he was not known. He drew several other designs, showing such deftness of touch and fertility of invention that in half an hour he had been offered a position in the mill, which he gladly accepted.

Mr. Lawler's Forethought.

[The Rambler.]

"Sure," remarked Mr. Frank Lawler, the other day, "thare's nothin' loike forethought into the future. When Oi wuz in Washington Oi shtopped at a strange hotel wan noight, and before retoirin' Oi saw thare wuz only a half a dozen matches in the box. Now, I suppoise I'm a terrible Oi wud get up in the noight to loight the gas, an' thim matches shud be no good at all, at all. A foine fix ye'd be in, me bye. So phat does Oi do but try the six av thim. Oi found them to burn parfeckly well, so I goes to shlape knowin' that Oi cud git a loight wid no throuble, if nade be. Thare's nothin' loike hayin' an oi to the future, me laddy buck."

PRETTY MRS. MARTIN.

She is Stolen Away from Her Husband

While the Two Are Enjoying a Ride on the Sabbath Evening.

The Strange and Romantic Story of a Young Benedict.

DETROIT, Mich., September 14. — A farmer from Newaygo township came in yesterday and reported that there was much excitement over the peculiar abduction of a young married woman, the lady being taken away from her husband in the dusk of Sunday evening, and not yet having been seen by her friends or heard from. Lewellyn Martin, a popular young man, son of a wealthy farmer recently deceased, was married about three months ago to an Eastern girl, Miss Fannie Mervine, and went to live at the Martine homestead, a beautiful estate in Maple Hill. The young brides antecedents were not known here, and nothing was divulged to gratify the curiosity of her new acquaintances. She was handsome, vivacious and cultivated far above the average country girl with whose lot her life was now cast, and although many were jealous of her this feeling melted away before the talented young woman's kindness of heart, which was frequently manifested. After she had been married a month, a strange young man said to be from the East appeared upon the scene, and he called upon the bride two or three times when the husband was absent, and on one occasion, at least, she went driving with him. It began to be whispered that the stylish stranger was a former suitor for Mrs. Martin's hand, and soon stories gained currency about her Eastern life, which, if true, proved her to be a coquette. One day the stranger disappeared as quietly as he had come, and the episode had served its nine-days' time when the event of Sunday evening recalled it and added many singular stories.

About 4 o'clock Martin left the house with his wife in a buggy for a ride, as was his usual Sunday afternoon custom. At 6 o'clock he returned home alone and told a remarkable story of his wife's abduction from the buggy by several men. He says there were at least four, all of whom appeared to be strangers, but none of whom he would be able to identify on account of the darkness, and because they had partly disguised themselves by turning up their coat collars. He claims that the men came out of a wood through which they were driving about an hour after leaving home, and asked him the way to this village; that he stopped the horse for the purpose of giving the desired direction, when two of the men passed around to the left side of the buggy, where his wife sat. One came around the back of the buggy to where she sat, and a fourth, who had asked the way to Newaygo, remained where he had stopped, in the centre of the road, near the horse's head. Martin thought their actions were peculiar, and hurriedly giving the requested information, started to drive on. At this moment the man in the road grabbed the horse by the bits, and, drawing a revolver, commanded Martin to be quiet. The man on the right at the same moment shoved a pistol in his face and told him that the penalty of moving was death. The men on the bride's side of the vehicle then seized Mrs. Martin, pulled her from the carriage and started for the woods. The men who guarded Martin remained behind for probably ten minutes, keeping him covered with their revolvers. At the end of ten minutes, as Martin thinks, they told him he could go. Martin's story was so remarkable that it was not fully comprehended for some little time, he not telling it very coherently in his excited state. Finally, the farm hands were routed out, and, procuring lanterns, started out to look for the scoundrels. No trace of them was found, and Martin returned somewhat unnerved in the frame of mind. Yesterday a large force was searching the ground over for clews, but if any have been found the fact is not known. Many do not believe Martin's story, and think it is an attempt to preserve the family honor, and that Mrs. Martin has eloped in an unusually romantic and dramatic way, she having, they now claim, evinced a fondness for the stranger. The fact of her mysterious disappearance remains, and it is enough, without its alleged remarkable surroundings, to shake the community of Maple Hill from centre to circumference.

ESCAPED FROM HER CAPTORS.

After Long Wandering in the Woods, Abducted Mrs. Martin Reaches the Home of Farmer Robb, Ragged and Fainting.

NEWAYGO, Mich., September 14.—Mrs. Fannie Martin, whose abduction by several masked men from her husband's buggy Sunday evening threw the locality of Maple Leaf into unrest, has been found. She appeared this morning in company with J. D. Robb, a farmer on the Howard City road, twenty miles from home. She was in a low state of exhaustion from fatigue and excitement, but aside from several bruises, obtained by falling on the ground, was not physically hurt.

Farmer Robb says that she came to his house last night very much exhausted, with her dress torn and her hands bleeding. She was unable to speak until nourishment had been administered and a few hours' rest had partly restored her strength. She stopped all night at the Robb house, and was so much better this morning that she was taken home.

Mrs. Martin says that after the men abducted her she was taken some little distance and put into a buggy between two men. They drove for two or three hours, but on the matter of time Mrs. Martin is far from positive. The men offered her no violence, and treated her with the greatest respect. She inquired where they were taking her, and was told to wait and see. She did not see anything of the other members of the abducting party. After leaving her husband, during the ride her mind was so occupied with schemes to outwit her captors and escape that she did not notice in which direction they were going.

The men stopped about 8 o'clock, as near as she can judge, at a creek to water the horses. One man got out, took a bucket from under the buggy seat and unchecked the horses, while he went to the creek for water. Mrs. Martin jumped from the buggy and dashed away over a field and into an adjoining wood.

She heard the men following her and ran on, fear giving her wings. Finally, exhausted, she fell to the ground, expecting the men would come up and retake her; but they failed to do so, as she had outran them. When she realized that she had succeeded in escaping she fainted, and when she regained consciousness resumed her wanderings. She finally gave up hope and laid down, and was only awakened by the sun shining in her face. It was then, as near as she can remember, after noon.

She walked on and feeling faint to speak to the people she met, but, on finding darkness again setting in, ventured to call at a farm house. It proved to be the house of Farmer Robb. Mrs. Martin's story and condition set at rest all suspicion that she knew the abductors or was a party to it in any way. There is no clew to the men, and their object is unguessed.

A Michigan Peppermint Farm.

[Muskegon Chronicle.]

John Littell has charge of the S. C. Hall farm of 1700 acres (800 acres of which is under cultivation) in the township of Egleston. There are employed on the farm at present nine men. When cutting and distilling commences there will be about thirty men employed. They have now about 200 acres in peppermint, 150 acres of which is this year's setting, 60 acres of oats just harvested, 15 acres of corn, the rest in hay. They have cleaned and deepened 1½ miles of ditch 30 feet wide. Jesse Johnson has charge of 100 acres of the mint and one of the distilleries. Stafford H. Littell has charge of 100 acres of mint and the other distillery. There will be 1500 pounds of oil manufactured this season, perhaps more. The oil is expected to bring at least $4 per pound. There are about three miles of 30 feet ditch on the farm besides the smallest ones, of which there are about four miles. Will plow between 200 and 300 acres this fall for next year, to be set in spring. Will set about fifty acres of mint this fall as an experiment. This season gives an unusually good quality of peppermint, dry weather being always prolific of its oil-producing qualities. As yet they find the most economical way of cutting the plant is with the hand scythe. When some enterprising Yankee shall have invented a machine with which to do the cutting and save the entire growth much valuable time will be saved. Mr. Littell is a brother-in-law of S. C. Hall, and has had charge of the farm the last nine years.

Scholastic Intelligence.

[Texas Siftings.]

"Johnny, your teacher gives you a very poor certificate again this week," remarked Colonel Fizzleton to his son.

"Yes, pa, if you don't haul him over the coals he will keep going from bad to worse. It is no use for me to talk to him; it goes in one ear and out the other," replied Johnny, who is abreast of the times in precocity.

CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER.....EDITOR

Champion of America.

BOSTON, September 22, 1886.

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Position No. 1275.

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and Draw.

Game No. 2146—"Denny."

First game of the match. Bryden's move.

10..14	8..11	11..15	11..16	23..27
22..18	22..18	18..11	26..23	31..24
11..15	9..13-A	7..23	10..14	16..23
18..11	18.. 9	26..19	18.. 9	24..20
8..15	5..14	2.. 7	5..14	23..27
24..19	29..25	25..22	32..28	14.. 9
15..24	6..10	7..14	17..13	27..31
28..19	23..18	30..26	23..18	9.. 5
4.. 8	14..23	7..11	14..23	31..26
25..22	27..18	22..18	21..14	5..1
				Drawn.

A—6..10, instead of 9..13, is "Defiance" game, with colors of pieces reversed; however, it glides into "Defiance next move, and continues same as "Spayth," variation 7, until the twenty-eighth move is reached, where Bryden plays 3..7 instead of 2..7, as given by "Spayth," which leads to a very interesting finish.

Game No. 2147—"Denny."

Second game of the match. Wyllie's move.

10..14	27..31	23..27	23..19	13.. 9
22..18	26..22	24..19	15..10	10.. 7
12..15	31..27-2	17..24	22..17	9..14
25..22	22..17	19..15	2.. 7	7.. 3
8..12	2.. 7†	21..25	17..13	20..24
30..25	5.. 1	10.. 6	11.. 8	3.. 8
16..20	8..11	25..30	18..14	19..23
22..17	1.. 6	15..10	10..17	11..15
7..10	11..20	24..20	13..22	14.. 9
12..25	6..15	10.. 7	7.. 3	8..11
3.. 7	27..23	12..16	19..23	9.. 6
24..19	17..14	7.. 3	3.. 7	11.. 7
9..13	23..16	16..19	23..18	*24..20
18.. 9	15..11	3.. 7	7..11	7..10
5..14	16..19	19..23	24..19	6.. 9
22..18	11.. 2	11..15	8..12	15..11
25..22	20..15	27..24	22..17	23..19
18.. 9	2.. 7	7..10	18.. 9	10.. 7
6..13	24..27	22..26	23..27	9..14
25..18	7..11	15..19	8..12	7.. 3
13..17	27..31	27..31	27..24	20..24
21..14	14..10	10.. 7	12.. 8	3.. 8
10..17	31..27	31..27	22..17	24..27
19..15 *	10.. 7	9.. 2	8..12	8..12
4.. 8	27..25	27..23	24..20	27..23
31..26	7.. 3	19..15	12.. 8	12.. 8

1..6	23..18	55..22	19..16	23..18
28..24	3.. 7	12..11	11.. 7	11.. 7
17..21	18..23	23..19	16..19	19..15
32..28	7.. 3	7..10	8..11	8.. 3
7..10	23..27	30..26	19..16	14.. 9
24..19	3.. 7	10.. 7	11.. 8	3.. 8
20..24	19..23	26..23	17..14	18..14
27..20	11..15	7..10	29..25	8.. 3
10..14	23..26	23..18	14..17	15..19
18.. 9	7..11	2.. 6	7..10	3.. 8
11..27	27..23	19..23	16..19	9.. 6
9.. 5	18..10	6.. 2	25..21	Drawn.
9..10-1	26..22	20..24	17..13	
20..16	28..24	10..15	8..11	

From the 120th move—where Wyllie gets three kings against his opponent's two kings and a single man—Black's sole object is to force an exchange, when he would win by the "first position." The stubborn and successful defence made by White reflects the greatest credit upon Bryden; and, although the play is long, the careful study of the position will amply repay the student.

*Bad, if not an actual loss; 13..15, 11..18, 23..14 gives White a good game.

† Only draws; 27..23 may win.

(Var. 1.)

8..11	6..10	27..31	22..18	31..25
5.. 1	26..22			B. wins.

(Var. 2)

21..25	17..13	26..23	9.. 6	10..14
22..17	31..26	13.. 9-A	2.. 9	6..13
25..30	5.. 1	23..18	1.. 6	18..23
				B. wins.

A—1..6, 2..9, 13..6, 10..14, 6..2, 14..7—Black wins.

Game No. 2148—"Dundee."

Third game of the match. Bryden's move.

12..15	16..23	19..24	12..16	16..19
24..20	27.. 9	29..25	23..18	27..18
8..12	6..13	24..28	15..19	13..17
28..24	21..17-B	25..21	18..13	30..26
3.. 8	11..15	7..11	4..8	19..24
23..18	17..14	14..10	31..27	10.. 7
9..14-A	10.. 7	11..16	1.. 5	2..11
18.. 9	25..21	20..11	22..18	14..10
5..14	15..19	8..15	19..23	Wyllie
24..19	21..14	26..23	18..14	wins.

A—In our opinion the losing move.

B—Strong move; commands the double corner at once. Black's game is now hopeless. —[Glasgow Herald.

Game No. 2149—"Double Corner."

The two following games were played by correspondence between Mr. William Forsyth, champion of Nova Scotia, and John F. Avery of Ashford, Conn.:

Forsyth's move.

9..14	26..23	11..16	7.. 2	19..23
22..18	10..15	22..17	31..27	9.. 6
5.. 9	23..18	9..13	10.. 7	1..10
21..17	8..11	17..14	3..10	7..14
14..21	31..26	8..11	2.. 7	27..31
18..15	6.. 9	14..10	27..23	5.. 1
10..19	26..23	16..20	7..14	31..27
24..15	2.. 7	25..19	23..18	1.. 6
11..18	28..19	20..24	14..10	13..17
23.. 5	4.. 8	19..15	16..20	29..25
12..16	19..10	11..16	18..14	23..26
25..22	7..23	15..11	20..24	Drawn
7..10	27..18	24..27	14.. 9	
28..24	20..27	11.. 7	24..27	
16..20	32..23	27..31	10.. 7	

Game No. 2150—"New Sixteenth."

Avery's move.

12..16	7..16	5.. 9	10..17	8..11
24..20	20..11	25..22	22..13	14.. 9
3.. 8	15..19	14..18	7..11	10..15
24..19	18..14	31..27	26..23	6.. 2
11..15	9..18	2.. 7	19..26	18..23
20..11	22..15	21..17	30..14	27..18
15..24	4.. 8	12..17	18..15	20..27
27..20	32..28	17..14	28..24	Drawn

Solution of Position No. 1273.

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Terms of the above position should read: White to move and win.

32..27	1.. 6	6..13	27..32	23..10
3.. 7-1	5.. 1	14..23	19..15	28..32
27..23	6.. 9	13..17	15..18	20..16
7..10	1.. 6	23..27	14..23	W. wins
23..18	10..14	17..14	32..28	by first position.

Solution of Position No. 1274.

End game, by E. A. Durgin, Providence, R. I.

25..30	30..26	6..10	7..11	26..23
26..23	23..19	15.. 6	24..20	Drawn.

The Wyllie-Bryden Subscription Match.

There was a crowded attendance to witness the play in the important match between Messrs. Wyllie and Bryden. The latter won the toss for the choice of men, and took the black pieces. The first opening drawn was the "Denny." The two games resulting therefrom both ended as draws, but in the second game Wyllie secured a slight advantage in the ending, and worked hard to win the position. At the 129th move the position stood: Black (Wyllie), kings 19, 22, 24; white (Bryden), 29, kings 7, 8; white to move. The old veteran tried every feint to induce his opponent to exchange, but Bryden was not to be caught; and, after the game had been extended to about 200 moves, lasting nearly four hours, Wyllie was compelled to admit it to be only a draw.

The third and fourth games were from the "Dundee" opening. In the third game Bryden early got into a cramped position and Wyllie ultimately scored a somewhat easy victory from the following positions: B., 1, 2, 4, 15, 15, 18, 28; W., 10, 21, 22, 23, 30, 31, 32. White to play. The game being continued as follows:

23..18	31..27	18..14	30..26	14..10
15..19	1.. 5	16..19	19..24	W. wins.
18..15	22..18	27..18	10.. 7	
4.. 8	19..23	13..17	2..11	

In the fourth game Bryden pressed the champion very hard, but the game ultimately ended in a draw. This concluded the Saturday night's play. Play was resumed on Monday evening, and two games from the "Dyke" opening were got through, both ending in draws. In the ending of the fifth game, Bryden had a similar position to that of Wyllie's in the second game, but he did not prolong the game to the same length. The sixth game (a "Dyke") was mutually resigned, after an hour and a half's play, as a draw. This left Wyllie still one game ahead on the conclusion of play on Monday night.

On Wednesday night, when play was resumed for the third time, the opening game, drawn by ballot—was the "Kelso," in which Bryden played the black; i. e., was first player. The game soon assumed an interesting phase, and for a time was decidedly in Bryden's favor, but Wyllie ultimately forced a draw. The second game—the eighth of the match—was, according to the articles, again a "Kelso," but Wyllie played first, and had the black pieces. Bryden speedily got even a more decided advantage than in the preceding game; so much so, that, although ending as a draw, Wyllie at its close remarked that if he had had the opposite side he could have forced a win. He explained that he got into a bad position through his desire to avoid going upon the same line of play as was adopted in the preceding game. Bryden would scarcely admit that he had an actual win in hand at any stage of the game, and the friendly settlement of the possible win is left in abeyance until the termination of the match. The position when the pieces were reduced to five a side was as follows: Black men on 4, 8, 10, 11, 12; white men on 19, 22, 26, 27, 30; black to play.

11..15	16..23	4.. 8	15..19	19..24
27..24	18..11	2.. 6	22..18	22..17
8..11	10..15	8.. 3	32..27	31..26
26..23	11.. 7	24..20	30..26	17..13
11..16	23..27	27..32	27..31	26..22
23..18	7.. 2	6..10	26..22	Drawn.

This leaves the score—Wyllie, 1: Bryden, 0; drawn, 7; with 12 games to play. The match was resumed last night.—[Leeds Mercury.

The Turf states: "By cablegram we report the match closed, score: Wyllie, 4; Bryden, 0; drawn, 16."

THE "HERD LADDIE" IN GLASGOW.—Despite the fact that Wyllie had to meet Bryden, the champion of the West of Scotland, in a set match the next day, and when one would naturally have thought he would have taken a rest, the "Herd Laddie" played nearly a score of games on Friday night in Maclaren's Cattle Market Tavern, 251 Duke street. Amongst his opponents were Messrs. D. Renwick, J. Koan, A. Maclaren, J. Ridule, John M'Culloch, A. Drysdale, J. Gillespie, G. M'Culloch, T. Grainger, etc. Renwick should have drawn the first game played—the men were reduced to three a side—but he gave Wyllie a chance of exchanging and getting "the move," which lost the game. One of Gillespie's games led to a neat finish, in which Wyllie gave away four of his men, took five and "set" his opponent—a feat which provoked the hearty plaudits of the spectators. At the request of several of the players, Wyllie tried a few games at "first off the board," and at this Renwick again made the best show of any of the champion's antagonists. There was a large attendance of spectators, and altogether eighteen games were contested, all being won by Wyllie.—[Glasgow Herald.

Likewise Pinned on Their Sleeves.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

"I was reading a very strange thing in the paper the other day," said Mrs. Thompson to her husband.

"What was it, my dear?" he inquired.

"It was about a man whose heart was on his right side."

"Nothing very strange about that."

"Nothing strange about it? Why, the idea! When did you ever hear of anything of the kind?"

"Well, I may not have heard of just exactly such cases as that very often, but you frequently hear of people with their hearts in their mouths."

And Mrs. Thompson's only comment was that Mr. Thompson was getting very funny.

Well Begun is Half Done.

[Chicago News.]

"Mr. Chairman," said a member of the committee on resolutions, "your committee has made a good beginning on a platform, but finds itself unable to proceed without the advice of the convention."

Chairman—Will the gentleman please read such of the proposed platform as the committee has been able to complete unaided?

Committeeman—Yes, sir. [Reads] "We, the people, view with alarm—" That is as far as the committee has proceeded.



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THE BOND CALLS.

The administration is entitled to credit for its action in issuing the bond calls. This is in pursuance of the policy marked out by the MORRISON resolution, passed in the closing days of the last session of Congress. But the calls are not made peremptory, as they should be, and hence are not being answered with alacrity. Stop the interest, and they will come in.

NO MORE SHAKES.

Dr. CRESWELL HEWETT, a London physician, has found out a way to make quinine without cinchona bark, and at the ridiculously low cost of six cents an ounce. This implies that there need be no more great shakes. Unfortunately quinine cannot be administered to the earth, or Charleston might take solid comfort out of Dr. HEWETT's discovery.

OUGHT TO BE HAPPY.

It is difficult to understand why the mugwump organs should feel so badly over Mr. BLAINE's victory in Maine and the lift it gives him towards renomination in 1888. They are all confident that President CLEVELAND will be renominated, and still more confident that he can give Mr. BLAINE a worse whipping than before. The road thus seems clear for gratifying their desires to the fullest extent. They ought, logically, to rejoice that Mr. BLAINE is thus being delivered into their hands. And yet they evidently are not happy. They should cultivate logic and strive to be more cheerful.

MAINE ELECTION ECHOES.

We believe in looking the facts in the face, whether they are agreeable to us or not. There is no use in denying that Mr. BLAINE has carried Maine by a majority which, considering that it is an off year, is fully up to the vote given for him in 1884. The logical deduction of this is that Mr. BLAINE is now as strong at least as he ever was, and the inference may not unfairly be drawn that, as in Maine, so in the country, he is still the most popular of all the Republican leaders.

But there is another view of the Maine election even more favorable to Mr. BLAINE's prospects of a renomination, and that is that the plurality cast on Monday was by no means enormous. We have said that it was fully up to the plurality of 1884, when due allowance is made for the off year, but still a plurality of 14,000 out of a total of nearly 130,000 is none too large a margin to speculate on for presidential purposes, especially when it is remembered that twice within ten years the State has been carried by the opposition. Taking further into account that this 14,000 represents the result of the canvass made by Mr. BLAINE in person in a series of speeches that were quite up to his presidential standard, backed by a whole corps of speakers from other States, and it may well be questioned what would become of that plurality if any other candidate were running as the head of the Republican presidential ticket.

Disappoint Maine by nominating any other man than the plumed knight, and the next Republican National Convention may well inquire whether the principal September State may not be classed among the doubtful, if not wholly removed from the Republican column. Mr. BLAINE's partisans may well claim that in more senses than one the results of Monday's election in Maine make it absolutely essential to renominate their favorite in 1888.

THE BAGGAGE SMASHERS.

This is their annual carnival season. The returning current of travel from coast and mountains and springs affords them their coveted opportunity. The congested trunks are pouring home in a resistless tide. Every railroad is suddenly become a grand trunk line. At the landing places, on the wharves and piers, and especially on the broad-spreading platforms of the high-roofed railroad depots, the baggage of the home-comers is now to be seen piled in mountainous confusion. It breaks up spacious floors into narrow walks, with high walls on either side, partitions them off into close apartments, and litters large spaces after the fashion of the streets of devoted Charleston. Nor does this current of baggage set in only one direction; there is an outward as well as an inward current; country folk are moving out as city folk move in, as if to make room for them, and the confusion of the strap-bundle, valise and trunk impedimenta of travelling humanity seems all but inextricable.

The professional baggage smasher views the exciting scene with all the fierce delight he can focus in his evil eye. The pieces that have managed so far to escape the treatment that falls to the lot of all trunks he fairly glares upon, with a chuckle of revengeful malice in his muscular and manly throat. He forms a deadly resolve to wreak his burglarious temper upon them before they have a chance to make their escape from his heavy hands. Next to these innocent victims come the three-story-and-attic trunks, the right flank of the multitudinous army of clothes-bearers, but those especially which are cheap and flimsy, while so proudly pretentious, and rather disposed than not to liberate their oddly-assorted and power-compressed contents.

The much-cursed baggageman deserves a word of vindication just at this point. How he hates and abhors these mocking and insulting specimens of mechanism for the transportation of personal effects no one outside of his own powerful guild will probably ever begin to imagine. Handle them as gingerly as he may in the brief time allotted him for the work of transfer, the corner of a shoddy cover will suddenly crumble, a flimsy hinge will make its escape from its slight fastenings, and the entire fabric of fraud will inevitably differentiate from the prescribed figure of a parallelogram. With the rammed and jammed contents oozing at every pore, how in the name of all that is truly good is he, in the whirl of his enforced haste, and deafened and maddened with the racket and roar of hurrying feet, shouting voices, ringing bells, the hissing of steam jets and the rattle of iron-wheeled trucks, to preserve before all eyes the equanimity of a philosopher and practice the impartiality of a salaried judge.

But in addition to the intense disgust excited by the paper and varnish imposition in the trunk line, the baggage handler feels most keenly the defiant nuisance of the huge, high, caravanseral trunk, and he secretly pledges his life to get even with it. Thus it amounts to an individual contest between them to settle it as to which shall floor the other, and the man of muscle knows that the only sure way for him is to enter upon the work before him with vigor and without pity, according to the direct and decisive method of SULLIVAN. If the angered owners would only consider that a pair of small and easily handled trunks would invariably save the life of the larger one, besides making travel unspeakably pleasanter by cementing instead of shattering personal friendships on the road, they would no longer hesitate to adopt this inexpensive suggestion with thanks.

THE FARMERS' FESTIVAL.

Now does the racket of the mower and the reaper, as they rasp their iron way through the ripening fields, cease from troubling the ear attuned to rural harmonies, while those who run the machines appear in smart clothes at the local and larger fairs, with wives and daughters in Sabbath-day attire attending them. For some six weeks the farmers' festival is to be continued, neither frosts nor rains interrupting. This is the gala end of the year for our friends in the country, whose new cheese and early corn we left off masticating so reluctantly. They and their cattle are having the season all to themselves. While the rest of the working world has to hurry back from vacation at the command of business and school, the man of acres is in the full enjoyment of his yearly liberty. For him it is general visiting time. He meets everybody he knows or cares to know at the county cattle shows; sees the best his far and near neighbor can do in the live-stock and produce line; shakes hands with all those he accosts on the ground; hearkens to the mellifluous address of the wily politician who always lays his drain-pipe for electoral favors at these annual assemblages of the toilers in the sun; and goes home satisfied with the harvest of enjoyment he has gathered in.

New England is to be dotted all over with these shows of agriculture till after the last cricket is done sawing his fiddle in the stubble of October. The manufacturers and mechanics may have the rest of the year to themselves; our farmer friends are having this strip of it outdoors undisputed. We need not pass them by, either, as if we only thought them harmless; they are to be addressed as our real patrons, and therefore with genuine respect. Where and what should we be if they withheld their vegetables and fruits, the product of their fields and gardens? How soon would not our markets collapse, our tables degenerate, and our appetites rage ravenously, if they were not all the time considering our wants and even studying our whims?

The complaint is a common one that we have none too many holidays at most, but the farmer is blessed with a quiver full of them. The season we are now entered upon is his more than it belongs to any other man, with each week a large holiday. He has only begun to find the meaning that lies hidden in it for him. Out of it he will some day evolve uses that he does not dream of now. This section of our favored country may be rock-ribbed, mountain-studded, ocean-bound and stubbornly sterile; but with our denser population, near markets, and short and quick transportation, every acre of our strong soils is yet to be made to yield its profitable return to intelligent enterprise and assiduous industry. Our hillsides are to carry new forests, our pastures to become sheepwalks, and our fat intervales smiling gardens.

THE RUIN OF INDIA BY THE GOLD STANDARD.

London despatches indicate an acute crisis in India. The great dependency of England is in a bad way. She is in fact on the verge of bankruptcy. The produce of 150,000,000 acres of land is insufficient to feed her native population, because England has contrived to turn the balance of trade against them more heavily all the time, and thus to leave them impoverished to the point of starvation. England has accomplished this state of things mainly by enforcing against India, whose people have always used a silver currency, the single gold standard. By thus measuring the product of India's labor, which is all paid for with the silver rupee, by the English "yellow boy," the gold standard Shylocks of London have been steadily cheating the people of India at both ends of the line. The English government, which is the incarnation of the robber spirit that clamors for the single gold standard, has been very careful not to demonetize silver in India itself. There has been free coinage of silver in India all along, and her 254,000,000 people have no other legal tender but silver. Her people produce from their soil every commodity needed by man except the money metals. Her cotton crop is large and good and shows a steady yearly increase. Her corn and wheat crop is immense. Her foreign commerce is increasing at a pace that will more than double it within twenty years.

Yet, with all these elements of prosperity and growth, India is not prosperous, and her people are now announced to be on the brink of financial and commercial ruin. Why is this so? The answer is, that the single gold standard has been fraudulently and wickedly applied at London to measure the products of a people who have no gold and use nothing but silver. As this is, in essence, the same cheat which the gold ring has sought and still seeks to practice on the American people by the banishment of silver from their currency, it is instructive to mark the exact nature of the swindle as practised by England on India. The Indian farmer is paid for his wheat or corn in the silver rupee of his native land. The grain goes to London and is sold at the gold price. As the English government has said that silver shall be the only legal tender coin at Calcutta and Bombay, but shall not be legal tender coin at all in London or Liverpool, the rupee is not worth its par at both ends of its trade circuit. A rupee is 48 cents; that is, it passes for 48 cents in India, and, but for its demonetization in England, it would pass for two shillings, which is the par equivalent of 48 cents, in London. As it is, however, the rupee will not pass for 48 cents in London, but for only about 36 cents, or whatever silver may happen to be worth as bullion at the time. Hence it is easy to see that when the English merchant deals with the Indian merchant he is taking double advantage; that is, he buys what the Indian has to sell for a rupee, which he makes the Indian accept as two shillings in Calcutta, and then he sells to the Indian any thing the latter wants to buy in London and compels him to part with his rupee for one shilling and sixpence. In other words, England, by her gold standard, has first of all artificially depreciated the natural and only possible money of India; then, by keeping the cheaper money as legal tender for what England buys of India, and insisting that the dearer money alone shall be legal tender for what India buys of England, she has literally achieved the knavery of picking both pockets of her victim at the same time. It is small wonder that India is on the verge of bankruptcy. How, indeed, could she long escape the prostration of all her industries and, eventually, universal pauperism, if she was to be robbed from year to year in this way?

The example of India should not be lost upon the great body of our working and producing people. The single gold standard, if it should ever be imposed upon us again, would lead to widespread business disaster and industrial distress here as certainly as it has India. The plundering of the people will be as effectively compassed here as it has been in the land of the rajahs, if only they once assent to the striking down of silver. Every man that owes anything would have his debt scaled up, and his means of paying it scaled down. The bondholder who loaned money to the nation in gold and silver would, by getting it all back in gold, receive a big bonus to which he has no right, and be repaid that which he never lent. Every State and city loan would be dishonestly increased for the benefit of the lenders, and the taxpayers all over the country would have to pay the piper. Prices would go up, money would be scarce, enterprise would be crippled, and our working people would be face to face with a long period of depressed trade and hard times. The fate of India is the logical outcome of the single gold standard iniquity. The plain people of this country will rue the day that they allow the gold leeches to expel silver from their currency. They will never allow it.

AMERICAN LADIES.

Any one familiar with American novels would be apt to think from the description of American ladies that they were mere butterflies when young and invalids after marriage. Boston ladies have been widely represented as all head and no heart, living in an atmosphere of metaphysical abstractions and utterly unfitted to discharge the domestic duties of life. Taking some such view as this, a Canadian writer some time since spoke of them as "marrying at sixteen, faded at twenty, toothless at twenty-five, hideous at thirty, alternately passing their time between their rocking-chairs and their beds, lazy, listless, up and down like an old-fashioned bean-pole. Are these the things to suckle heroes?" The late war of the rebellion is a sufficient answer to this question. The ladies of both contending parties sent to the war as gallant an array, both of officers and privates—men who had been nurtured with as much care as the most refined aristocrats of Europe—as ever drew a sabre on any "stricken field." It is a peculiarity of the English-speaking races, and equally so of the Teutonic races, that they have never debased their blood by mingling with inferior races, in consequence of which Americans are of as pure blood as their English, Scotch, Irish or German ancestors. Because a man has been born in China it does not follow that he must be a Mongolian, or because he has been born in America that he must be an Indian. Race, not locality, determines qualities and character. Climate, of course, has an influence on the body, but the English-speaking races in all parts of the world—and they are rambling everywhere, maintain their native characteristics. Many ladies of rank in each of the three kingdoms from which this country has been so largely stocked have been distinguished for their ability in the management of large households, have been as familiar with the details of a kitchen as of a drawing-room. The same is true of the high-born dames of the Fatherland. Such cases have been placed by some writers in contrast with the hotel life of some of our American parvenus. The hotel parvenus, however, are but a very small fraction of the American people. If any person will take the pains to find out how wealthy American ladies who keep house manage their establishments, they will soon perceive the same economy and order, and the same talent for managing family affairs for which their ancestors across the sea have been distinguished.

Recently the Transcript gave a brief sketch of the way a Boston lady with a large family managed her own household. She has a husband, some seven or eight robust children, keeps a butler and seven female domestics, and superintends the whole without the aid of a housekeeper. She never asks a servant what she wants; she supplies at stated times to each all that is required in his or her department, and keeps the run of everything in the house from the most valuable articles down to the waste paper necessary to light a fire. Her husband is not only a gentleman of great wealth, but is highly esteemed for his intellectual attainments and upright life. He furnishes her with all the money she requires, and never asks how it is to be used. It is not, therefore, mere economy that governs his wife, but the love of system. We know another lady of this same capable type, who not only manages a large family but superintends a benevolent institution and keeps the run of millions of property. As a rule, the ladies of our well-to-do families are healthy, sensible and free from affectation; even those who take an interest in the various isms of the day, or are travelling in Europe, retain a strong love of home and its domestic virtues, and after a few years settle down and become exemplary heads of households. In the every-day walks of life our ladies are also models; they are first in supporting our churches and in their labors in behalf of those less fortunate than themselves. And we believe that the ladies of our laboring people—"every woman is a lady by right of her sex"—are better educated, better clothed and better mannered than their sisters in Europe. Our novelists, therefore, if they wish to give a fair delineation of American ladies, and not merely to describe a few butterflies, who have become rich by accident, as types of the whole, would do well to take a closer view of them, so as to do them justice.

THOSE NAVAL REPAIRS.

One of the most amusing of exhibitions is the frantic rage with which our old-time machine Republican contemporaries are calling attention to, and protesting against, the recent repairs made to several of the ships of the North Atlantic squadron at the Kittery Navy Yard.

In former years, under Republican rule at Washington, it was the custom to largely increase the force of ship carpenters and other workmen at Portsmouth and Kittery just before an election in the States of New Hampshire and Maine, when there was actually no work to be done. This was a species of vote bribery, as everybody knew, and carried to such an extent by the unscrupulous Republican wire-pullers of those States that right-minded men of both parties finally roared with disgust at the scandal. It was with great satisfaction, therefore, that they hailed the law, enacted by a Democratic House of Representatives, forbidding the increase in the number of employes in navy yards within sixty days of any election.

But the incident of one or two of the vessels of the naval squadron which has been in northern waters all summer, needing a few petty patches a week or so ago at the Kittery Navy Yard before returning to the South for the winter season, is commented upon by those old political hacks as a repetition of the frauds which they were so prone to commit when they had the opportunity. The difficulty with them, however, is that there is no proof beyond their bare assertion, which does not count, that there was any increase in the number of employes at Kittery within the time specified by law. The work on the naval vessels was done by the regular force of carpenters, and not by politicians, as formerly.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

RUSSELL or GRINNELL? Which will you choose? You can't possibly make a mistake. Either would be a capital candidate.

Down in Fall River Sunday shaving is a crime. Moral: Move to Boston, where the court has reaffirmed the well-known decision, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Loth to part with their out-door fun, the young folks are now playing tennis and croquet by lantern-light. Alas, that summer cannot stay and that winter must come!

As much as we would like to see the base ball championship go to any other city than Chicago, it must be confessed that the men from the wicked metropolis have fairly earned the pennant.

Not without much pain the London Spectator concludes that Mr. PARNELL is a man of great gifts. All the world, outside of England, long ago acknowledged the fact with admiration.

News comes that the usual corner in coal is taking place. The time will come when the people of the United States will lose their patience with extortioners, and then good-bye to the coal monopoly.

General BUTLER declares that the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment could not have been guilty of excesses at New Orleans, for the reason that the regiment was not there. Pretty good evidence, that's a fact.

Reading Chronicle: Boston has already raised over $60,000 for the Charleston sufferers, and the good work still goes on. If the other cities of the Union would do as well, Charleston would soon be made whole.

It is quite evident that if the Canadian witnesses can secure the confiscation of the American fishing schooner David J. Adams by boastful swearing they will do so. It's a strange day down that way when they treat a Yankee fairly.

Boston has outdone herself on the Charleston relief fund, and everybody is praising the energy of the committee through whose good work the grand total, exceeding that raised in any other city of the Union, has been so speedily raised.

Uncle Sam is calling in the bonds at a rate calculated to rejoice the hearts of the great masses who pay the taxes. The administration is carrying out the wishes of Congress and the people in this matter, and deserves warm commendation.

Senator DAWES, in his contest for re-election, has met an unexpected obstacle, and one which will probably compass his defeat. For some unaccountable reason our professional-independent contemporary persists in supporting him and refuses to withdraw.

Rutland Herald: When all the Massachusetts congressmen and State officials found themselves too busy to attend a colored men's dinner to FREDERICK DOUGLASS and left this sole honor to Boston's Irish Democratic Mayor, they made a big mistake.

Manchester Union: We hope the President will come out of the woods strong enough to let his right arm drop upon a number of Republican officeholders that have long since passed their usefulness, and ought to step down and out for the public good.

For a wholesale gerrymander the Republicans of Maine can give points even to their brethren in Massachusetts. Here they allow the Democrats a possible five out of forty. Down there they feel that they have been too generous when they allowed their opponents three out of thirty-one.

The Pall Mall Gazette, one of the most popular and progressive of London papers, has not only gone in for illustrations, but for signed editorials. Thus THE GLOBE's ideas are being imitated abroad as well as by its little brother at home. After all it is better to copy and be bright than to be original and dull.

New Hampshire will look well in the Democratic column next November. The sight will be no great novelty, as it was not so very many years ago that the good old Granite State stood on the right side of the political house. The Democrats there have excellent candidates and will honor themselves by electing them.

As usual after every contest, PARNELL is is found to have placed the standard of Irish liberty farther to the front. Lord CHURCHILL's blustering against discussion of the land bill ends in a decision that full discussion must be allowed. Justice for the Green Isle is much nearer, probably, than most of her friends dare hope.

Governor-elect BODWELL of Maine repeats the well-known joke so often perpetrated by newly chosen officials. He wants but one term. Inasmuch as General HAMLIN recently presided at a BODWELL rally, the granite king can well afford to keep the promise now made, and retire in favor of the Bangor soldier in the next campaign.

The American minister at Pekin reports outrages upon American missionaries at different points in the Chinese interior. "They grow," he says, "as all our evils in China do, out of troubles in the United States." This means, we suppose, that the Chinese at home are disposed to shout "the Yankees must go" by way of evening up the score against the Pacific coast.

GLADSTONE, after his short rest in Bavaria, returns to London to back up PARNELL's bill to put a stop to evictions and revise the judicial rents which the tenants cannot possibly pay. The second reading today will probably bring out a great speech from GLADSTONE. The "old man eloquent" means to show that he is enlisted for the whole home rule war.

The recent election campaign in Maine has forever spiked a favorite Republican gun. The "party of great moral ideas," which "saved the Union," has heretofore harped on its love for the soldier. Having now voted down Colonel EDWARDS, as gallant a man as ever went to the front, it will hardly have the effrontery ever again to set itself up as the special champion of those who fought that the Union might live.

The first mission of the Chinese to this country was to convert our people to cleanliness by washing shirts, and now they propose to take another step and whoop us all over to Buddhism. CHOW JU TIEN has just arrived in New York, and is prepared to "do up" souls for a pagan heaven at very mod rate cost. The Celestials have at last found a field where Chinese cheap labor will have no rivals. It is doubtful, however, if they find it so profitable as running a laundry.

Mr. DAWES has not yet been heard from on the subject of GERONIMO, and we are left in doubt whether our senior senator means to favor a court-martial or a trial by jury, or, in other words, whether he thinks hanging or shooting would best fit GERONIMO's case. Mr. DAWES should hurry up, or Mr. LONG may cut him out, even as the Indian's friend by favoring imprisonment instead of death for GERONIMO.

New York World: Because the Democratic party has come to stay as the Democratic party whose principles have contributed so much to the country's progress and the people's happiness since the days of its founder, JEFFERSON, it becomes the duty of every honest and independent Democratic journal to watch narrowly the acts of those Democrats in whose hands the party has placed great trusts, to criticise them fearlessly but justly, and to hold up to them not the deceptive glass of flattery but the mirror of truth, so that they may see the responsibility of power and avoid errors.

THE FASHION NOW.

Extremes the Rule in Fall and Winter Wraps.

Fine Materials and Rich Trimmings in Elegant and Stylish Shapes.

Some Designs Which Will be Worn this Season.

NEW YORK, September 10—I spent an hour or two looking around this morning and saw in that time more lovely dresses and elegant wraps, jaunty short jackets and hats, than could be described in as many days, to say nothing of glimpses of the richness to come in the shape of furs.

There are to be no medium length outer garments this season. Everything is in either one extreme or the other, very long or very short. The cloths used, however,



are medium in respect to surface, smooth and moderately rough goods being used almost exclusively, such as homespuns, bison cloth, and those other weaves of a similar kind, to which Redfern gives the names of "fishing cloth" and "scouring cloth."

Bison cloth is somewhat hairy in surface, and has a heavy diagonal twill. In one very elegant long wrap made of this cloth these diagonal lines were of two shades of beige colors arranged alternately, and the garment was lined throughout with silk in which the same shades appear. The fronts were straight, all the fulness of the skirt being gathered in the back just below the waist line, so as to fall in full round folds. Between the lines in the back formed by the sling sleeves was set a panel of brown velvet, bordered on either side with handsome beaded passementerie. A band of the



brown velvet was used also to border the front edges of the sleeves, which were trimmed on the inside with the passementerie. The tops of the sleeves were gathered or shirred on the shoulder, and extended high enough to form a full puff about the neck, through which a brown ribbon passed and tied in a bow with long ends at the throat in front.

Another long garment of black scouring cloth had a plush panel on each side laid in four wide plaits, each edge being handsomely braided in a pattern so heavy it looked like passementerie. The dolman sleeves fitted closely above but were very wide at the wrist and braided. A plush turned down collar was fastened with a bow and loops of ribbon velvet, and the garment was lined with silk throughout.

A dark brown waterproof fishing cloth garment had a very long, plain skirt laid in two triple box plaits at the back. Beneath and between these plaits was a narrow panel of ox-blood red cloth heavily braided in flat, dark brown braid. In front a little vest extended from the throat to the waist line edged on either side with a band of the braiding. Straps of wide flat braid were



set horizontally across this vest, turning down at the inner edges in pointed ends. An oblong crochet button was set on each strap; and the cuffs were of the red cloth, braided and strapped to match the other trimmings.

A very elegant wrap was made from a heavy cloth in a fancy weave of black and dark brown. The groundwork was dark brown, and seemed laid in fine lines on a close examination. On this groundwork were waved lines of black in a heavy coarse thread, overshot so that the figure looked almost as though it were darned in with a needle, yet so closely woven that the whole surface seemed quite smooth to the touch.

The dolman sleeves fitted smoothly over the arm above, and the outsides were cut long so as to hang like a straight panel over the hips and half way to the knee. They



were edged front and back with bands of fancy plush, all black, but having a shaded effect, because of bars of a longer pile which cut up the surface into checks. The band which trimmed the back edge of the sleeve was graduated and, following as it did the line of the side seams in the back, had the effect of a rever placed on the skirt. A pointed piece of the plush was set in the back of the garment, ending near the waist line. A band of the plush extended up and down the front edge of the garment, three or four large and very handsome buttons of ebony and silver completing the garniture.

A handsome carriage or travelling wrap of dark blue had two or three rather narrow side plaits, turning in, which extended from the shoulder seam to the foot of the garment, and were fastened at the waist line in front with a handsome clasp of horses' heads. Between these plaits on the waist was a V-shaped vest of red cloth, embroidered in dark blue. A smaller V of the red cloth was set on the back, outlined with narrow plaits.

The back fullness of the skirt was laid in box plaits, falling over which was an odd decoration formed of a narrow fold of the blue, lined with the braided red cloth, and arranged in jabot fashion, so that the gay lining showed alternate folds with the blue. The loose sleeves had a band of the braided red cloth at the wrists, and the small oblong pocket welts were of the same materials.

The designs which are printed with this are furnished for the purpose by Redfern, and show several varieties of these long, plain garments as they will be worn this fall and winter, and as they are now being made up at this house.

The first is for fall, being of rather light-weight "scouring cloth," a fabric which has a surface not unlike a dress serge, in very dark blue. The wide band on the entire length of the fronts of the garment, also the collar and cuffs, is of fawn colored cloth, braided as shown in the design with dark blue tubular braid. The little cape, which fits the shoulders very closely indeed, is edged with a band of wolverine fur, matching the cloth, the same fur being used also in the construction of the muff and cap.

The second garment is of plum-colored twilled bison cloth, made with perfectly plain outlines, as shown in the design, and trimmed with broad bands of black astrachan fur, which is to be very much used this season to decorate cloth or other furs. Heavy ornamental cords pass from side to side of the breast in military style, and the tasselled Russian cap is formed of the astrachan and cloth like the garment. This would be exceedingly pretty for a sleighing or skating costume.

The third design is in a dark green fabric which is called "fishing cloth," and is quite plain as to outlines, the fullness of the skirt being gathered in the back so as to fall in loose folds. This also is trimmed with astrachan and has a very long vest front of dark red, braided with gold, the red being also used to form a narrow foot plaiting all about the bottom, simulating the dress skirt. The hat is of the red cloth and astrachan with a military cockade plume in front.

The last garment is in smooth-surfaced brown Vienna cloth, trimmed with beaver, the vest being of fawn cloth, braided with brown tubular braid. The coquettish little hat has a band of beaver and three beaver pompons as front trimmings.

JEAN KINCAID.

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Crocheted Shoulder Cape.

Materials—3 skeins Star Light Scotch yarn, small bone hook. Make a chain of 87 stitches.

First row—1 treble crochet on each chain stitch.

Second row—* 1 treble in each of the first 3 trebles, 5 trebles all in 4th treble, 1 treble in each of next 3, 2 chain, miss 1 treble *; repeat from * to * 10 times, the last point ending with 3 trebles; turn. This row divides the cape into 11 points, separated from each other by 2 chain; do not make the 2 chain at end of each row (work each row into part of stitch farthest from you). (To do treble crochet of this cape put your yarn over hook once, insert in loop, draw yarn through, then yarn through 2 loops, yarn through last 2 loops.)

Third row—Miss 1 treble, 1 treble in each of next 4, 3 trebles in the next, 1 treble in each of next 4, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Fourth row—Miss 1, 4 trebles (as before), 5 trebles in next, 4 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Fifth row—Miss 1, 5 trebles, 3 trebles in the next, 5 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Sixth row—Miss 1, 5 trebles, 5 trebles in the next, 5 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Seventh row—Miss 1, 6 trebles, 3 trebles in the next, 6 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Eighth row—Miss 1, 6 trebles, 5 trebles in the next, 6 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Ninth row—Miss 1, 7 trebles, 3 trebles in next, 7 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Tenth row—Miss 1, 7 trebles, 5 trebles in next, 7 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Eleventh row—Miss 1, 8 trebles, 3 trebles in next, 8 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Twelfth row—Miss 1, 8 trebles, 5 trebles in next, 8 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Thirteenth row—Miss 1, 9 trebles, 3 trebles in next, 9 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Fourteenth row—Miss 1, 9 trebles, 5 trebles in next, 9 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Fifteenth row—Miss 1, 10 trebles, 3 trebles in next, 10 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Sixteenth row—Miss 1, 10 trebles, 5 trebles in next, 10 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth rows—Miss 1, 11 trebles, 3 trebles in next, 11 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Twenty-first row—Miss 1, 11 trebles, 5 trebles in next, 11 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Twenty-second, twenty-third and twenty-fourth rows—Miss 1, 12 trebles, 3 trebles in next, 12 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

Twenty-fifth row—Miss 1, 12 trebles, 5 trebles in next, 12 trebles, miss 1, 2 chain, repeat across.

This finishes body of cape.

BORDER.—First row—3 chain, miss 4, 2 trebles between fourth and fifth, 2 chain, 2 trebles in same place (these form shell) miss 4 trebles, 2 trebles between fourth and fifth, 2 chain, 2 trebles in same place; repeat.

On reaching one of the short chains between the points work a d. c. under it and go on as before.

Second row—Like first, making shell on shell and d. c. on d. c. between points.

Third row—Like second, except that in the centre of each point you increase by making the shell there consist of 3 trebles, 2 chain, 3 trebles.

Fourth and fifth rows—Like third row.

Sixth row—Under each 2 chain make 1 d. c., 5 trebles, 1 d. c.; work the same scallops also along the fronts of the cape.

Work 3 rows of border round neck, run in ribbon to tie together and between gores, if wished.

EVA NILES.

Knitted Shoulder Cape.

Materials—Four ounces of three thread, Saxony, any shade desired. Two long needles of wood or rubber No. 3.

Commence at bottom of cape by casting on 363 stitches.

Knit one row plain.

First row—Slip 1, *(make 1, 1 plain) 3 times, (narrow) 6 times, (make 1, 1 plain) 3 times*, repeat from * to * till last 2 stitches, which are knit plain.

Second, third and fourth rows—Plain.

Repeat the last four rows seventeen times more.

Seventy-seventh row—Slip 1, *, narrow, 6 plain, narrow, narrow, 6 plain, *, repeat from * to * till you have 3 stitches left, then narrow, knit 1 plain.

Seventy-eighth row—Plain.

Seventy-ninth row—Slip 1, 6 plain, *, narrow, narrow, 6 plain, *, repeat from * to *, knit 7 plain.

Eightieth row—Slip 1, *, narrow, make 1, *, repeat from * to * to end of row. You should now have 260 stitches on needle, if not, make it that number by narrowing.

Eighty-first and eighty-second rows—All plain.

Now commence a new pattern:

First row—Slip 1, * 1 plain, seam 1, seam 2 together, make 1, seam 1, 1 plain, make 1, 1 plain, narrow, seam 1, narrow, 1 plain, seam 1, 1 plain, narrow, seam 1, narrow, 1 plain, make 1, *, repeat from * to * 12 times, then 1 plain, seam 1, make 1, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain.

Second row—Slip 1, seam 1, * 4 plain, seam 4, 1 plain, seam 2, 1 plain, seam 2, 1 plain, seam 4, *, repeat from * to * across.

Third row—Slip 1, * 1 plain, seam 1, seam 2 together, make 1, seam 1, 1 plain, make 1, 1 plain, make 1, narrow (seam 1, narrow) 3 times, make 1, 1 plain, make 1 *, repeat from * to * twelve times, then 1 plain, seam 1, make 1, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain.

Fourth row—Slip 1, seam 1, * 4 plain, seam 5, 1 plain, seam 1, 1 plain seam 1, 1 plain, seam 5 *, repeat from * to * across.

Fifth row—Slip 1, * 1 plain, seam 1, seam 2 together, make 1, seam 1, 1 plain, make 1, 3 plain, make 1, knit 3 together, seam 1, knit 3 together, make 1, 3 plain, make 1, *, repeat from * to * twelve times, then 1 plain, seam 1, make 1, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain.

Sixth row—Slip 1, seam 1, * 4 plain, seam 7, 1 plain, seam 7 *, repeat from * to * to end of row.

Seventh row—Slip 1, * 1 plain, seam 1, seam 2 together, make 1, seam 1, 1 plain, make 1, 5 plain, make 1, knit 3 together, make 1, 5 plain, make 1, *, repeat from * to * twelve times, then 1 plain, seam 1, make 1, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain.

Eighth row—Slip 1, seam 1, * 4 plain, seam 17, *, repeat from * to * to end of row. Repeat these 8 rows 4 times, then once more knit first, second, third and fourth rows; this brings you to the

Thirty-seventh row—Slip 1, * 1 plain, seam 1, seam 2 together, make 1, seam 1, 1 plain, make 1, 3 plain, make 1, slip 4 stitches over onto the right-hand needle; knit next 3 together and pass 4 slipped stitches over, one at a time. This narrows 6 stitches, make 1, 3 plain, make 1, *, repeat from * to * 12 times, then 1 plain, seam 1, make 1, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain.

Thirty-eighth row—Slip 1, seam 1, * 4 plain, seam 13, *, repeat from * to * across.

Thirty-ninth row—Slip 1, * 1 plain, seam 1, seam 2 together, make 1, seam 1, 1 plain, make 1, 1 plain, narrow, narrow, seam 1, narrow, narrow, 1 plain, make 1 *, repeat from * to * twelve times, then 1 plain, seam 1, make 1, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain.

Fortieth row—Slip 1, seam 1, * 4 plain, seam 5, 1 plain, seam 5, *, repeat from * to * to end of row.

Forty-first row—Slip 1, * 1 plain, seam 1, seam 2 together, make 1, seam 1, 1 plain, make 1, 1 plain, make 1, knit 3 together, seam 1, knit 3 together, make 1, 1 plain, make 1, *, repeat from * to * 12 times, then 1 plain, seam 1, make 1, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain.

Forty-second row—Like fortieth row.

Forty-third row—Slip 1, * 1 plain, seam 1, seam 2 together, make 1, seam 1, 1 plain, make 1, 3 plain, make 1, knit 3 together, make 1, 3 plain, make 1 *, repeat from * to * 12 times, then 1 plain seam 1, make 1, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain.

Forty-fourth row—Like thirty-eighth row.

Forty-fifth row—Like thirty-ninth.

Forty-sixth row—Like fortieth.

Forty-seventh row—Like forty-first.

Forty-eighth row—Like fortieth.

Forty-ninth row—Like forty-third.

Fiftieth row—Like thirty-eighth.

Fifty-first row—Like thirty-ninth.

Fifty-second row—Like fortieth.

Fifty-third row—Slip 1, * 1 plain, seam 1, seam 2 together, make 1, seam 1, 1 plain, make 1, 1 plain, make 1, slip 4 stitches on to right-hand needle and knit next 3 together; pass 4 slipped stitches over one by one, make 1, 1 plain, make 1, * repeat from * to * 12 times, 1 plain, seam 1, make 1, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain.

Fifty-fourth row—Slip 1, seam 1, * 4 plain, seam 9, * repeat from * to *, to end of row.

Fifty-fifth row—Slip 1, * 1 plain, seam 1, seam 2 together, make 1, seam 1, 1 plain, make 1, knit 3 together, seam 1, knit 3 together, *, repeat from * to * 12 times, then 1 plain, seam 1, make 1, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain.

Fifty-sixth row—Slip 1, seam 1, * 4 plain, seam 3, 1 plain, seam 3, *, repeat from * to * across.

Fifty-seventh row—Slip 1, * 1 plain, seam 1, seam 2 together, make 1, seam 1, 1 plain, make 1, slip 2 over on to right hand needle, knit 3 together, pass 2 slipped stitches over one by one, make 1, *, repeat from * to * 12 times, 1 plain, seam 1, make 1, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain.

Fifty-eighth row—Slip 1, seam 1, * 4 plain, seam 5 *, repeat from * to * across.

Fifty ninth and sixtieth rows—All plain.

Sixty-first row—Slip 1, * narrow, make 1, *, repeat from * to * across.

Sixty-second row—All plain.

Sixty-third row—Bind off.

Crochet shell round neck. Run ribbon through open work. Dampen, press into shape desired.

EVA NILES.

On Strength Saving Methods.

Pauline Adelaide Hardy has some sensible words in Good Housekeeping on strength saving methods. There are many women always doing more than they are able, so are continually drawing on their capital. Does the mother or housekeeper know what becomes of the woman who uses every day a little more than her interest on her health capital? Well, by and by she has no capital, but she has something that physicians call nervous prostration. To keep well she must get enough rest and sleep, not only to make the interest but to keep the capital strong. Visiting and being visited rests one, though there are exceptions, of course. There are some women who stay home year after year, until they begin to feel that if they were to go away something dreadful would happen to their homes—the houses would disappear or they themselves would meet with some fatal accident. There are better ways of doing some things. These ways are a saving of time or money, or both. One can learn these by visiting. Sometimes a good housekeeper can learn things negatively, just as a good teacher learns by visiting a very poor one. There is cause, then, upon her return home, for congratulation and thinking, "I must never get into such a habit!" At the same time advice given judiciously to one who is not a good manager, or has lacked in early opportunity, and perhaps does few things well, is very acceptable, especially if one can honestly learn or praise some work at the same time, and say I am glad to know that it looks better than mine. A few persons are true missionaries, but with "no sense of a mission to be performed." They do good wherever they go. One housekeeper illustrated this by saying that she was always glad to have Mrs. A. come in, because she always learned something valuable from her, but "she does not take for granted that I know nothing at all as Mrs. B. does."

"Hour Correspondence.

[Communications intended for this column must be addressed to Editor Woman's Hour, BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, *Boston.]*

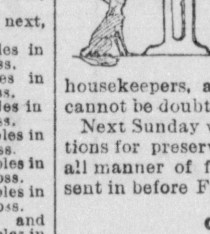
"Mrs. Edgar," Chelsea, Mass.—Have had two cape rules prepared for you, which you will find above. Hope one or both will be satisfactory.

"Mrs. M. A. S.," Cambridgeport—Knit silk shirts for infants by same rules as you use wool. We have given some very good ones in this column recently. Have you not seen them?

"F. W.," Newberry, S. C.—As umbrella frames differ so much in shape no rule can be given by which to cover them. The only way would be to cut the new cover by the old one, make up neatly and fasten in place as the old cover was fastened. Examing the umbrella to be re-covered very carefully would teach you how to do the work.

HOW TO PRESERVE GRAPES.

Recipes for Making Marmalades, Jellies, Jams, etc., According to the Experiences of Practical Housekeepers.



HE fruit of the hour is the grape, and every housekeeper desires to know how it can best be preserved for use during the coming winter. The following recipes have all been tested by practical housekeepers, and that they are first-class cannot be doubted.

Next Sunday we shall publish such directions for preserving in their natural state all manner of fruit and vegetables as are sent in before Friday.

Grape Jam.

Boil the grapes in just water enough to make them tender and strain them through a colander. To one pound of pulp put one pound of good brown sugar. Boil this half an hour. The common wild grape makes a nice jam. MRS. M.

Frosted Grapes.

Take well-ripened grapes, have ready in a dish some beaten white of an egg and in another some fine sugar sifted. Dip the fruit in the egg, then roll in the powdered sugar. Lay a sheet of paper on a reverted sieve and put on a stove to set. MRS. H.

Grape Preserve.

Pick the grapes from the stems; squeeze out the pulps from the skins; then place on the fire in the kettle to stew; then strain, and put juice and skins together; take equal weights of juice and sugar, or one pound of sugar to one pint of juice and skins; boil a short time until the skins are tender. A. C. W.

Cambridgeport.

Grape Marmalade.

Put the grapes into a stone pot, and set the pot into a kettle with cold water; set this on the fire and boil until the grapes will mash easily; stir them often, and jam with bowl of the spoon; take them up and strain through a sieve; to one quart of the pulp allow one pint of sugar and boil forty minutes. MRS. S.

Grape Jam.

Separate the skin and the pulp. Boil the pulp enough to rub through a sieve all but the seeds, then add the skin, and to every pound allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Be careful that it does not burn. Let it boil until well cooked. MRS. S.

Grape Jelly.

Put the grapes into a stone pot and set the pot into a kettle with cold water. Set this on the fire and boil until the grapes will mash easily. Stir them often and jam with the bowl of the spoon. Take them up and strain through a fine sieve or squeeze through a piece of thin muslin. To one quart of the juice allow one and a half pint of sugar. Boil two hours. M. S. S.

A Correction.

Please to correct recipe sent for last SUNDAY'S GLOBE by Mrs. E. A. Maffitt: Instead of ten pounds of sugar in sweet pickle, only two pounds. This recipe of sweet pickle is very nice. I have used it for years and have given it to a good many ladies who also like it very much. MRS. M.

Grape Jelly.

Select the grapes when not fully ripe; wash and drain, then put them in a preserving kettle; mash well, and beat till all the skins are broken and the juice flows freely; strain and use the juice only, with an equal weight of sugar. MRS. M.

Coffins and a "Drug Store."

[Lewiston Journal.]

In a certain Maine city lives a thrifty man of foreign birth, who has built up a snug fortune as a dealer in coffins and undertaker. Now it is well known that drug stores are suspiciously thick in our Maine cities; that some of them do a legitimate business and that others do not. Further explanation is unnecessary, but suffice it to say that this thrifty citizen concluded that he, too, would start a drug store. He moved his coffins into the back end of his shop and set up his "drug store" in the front end, providing the usual screen behind which to do the most of his "apothecary" business, and hiring a clerk.

A young woman came in and asked for an ounce of oil of clove. The clerk hunted a long while among the bottles, but could find none. Finally he called the undertaker from among his coffins, and he, too, hunted for a long time.

"Ma'ame," said the coffin-druggist, "We have no ile of clove. Won't some castor ile do ye joost as well?"

No Need for More Grace.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Why, my dear!" exclaimed his wife in surprise, "you have forgotten something. You have not asked the blessing."

"Yes, I have too," bluffly responded the doctor. "I've asked the Lord to bless this old ham all I'm a-going to."

Democratic Postmasters ought to take advantage of the 25-cent offer and introduce the Weekly Globe among their patrons. That offer enables any one to take the paper on trial at a nominal cost and fairly judge of its merits.

MINUS $87,000.

Maine's Most Trusted Financier a Defaulter.

Prominent in Religious, and Also in Social Circles.

He Confesses His Guilt and Breaks Down Completely.

PORTLAND, Me., September 19.—William Edward Gould, cashier of the First National Bank, a man prominent in social, business and religious circles, a son-in-law of General Neal Dow, and the son of Hon. Edward Gould, the oldest cashier in the United States, having held that position for fifty years, is a prisoner in his own house, and the First National bank is $87,000 out by reason of his peculiar financial operations. William Edward Gould, to whose name the titles of "Hon." and "Rev." have been by common consent appended, has been for several years the cashier, and by reason of his position the real head of the First National Bank.

He was early destined by his father for the banking business, and was thoroughly educated and started in under the immediate eye of his father, and worked his way up step by step until he was acknowledged to be the ablest financier in the city, if not in the State. But while working his way up from the desk of the clerk to the office of the cashier, he made himself prominent in many ways. He began very early to address public meetings and was warmly interested in all religious movements. Side by side with his numerous financial enterprises he kept various religious enterprises moving, and not even his pleasure in seeing his State street mansion raise day by day could make him forget that all around him were perishing sinners. Not willing to sit quietly in his pew Sunday after Sunday, he aspired to preach the Word, and from his first sermon his success in that line was assured. His sermons were really eloquent productions, and he was remarkable for the devoutness of his prayers. His services as a preacher were at once in demand, and few Sundays have since passed without finding him occupying some Congregational pulpit in this vicinity. More than once has he been urged to give up business and devote himself to the duties of the ministry.

He has never been willing to take that important step, but he has filled a large place in the religious world, not alone of this State, but even of the country, having been closely identified with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and the Young Men's Christian Association. His large

Influence in the Religious World

was felt when he was instrumental in bringing the board to Portland for its annual session. He took, for a layman, an important part in the management of that great meeting, and later, feeling that something must be done to stem the tide of infidelity in Portland, a tide that seemed at that time to be somewhat rising, owing to the fact that Colonel Ingersoll had then but recently lectured here.

Having taken means to ascertain by actual count the number of attendants at all places of public worship in the city, Gould, with others, invited Moody the evangelist to come here, and no small portion of the success of the Moody meetings was due to the efforts of Mr. Gould.

About the time that the idea of civil service reform was first advocated by George William Curtis, Mr. Gould accepted his theories and has since remained one of the prominent civil service reformers of the State, having written and spoken in support of the theory.

Acknowledged to be the ablest financial authority in Maine, and being to all intents and purposes the leading spirit among the Portland bankers, he became identified with the American Bankers' Association, and at the annual session at Saratoga has read papers admitted to have been of great interest. An able and even eloquent speaker, he held the pen of a ready writer, and made for himself far more than a local reputation in this respect. His articles were crisp, direct and timely, and if he did not always convince he did succeed in always interesting.

The last years of his married life were spent at his handsome but not too expensive residence in Deering, where he lived in a manner that befitted a man who, having an income of $4500 a year, proposed to save something while living in Deering. He was one of the trustees for one term of the reform school, and later, when Governor Plaistead ordered his famous investigation into the workings of that institution he was appointed one of the commissioners, his associates being Hon. Frederick Fox and Hon. T. H. Haskell, now one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Maine. His selection on this very important commission showed the

High Reputation He Had Gained.

If that investigation resulted in nothing else it did show that while trustee Mr. Gould had brought his great administrative abilities to bear upon his trust, and had made and suggested many reforms in the management of the institution.

After some years' residence in Deering Mr. Gould sold his place, removed to Portland and built one of the best, perhaps the most elegant residences in the city. All that perfect taste and an abundance of money could do to make the house and grounds beautiful was done and when completed the structure commanded the admiration of all. In that imposing and beautiful home the brilliant owner, but owner no longer if all reports are true, is tonight a prisoner, close guarded by the officers of the law. The fact that Mr. Gould with his comparatively small income, $4500, was building this expensive house was somewhat commented at the time, but he stood so high that no suspicion of wrong-doing was entertained. There were vague rumors that he had been lucky in speculation, and beside that his father-in-law, General Neal Dow, is a rich man, and it was supposed might be supplying the funds for the building. Since then his style of living has been more than good, he has kept a carriage, and his son, Neal Dow Gould, has had, it is said, his yacht.

When the directors of the First National Bank this evening made public the fact that Mr. Gould has appropriated the funds of the institution to the amount of $87,000, they did not see fit to trace the steps that they took to discover the defalcation, nor did they state when their suspicion was first aroused, but it is understood that they took occasion last week, Mr. Gould being absent in New York, to put an expert at work upon the books, and to their astonishment he showed that $87,000 had been abstracted.

Mr. Gould, it is said, returned Saturday; was at once confronted with absolute proof of his guilt. He attempted no denial; made no excuses, and fully confessed, it is said, the entire transaction, and completely broke down.

At his own request he was allowed to be taken home when arrested, where he could be consulted more readily in regard to the affairs of the bank than at the jail. Mr. Gould, it is said, is trying to do all he can under the circumstances. He has already, it is reported, assigned to the bank property valued at $50,000. He is acting in a very manly way, and is not trying to evade the full punishment due to his crime. Today the directors of all the banks of Portland met and received the report of the directors of the First National Bank.

The Bank is All Right.

The comparatively small amount taken will not cripple it in the least. It is supposed that Mr. Gould lost his money in New York grain speculations. He has stood so high so long, has been so closely identified with so many of the great benevolent societies and has been so prominent in religious circles, and, above all, so public-spirited a citizen that his fall will cause more excitement and perhaps call forth more sympathy than could the fall of almost any other man in Portland.

To him the city owes in a great measure the noble First National Bank building and other buildings of note. His relationship with so distinguished a man as General Neal Dow will give a widespread interest to his case.

Reference has been made to the fact that Mr. Gould's father, Hon. E. D. Gould, is the oldest cashier in point of service in the United States. He is the cashier of the National Traders' Bank, and has to the fullest degree the sympathy of the entire community. He has received a terrible blow, for one at his age a hard one to recover from.

Mr. Gould has not, so far as is known, consented to talk with a reporter, and, possibly, will not at present. Hon. William L. Putnam is counsel for the bank, and he also declines to be interviewed, but it is understood that the final steps to be taken will be decided at the meeting of the directors tomorrow. The bank cannot, it would seem, lose under any circumstances, unless Mr. Gould has appropriated much more than the $87,000 named by the directors themselves as the amount discovered by their expert

In the first place, if Mr. Gould has turned over to the bank property worth at forced sale, as is reported, $50,000, he must have given up his beautiful home, his horses, carriages and furniture. If he has done this and restored $50,000 to the bank then his bondsmen will see to the rest.

The shock of this fall of one of the most prominent citizens of Maine will be worse felt tomorrow than tonight. It was known that Mr. Gould had returned home and some surprise was felt that he did not attend church or Sabbath school. So well did the directors keep their secret that not even a hint of it leaked out until Mr. Gould had been confronted with the proofs of his guilt, had confessed and been arrested, and the completed statement of the condition of the bank had been submitted to the directors of the other banks.

Mr. Gould never took pay for

His Services as a Preacher,

and he was always ready to respond to an invitation to lecture. He was very happy in his treatment of business subjects, and was a frequent lecturer upon topics that required a great degree of special information. It is due to Mr. Gould to say that he was never suspected of a departure from the path of perfect domestic virtue. He has been a faithful husband and a most loving father, nor has he been apparently in his religious life insincere. He did not gain the goodwill of the directors of his bank by his preaching of the Word, but by his very marked business ability. He was seldom absent from his bank during business hours. He would sit for hours in his office watching every transaction with intelligent alertness. Another strange thing about his manner of life was that all this time, when he must have known that he was liable at any moment to be discovered and ruined, he did not make apparently the slightest change in his manner of life.

He was kind to the poor, never, it is believed, refusing his assistance to a really worthy object of charity. He was a close student, and his recent pulpit and public efforts have been prepared with the same care that characterized his earlier productions.

One who has known him long and intimately said tonight, "Let them say what they may, I say to you that William Edward Gould has felt a strong desire to see sinners coming to Christ. This busy business man, whatever may have been his faults, has felt that for him was a special woe if he preached not the Gospel I knew that recently he expressed the greatest concern in regard to the possible spread of the errors of Colonel Ingersoll. He has been honest in all his religious experience.

PAPA BLAINE PACIFIED.

He Settles $1800 Per Year on Young Jim and Sends Him to His Wife—They Now Live in Honeyed Harmony.

AUGUSTA, Me., September 14.—A near friend of Mr. Blaine gives the following version of the marriage of young Jim: "When Jimmy returned from New York early Wednesday morning last, he immediately informed his father that he had been married in New York two days before. His father was amazed at the startling information imparted to him by his youngest boy, and for some time could not comprehend that it was really so. It was not until after he had despatched his oldest son, Walker, from Washington to New York, and was informed by that young gentleman that the marriage was a bona fide affair, would he bring himself to realize that the boy had really disgraced himself and his family by a marriage in no wise suitable to him or acceptable to his parents.

At first he knew not what to do. Various plans suggested themselves to him as the best way to make the most of a bad job, but it was not until yesterday that he finally determined upon a course of action which he believes will be best for all concerned. And so he called Jimmy into his presence, and told him that he had determined upon allowing him the sum of $1800 a year, with which to support himself and wife, and that he must at once join her.

The society people of the city are very much exercised over what they term a highly sensational affair, and many of them do not hesitate to condemn the participants, because while they were in the city they were the recipients of courteous treatment and every possible attention. Lawn parties and private germans were given in honor of the Nevins ladies by some of the best people here, and numerous calls were made upon them at the Augusta House during their stay.

Young Blaine, now that he is married, has given up the idea of entering college, which his father intended he should do this fall. What he will do has not yet been decided upon.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr.

NEW YORK, September 14.—A few minutes before 7.30 o'clock this morning a boyish-looking young gentleman, dressed in a dark suit of clothes and derby hat, and carrying a grip-sack in one hand and a light overcoat over his arm, hurried into the New York Hotel. He greeted the clerk, and registered in a firm, bold hand at the top of the page:

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., Maine.

He went at once to his room and declined to see any of the reporters.

It has been officially ascertained that the couple called on Archbishop Corrigan for his dispensation and obtained it. Rev. Father Ducey, who officiated, accompanied them, and it was secured on the afternoon of the day the marriage took place. It is denied that the young lady's family is displeased at the marriage, and they are all living in harmony at the hotel. Colonel Nevins, the bride's father, was in Philadelphia today. The certificate of marriage has not yet been filed with the Board of Health. The marriage notice was published in this morning's papers.

CLOSING UP THE COURT.

The Alabama Claims Tribunal Disolves After Thirteen Years.

WASHINGTON, September 13.—It has taken thirteen years to settle up the Alabama claims. The Geneva award was made in 1873. The amount, $15,000,000, was promptly paid in gold coin by the British government. It was immediately invested in United States bonds, by the interest on which the fund would be augmented. The Court of Alabama Claims was created to adjudicate the multitude of claims presented. During all these years the court has been at work, and the treasury mathematicians have been figuring out percentages and paying the claims in full or in part, pursuant to the various decrees of the court. A short time ago the tribunal passed out of existence, after two or three new leases of life had been granted it from time to time, by act of Congress, to enable it to complete its work. The court room in which the exploits of Raphael Semmes were so often recounted has been given up and the furniture sold under the hammer of the auctioneer. Within the past few days the warrants for the final distribution, 9176 in number, have been drawn and signed, and they are being paid as fast as presented at the teller's window in the treasury building.

The claims were of two kinds, designated as first class and second class, or direct and indirect. The direct claims were for actual losses by the depredations of the Alabama and other Confederate cruisers—the capture and destruction of vessels and cargoes. The indirect claims were for the largely increased premiums paid to underwriters for insurance during that period. "War risks" came high while Semmes was scouring the seas making his very name a terror to the merchantmen and whalers. Four years were occupied by the court in determining the first-class claims. These were about 2600 in number, and were paid in full. Of course the amounts presented were rarely allowed; but when the court had determined the sums justly due they were paid without reduction. Payment of the direct claims was begun in 1876, and finished during the following year. The whole amount paid during these two years was $9,315,753 19. Enough bonds were converted into cash to pay these claims, the balance remaining invested pending the adjudication of the second class claims.

The whole amount added to the award by way of interest and premium on bonds was $3,905,558 15, making the total sum available $19,405,558 15. The expenses of the court for the thirteen years were $750,193 63, leaving for the holders of indirect or second-class claims $9,339,610 33. The aggregate of these claims after their determination by the court was nearly $27,000,000. The amount available was ordered to be distributed pro rata. The rate was a trifle more than 35 2-10 per cent. To be as exact as possible the reckoners carried the decimal to ten figures, the precise per cent. on which all the claims were settled being .3522760549. Many of the claims filed of this class were ruled out, but 9176 were allowed. After a diligent application of the rules of arithmetic, on the basis of the percentage given above, involving an enormous amount of figuring, the sum to be paid on each was arrived at and the warrants were filled out. Assistant Register Fish had to sign his name twice for each warrant—more than 18,000 times in all. He says he is profoundly thankful that his name is a short one; if it were Guggenhousen or Schwartzenheimer he would have been in the insane asylum before he got through the job. As it was it took him several days of almost constant work. The Alabama claims have been "at," as printers would say, for the lawyers, scores of them having had large pickings. Probably two-thirds of the money has been paid to New England people. The rest of the claims were filed from New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland, and a few from the Pacific coast.

BOB AND ALF DON'T FIGHT,

Though They Are Both Running for Governor.

The Taylor Brothers of Tennessee Speak from the Same Platform.

"An Insult to One, an Insult to Both"—Playing Duets Together.

[New York World.]

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., September 15.—The campaign in Tennessee this fall is most remarkable. Nothing like it was ever seen before in the politics of any country. Two brothers, Robert and Alfred Taylor, are rival candidates for the governorship. They are making the canvass together. "Bob," as he is universally called, is the candidate of the Democracy and Alf is the standard-bearer of the Republicans. Usually a political contest in Tennessee is a series of personal invective, long drawn out, and often the issues of the canvass are lost sight of. The campaign this fall, however, has all the points for a very fine comedy. If it could be reproduced on the stage with one-quarter of the realism of the original contest it would be bound to have a long run. The brothers are on the best of terms and are constantly chaffing and joking each other, to the amusement of the crowds that follow them wherever they go. They belong to one of the best families in Tennessee, and both have a natural gift of oratory. During the last few days Alf's voice has failed him, and realizing that Bob was gaining ground on the stump in consequence, he hit upon a plan to checkmate him. The idea was suggested by an experience of Colonel Dick Menefee of Kentucky in a congressional race many years ago. Colonel Menefee had served one term in Congress, and having had a taste of Washington political life his heart craved for more. He was a very popular man in his district, a part of which lay in the mountain regions, and was confident of success. His rival, Judge Hogan, was a very shrewd man, however, and when, early in the last days of the canvass, Menefee visited the mountains on horseback, he found that all of his old friends in that region were pledged to vote for Hogan. He could not understand it, but he saw that unless he could do something to stem the tide, his defeat was certain. He soon learned that the secret of Judge Hogan's popularity was that he played the violin at parties. Menefee was for a time at his wits' end, but one night he found a large company gathered in a country school house with his rival playing away as hard as he knew how. Calling one of the most influential men in the room to one side, Menefee said quietly: "Judge Hogan plays very well." "Yes," was he reply; "we like a man who is not above coming around and furnishing music for us."

"I notice that the judge plays with his left hand up here," said Menefee. (Hogan was left-handed.) "Why," said the influential citizen, "What do you mean?"

"Nothing much," replied Menefee indifferently, "only he always uses his right hand when he is in Lexington." This story went over the district very rapidly. The well known jealousy existing between the city and country helped it along, and Judge Hogan was overwhelmingly defeated.

Alf Taylor has been playing the fiddling game on his brother. He has left two or three political meetings early on account of his weak voice and furnished dance music for parties. Both of the brothers are fair musicians and know how to handle a violin. Bob got onto his brother's dodge very soon, however, and retaliated by visiting half of the houses along their route, kissing the babies and promising them all birthday presents when they grew up. These side issues, so to speak, began to tell on the constitutions of the brothers, and a compromise has been arranged. Bob is to stop kissing the babies unless Alf is present and can come in for his share of the glory, and also agrees not to speak quite so loud or long until Alf's voice gets into better condition. In addition Bob says he will not mention Cleveland's civil-service policy again during the campaign. For these concessions Alf has agreed to stop fiddling except in duets with his brother.

The Fiddle Come to Stay.

But as the violin has been introduced into the canvass they find that they cannot put it out. Everywhere they go they are compelled to take their violins with them and play a shake-down after the regular meeting of the night is over. The brother's duet played at the Read House here last evening was a very amusing sight. Their parlors were crowded, and the two brothers sat close together, surrounded by their adherents. "Dixie," "Star Spangled Banner," "Old Kentucky Home," and selections from "Mikado" were rendered in fine style. It was impossible, amid the shouts of laughter and applause, to say which was the better man with the bow.

At Cleveland, Tenn., last week the brothers addressed the largest meeting of the campaign. This is a Republican stronghold, and Alf was in high feather. But Bob's followers made up in shouting what they lacked in numbers. While waiting to board the train at Athens for Cleveland a crowd gathered around the station. The sun was hot and the brothers sought the shade of a neighboring tree. Here the crowd followed them and the jokes flew pretty thick. "Alf," said Bob, "would be lost if it were not for his little tariff and Blair bill." "You don't want to come out too strong about our Mexican diplomacy," retorted Alf, "You must be referring to Mr. Blaine's guano contracts," said Bob, good-naturedly.

"But what are you going to do with the public domain, Bob?" asked Alf, winking slyly to the crowd. "Sell it and educate those 400,000 ignorant Tennessee children you are always talking about."

At this moment a hardy mountaineer appeared on the scene. He approached Alf and said: "I want a place under the next governor." But before he could reply Bob spoke up: "Here he is; what can I do for you." The crowd laughed, but Alf got in a neat rejoinder by saying: "'A public office is a public trust.' I cannot promise patronage for votes." Some one rang a chestnut bell and a minute later the brothers were boarding the train arm in arm and bowing their acknowledgments to the cheering crowd.

The gathering at Cleveland is typical of what has met the brothers all over the State. "Remember," said Squire Gant, in introducing "our Alf" to the public, "that an insult to one of these gentlemen is an insult to the other," and this represents the policy of the campaign. There are no side issues in Tennessee this fall. The question is simply between Democracy and Republicanism, and both sides feel that the result will be a true test of each party's strength.

The Brothers' Friendly Rivalry.

The brothers at the Cleveland meeting exerted themselves to the best of their ability, trying to outdo each other. Alf was the first speaker, and although his voice was a little hoarse he got in several sledge-hammer blows on his opponent. He began on the tariff and followed out the line of Mr. Blaine's arguments in advancing his protection ideas. He quoted from the Courier-Journal and other papers to prove that the last Democratic House failed to do its duty and relieve the burdens of the people. He said that the Prohibitionists ought to support the Republican party, because the Republicans are in favor of inserting a prohibition plank in their platform. He advocated the Blair educational bill, and came out squarely for the Hamiltonian theory of strong centralized government. He stated his case logically, and closed with a severe arraignment of Mr. Cleveland's administration. He asserted that the Republican party was the party of progress, and the young men of the South should make haste and join its ranks.

Bob was an interested listener to his brother's eloquence, and his reply was very happy. Referring to the Blair bill he said: "My fellow-citizens, did you ever hear of the Republican party either doing or attempting to do anything for the cause of popular education while it was in power? No. It is only when it has been ejected from the administration of our government that in a fit of desperation it begins to cast about for some scheme whereby to get a lever to raise it into popular favor. It hit upon the Blair bill. It says we have a surplus in the treasury, and forthwith proposes to devise this plan of education to tickle the poor man. I say to you that there is not a single dollar in the treasury of the United States. We have an unpaid debt. As long as that lasts the treasury will contain no surplus."

The applause was about evenly divided between the brothers, and each received several handsome bouquets. Back at the hotel that night there was a general reception. Partisans of each side jostled one another in the crowd, and both candidates shook hands with Democrats and Republicans alike. Bob and Alf produced their violins, and the reception closed with a grand breakdown and waltz.

There is some talk here of nominating Rev. Mr. Taylor, father of Bob and Alf, on the prohibition ticket, and Mrs. Taylor, the mother, on the woman suffrage platform. In that event matters would become complicated indeed.

Several days ago at Athens another feature was introduced into this canvass which promises to become a regular card. Some one alluded to it as the War of the Roses, and the expression was promptly caught up by the crowd. It furnished the proper campaign insignia. At once the red rose became the badge of the Republicans and the white rose the emblem of Democracy. It spread like wildfire, and within forty-eight hours these historic decorations were worn in rosettes from one end of the State to the other. The ladies, too, are flying the colors of their choice. So it is now a double campaign, roses and fiddles, and all canopied over by the best of good fellowship and fraternal rivalry.

An incident last night, while the brothers were at Bridgeport, illustrates the spirit of the canvass from the matron's standpoint. They performed as usual, and then went arm in arm to the same bed. As they came down to breakfast this morning the hotel proprietor's wife, a smiling old lady of 60, approached them with a bunch of the rival roses in each hand and said: "Colonel Bob and Colonel Alf, I'm not a politician, and I don't know anything about politics, but I want you to accept these flowers, because it makes my mother's heart glad to see two brothers making a canvass against each other and yet treating each other as lovingly as they tell me you two do. Let me see you shake hands before you go."

They took the flowers, shook as desired, and laughingly took the train for Tullahoma, where they spoke tonight.

A CYCLONE FEARED.

One Said to be Brewing in the West Indies—Much More Money Needed to Relieve Distressed Charleston.

CHARLESTON, S. C., September 19.—Considerable uneasiness was occasioned here by a signal service bulletin that a West Indian hurricane had been lurking off the Florida coast, but that the observers had lost track of it. There had been quite a fall in the barometer at Pensacola, and naturally great fear was felt that the dire visitor might wend his way in the direction of this city. A fresh breeze blew all day, but died out toward night—when the air became very warm, and in the southwestern sky large banks of cloud showed themselves. No further intimations of the whereabouts of the storm, however, have been received at the signal service office, and it is surmised and fervently hoped that the hurricane has spent its fury at sea. The havoc which a severe storm would make in this city can hardly be overestimated, and strong men wore anxious faces today at the mere thought of it. In the dismantled condition of so many of the houses, very few could withstand as severe an onslaught of the elements.

As the damaged houses are being pulled down, especially the churches, the sight is positively saddening. It is appalling to think that venerable edifices, such, for instance, as St. Michael's Church, that have withstood the shock of war and had braved gale and flood and fire, should have been hopelessly wrecked in almost the twinkling of an eye. To many of the older citizens this ruthless destruction of venerable and venerated landmarks comes like a personal misfortune, and many an eye has been moistened with tears as it looked upon the ruins of edifices that were associated with many joyful and mournful recollections. Today, the third Sunday after the earthquake, was marked, like its two predecessors, by religious services in all the churches fit to be used, while those congregations that have been deprived of their places of worship performed their devotions in the open air. The Catholics held services in the temporary chapel in the lot adjoining the Cathedral, and open air union services were held on the Battery and elsewhere.

Mayor Courtenay's proclamation to the people of the country, which was telegraphed last night, does not overstate the necessity for further aid from the generous and liberal minded. Indeed, the more one contemplates the work of destruction and the great want and wretchedness that have followed in its wake, the more one becomes impressed with the great need for long continued and unstinted contributions in order to keep want and disease away from the sufferers; and the people of Charleston have full faith that their brethren everywhere in the land will not fail them in this hour of trial.

Mr. Sloan, the special agent of the United States Geological Survey, has made examinations along the Northeastern railroad, in the section of country between here and Goose creek. He examined one locality in particular, believed to be near the axis of disturbance, where for a space 600 feet long and an average of 125 feet wide the earth has been badly shattered, producing a network of cracks varying from a line to twenty-two inches in breadth. In some places the earth has been elevated, in others it has sunk as much as eight inches, while the whole section affords a very insecure footing. The position of a small trestle on the Northwestern railroad, near this locality, has been somewhat changed by the shock, the superstructure of the trestle and adjoining bank having been shifted seven feet ten inches from its original centre. Mr. Sloan states that no volcanic action was necessary for the production of the sulphur gases noticed in connection with the recent subterranean disturbances. The presence of these gases, he says, was unmistakable, and is to be accounted for very naturally, as the immediately underlying strata contain abundant nodules of pyrites, which, through the usual process of alteration, afford sulphurous hydrogen gas. This gas escaped to the surface in unusual quantities owing to the recent violence and was manifested not only in odors, but also in the pronounced darkening of certain lead paints used upon some of the houses in the city. There is also excellent reason to suspect the presence of sulphurous oxide from the same source.

The old colonial church of St. James at Goose creek, a favorite resort for visitors to Charleston, is reported to be in ruins, about one-third of the west end of the building being entirely gone, and the east end badly shattered.

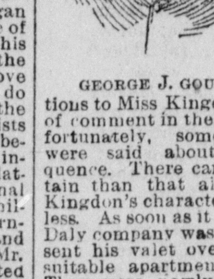
Contributions continue to come in for the relief of the sufferers by the earthquake, but at best they cannot cover one-tenth of the actual loss. For this reason the relief committee is classifying applications, and will deal first with cases of widows and others who have no personal means of repairing damages by earthquake. The scarcity of skilled bricklayers and plasterers and high wages retard the work of reparation, and many citizens are determined to let the plastering lie over until the return of a normal condition of affairs. Every competent mechanic has full work at extreme prices, and there is room for hundreds more.

The feature of the day, as last Sunday, was open air worship. The Mariners' Church had services on one of the ships in the harbor. The Presbyterian and Huguenot church services were on the Battery. The congregation of Grace Church worshipped in the Sunday school building, the Second Presbyterian congregation in the residence of J. S. Riggs, St. John's Lutheran in its Sunday school, and other congregations in their own churches.

THEY WERE TWICE WEDDED.

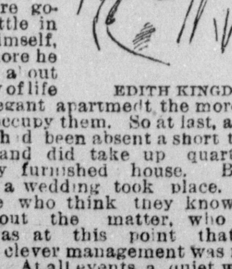
George Gould and Edith Kingdon Once Before a London Altar.

NEW YORK, September 16.—Mr. George Gould was not married for the first time last evening. The preliminary and really conclusive wedding took place in London upwards of two months ago. It has all come about in this way. Nearly a year ago



GEORGE J. GOULD.

Mr. Gould's attentions to Miss Kingdon became the subject of comment in theatrical society, and, unfortunately, some unpleasant things were said about the lady in consequence. There can be nothing more certain than that all aspersions upon Miss Kingdon's character were false and groundless. As soon as it became known that the Daly company was to go abroad Mr. George sent his valet over to London to procure suitable apartments for his sweetheart. They were newly furnished at great expense, servants employed to attend on the lady's needs during her stay in the metropolis, and a fine carriage and span bought and placed at her disposal. In fact, everything was arranged as nicely as if Mr. Gould were going to settle in London himself, and the more he thought about



EDITH KINGDON.

the quality of life in such elegant apartment the more he inclined to occupy them. So at last, after the company had been absent a short time, he followed and did take up quarters in the nicely furnished house. But before that a wedding took place. There are those who think they know something about the matter, who assert that it was at this point that Mrs. Kingdon's clever management was marked by success. At all events a quiet wedding occurred, at which Mr. George Gould and Miss Edith Kingdon were regularly married. Several members of the Daly company were cognizant if not present at this event. Among these were Miss Dreher, the bride's particular friend; Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. James Lewis, Miss Ada Rehan and Mr. Skinner. Mr. Gould gave his wife a magnificent diamond brooch as a wedding token. For over a month the couple lived together in the London suite, and there is no question that the time passed very happily for both.

DISAPPOINTED FLYERS.

Unsatisfactory Results of the Great Yacht Races.

The Wind Dies Away, and Leaves the Whole Series Unsatisfactory

In the Trial for the Cups Given at Newport.

Just before the international races between the Galatea and Mayflower the citizens of Newport made a proposition to the commodore of the New York Yacht Club, offering prizes to a large amount to the crack yachts. The proposition was accepted, on the conditions that the regatta should be held after the affair between the English cutter and the crack sloops was over. When the international races decided the fate of the America cup the attention of those interested in yachting—and that meant nearly everybody—was directed to Newport again.

Great interest was taken in the matter by every one. All that was necessary was a rattling good breeze, and this very essential, as the sequel showed, was denied the participants. The race came off on Saturday last. The entries for the regatta were:

SCHOONERS.

Name.	Measurement.	Time Allowance. m. s.
Gitana	96.23	Allows.
Montauk	94.06	1 16
Sachem	88.47	4 44
Miranda	85.79	6 31
FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.		
Mayflower	87.99	Allows.
Galatea	86.87	0 44
Puritan	83.35	2 48
SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.		
Bedouin	72.16	Allows.
Stranger	67.30	4 51
Thetis	66.69	5 07
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.		
Cinderella	55.48	Allows.
Clara	54.28	1 36
Bertie	52.08	4 40

The Miranda, Galatea and Stranger were English yacht.

It was a day of contrary changes of wind that were as exasperating as they were many, and at 7 o'clock at night five yachts, the Stranger, Thetis, Gitana, Galatea and Cinderella, were thirteen or fourteen miles from the finish and the others, headed by the Puritan, nearly nineteen miles away.

The race was started at 10.35 off Brenton's Reef lightship. The course was southwest to a bell buoy off the north point of Block Island, distant sixteen miles; thence twenty-one miles northeast by east one-half east, to a stake-boat anchored two and five-eighth miles west southwest of West Island light, finishing from that point to the Brenton's Reef lightship, about eight miles. The starting line was drawn from the lightship to the Electra, anchored about one-eighth of a mile to the westward.

A Good Breeze at the Start.

There was a fresh breeze blowing at the start and every prospect that it would last throughout the day.

The first of the sloops to cross was the Puritan. She had reached up along the line before the preparatory signal, and as it was blown the old champion came to the eastward of the lightship, turned square on her heel and went along the line to the westward until almost up to the Electra, when she kept off and jumped across the line, breaking out her balloon-topsail as she went by. The Galatea had stood off to the northward to get her club-topsail up and came down just behind the Electra, with the Miranda coming over from the northeast. The two passed over the line together. These two big ones were over the line the first of the fleet, and the American was in the lead.

The Mayflower was away up towards Brenton's Point, getting her single reef out and sending up the club-topsail. She had stood up too far and was badly handicapped. She did not go over the line until next to the last of the fleet. The Bedouin brought up the rear. General Paine's yacht, which had been carrying her balloon jib for fully five minutes, went across with a rush and began to pull up on the fleet.

The Puritan, meanwhile, had gone far ahead in the fresh breeze that blew when the race began. The wind fell at 10.45, and she had a lead of two miles over General Payne's yacht, though the Galatea was holding her own well with her.

The official start of the big sloops was as follows:

Name.	Length feet.	Allowance. m. s.	Start. h. m. s.
Puritan	83 85	2 48	10 27 18
Galatea	86 87	0 44	10 28 32
Mayflower	87 99	Allows	10 39 19

The starting signal was blown at 10.15, and, as ten minutes were allowed in which to cross the line, the Mayflower was handicapped 4 minutes 9 seconds.

Henceforward the race between the sloops dwindled down into a drifting match, in which the yachts, scarcely finding steerage way, did nothing which could be called a race. The Galatea and Stranger fouled the turning buoy, and were thus technically ruled out; the Puritan bore away for Newport, despairing of a race, and the Mayflower came in at last and won the race. In plain terms, the race was a fizzle for want of wind.

In the schooner race the Miranda, Gitana, Sachem and Montauk started in the order given. For a while the Sachem, a Boston schooner, designed by Edward Burgess, who was also responsible for the Puritan and Mayflower, had the best of it. Then the Miranda gradually overhauled her and won the leading position. At this point the wind died away, and the whole business became a drifting match, during which the Miranda managed to strike a shoal and stuck there till she was hauled off by a tug, unhurt, but with no chance of winning the race. For that matter, no one won it up to the point that the reporters gave up the thing in disgust.

The second class sloops, which consisted of the Stranger, Thetis and Bedouin, had about the same experience as the others. In the dead calm which ended the race, the Stranger was three miles ahead of the Thetis, and about eight miles ahead of the Bedouin.

The third class of sloops and cutters was the only class in which some vessel was not handicapped in starting. The little cutter Clara was the first to get across the line. About a minute after her came the little white Bertie, with a balloon topsail set that hid her hull, and another minute later came the lead-colored Cinderella.

Down to Point Judith the Clara led, with the Bertie and Cinderella close behind her. At the outer mark they caught up with her. As she went around the Bertie fouled the buoy. Later in the day she went home, having lost her chance. The Cinderella, in that same lucky western division, got the land breeze and went home a winner.

There was no race in the third class sloops. The Bertie hauled out herself, the Clara fouled the buoy at Block Island, and the Cinderella late at night was ruled out for compelling the Galatea to strike the same buoy.

The whole series of races was unsatisfactory. But there must be winners to every race and so these are recorded, with the added remark that no one was pleased at the result.

POST OFFICE CHANGES.

Rumors of What President Cleveland Will Do When He Returns.

WASHINGTON, September 16.—The return of the President, it has been stated, is to mark the beginning of wholesale removals and appointments that will make substantial inroads into the ranks of Republican officeholders in every direction. At the departments this is denied. It is stated at the Post Office Department that there are not a dozen commissions expiring between this and the meeting of Congress, and that it has become a settled policy with the President to make no further removals until the commissions of the present incumbents expire, unless substantial charges are brought forward. Under that policy the President will have no opportunity to make changes except in offices becoming presidential during the present quarter. The exact number of these is not known, but it is thought that the sixth auditor's office will return at the end of the month about twenty-five post offices as becoming presidential for the first quarter of the present fiscal year. The salaries of these offices are not readjusted except once a year, but the law requires that when the office becomes presidential the incumbent shall immediately be reappointed by the president and furnish a new bond. This bond is made up by the superintendent of the money order division and the third assistant postmaster-general, and is based upon the amount of money order business done and stamps sold, and is calculated to cover a half year's business for the office.

It is not unlikely that in making these appointments the President will take the opportunity to select Democrats for these offices, instead of making reappointments. As a consequence, the average postmaster whose office is likely to become presidential this fall is not viewing the probable change with any great degree of satisfaction. At the general land office and other bureaus of the Interior Department, where places come under the tenure of office act, it is stated that there will be no removals of registers and receivers or Indian agents until commissions expire, except for cause. The same statement is made at the Department of Justice and Treasury Department, and it is evident that the administration intends to do little to encourage the party in the present campaign. Removals of minor officials will continue gradually and quietly under the direction of the heads of the executive departments as necessity may dictate.

CURIOUS CHESS

Played by the Wonderful Automaton, Who is Beaten by an Opponent from Boston in a Brilliant Game.

For more than 100 years the marvellous automaton chess player has excited the wonder and admiration of not only the chess world, but of polite society in every nation of Europe. The secret of the working of this most wonderful of all automata has been preserved during all that long time, and is known today by only two persons, its owner and whoever it is that manipulates its moves.

On entering the room wherein this wonderful piece of mechanism is exhibited, the spectator perceives the life-size figure of a noble-looking Turk, dressed in luxurious Oriental style and seated cross-legged upon a sort of low octagonal-shaped table. A chess board is by his side, within reach of his right hand, and in his left hand is carried the tube to a fanciful decorated Turkish pipe. During the progress of a game, when it comes the turn of the automaton to move, the figure seems suddenly to start into life, and without the least visible cause it seems to breathe, and then slowly bending forward, lifts its right arm, moves it over the board to the right piece, the hand descends, the fingers grasp the piece, and the arm again swings into motion until the hand deposits the piece upon its new square, when the arm sinks quietly to the side and the figure is absolutely motionless until its next turn to move. If perchance a false move is attempted by its opponent the head will move slowly from side to side. When the automaton gives "check" to his adversary he slowly nods the head. This figure has been exhibited before all the great courts of Europe, and has played with many famous chess players. While it is not claimed that the figure is invincible, he hardly ever loses a game, and to win from him may be counted a great honor by any chess player.

During the fourteen months that the automaton has been on exhibition in New York he has played many hundreds of games, sometimes as many as sixty in a single day, and yet has sustained only four defeats, and this against all comers and notwithstanding the best efforts of the New York Chess Club to defeat him. We publish with pleasure, therefore, the following brilliant game of chess in which the automaton was defeated on Thursday of last week by William T. Miller of Boston, junior member of the celebrated piano house. In considering the game it must be remembered that Mr. Miller was at the disadvantage of being in a crowded room of spectators and under considerable excitement from the novelty of having so unearthly and incomprehensible an antagonist. The game was played even and off-hand, only 35 minutes elapsing during the 100 moves:

GAME.

White (automaton).	Black (Mr. Miller).
1 P K 4	1 P K 4
2 Kt K B 3	2 P Q 3
3 B Q B 4	3 Kt K B 3
4 P Q 4	4 P takes P
5 Kt takes P	5 B K 2
6 Kt Q B 3	6 Castles
7 Castles	7 Q Kt Q 2
8 Kt K B 5	8 Kt K 4
9 B Q 3	9 B takes Kt
10 P takes B	10 P Q B 3 (a)
11 P K B 4	11 Q Kt K Kt 5
12 Q K 2 (b)	12 Q Q 2 (c)
13 P K R 3	13 Kt R 3
14 P K Kt 4 (d)	14 P Q 4 (e)
15 P K Kt 5	15 R K sq. (f)
16 K R sq	16 Kt takes P
17 B takes Kt (g)	17 Q takes B
18 Q K Kt 2 (w)	18 Kt R 4
19 B K 3	19 B Q 3 (h)
20 Q K B 3	20 R takes B (i)
21 Q takes R	21 B takes P
22 Q K B 3	22 Q takes Q B P (j)
23 Kt K 2	23 Q takes Kt (l)
24 Q takes Q	24 Kt K Kt 6 (ch)
25 K Kt 2	25 Kt takes Q
26 K K B 3	26 R K sq (m)
27 Q R K sq	27 B takes P
28 R takes Kt	28 R takes R
29 K takes R	29 K B sq (n)
30 K K B 3	30 K K 2
31 K Kt 4	31 P K B 3
32 K B 5	32 K Q 3 (o)
33 R B 3	33 P Q 5 (p)
34 K K 4	34 B K 6
35 R B 5	35 P Q Kt 3 (q)
36 R B 3	36 P Q R 4
37 R Kt 3	37 P K Kt 3 (r)
38 R Kt 2 (s)	38 P B 4 (ch)
39 K Q 3	39 K Q 4
40 R K 2 (t)	40 P K B 5
41 R K sq	41 P K B 6
42 R K B sq	42 P K B 7
43 R K R sq	43 P Q B 4
44 P Q R 4	44 K K 4 (x)
45 R B sq	45 K B 5
46 K K 2	46 K Kt 6
47 R K R sq	47 K Kt 7
48 R K B sq	48 P Q 6 (ch)
49 K takes B	49 K takes R
50 Resigns (u)	

NOTES.

(a) Black anticipates the next move of his opponent, and by this move prepares the attack with Q kt.

(b) If P K R 3 attacking kt, Black replies by Q kt 3 ch and then wins the exchange. The text move for white entirely breaks up this attack, and leaves the Q kt in a dangerous position. Black's extrication of his knights from the immediate attack of white's pawn, and at the same time completely wresting the attack and advantage from white, is exceedingly beautiful.

(c) The initial move of black's plan to defend his knights, at the same time win P at K B 5.

(d) White apparently overlooks black's combinations, and is determined on winning one of the Kts.

(e) This move with black's following one, completes defence of knights.

(f) If white now stops to capture either Kt, black, by checking with bishop, will win the queen.

(g) If now pawn takes knight then black checks with Q Kt at Kt 6, and wins queen.

(w) Pawn cannot even now take Kt, on account of Q takes P (ch), and if K moves white again loses queen; or if Q interposes black wins the exchange.

(h) Preparing to win K B P.

(i) A brilliant and vigorous continuance of black's advantage.

(j) Threatening mate in one move.

(l) A surprise to white!

(m) Anticipating white's reply, and forcing the exchange of pieces, which black foresaw would leave him a winning position.

(n) The best move and ensures the victory.

(o) Both white's rook and king are now completely shut out of the game, and the rear of black's pawn is safe.

(p) The best move.

(q) If P Q B 4 white checks at Q 5 and black's game would be lost.

(r) P K Kt 4 would have been bad.

(s) A useless move, but what better is there?

(t) White might have done better than this.

(x) The beginning of the end.

(u) As the automaton never speaks, his mode of resignation is of a grim and novel character. Slowly bending forward he seizes his king by the head and lifts him off the board, dropping him into the basket at his side containing the rest of his lost warriors.

History of the Chestnut.

[Somerville Journal.]

The word "chestnut" will surely have to go into the next edition of the unabridged dictionary. The history of this bit of slang has been a queer one. Its origin will never be definitely known, although a dozen stories of it have been told. Three years ago the word was in common use among printers in Boston, in its slang sense, and from the composing-rooms it came down to the editorial floors. After a good deal of use inside the various newspaper offices it naturally got into print. The great army of newspaper readers quickly captured it, and within a year it was in general use. For two years past it has been everywhere common throughout the country. Then some genius had a bright idea, and evolved the "chestnut bell." All our readers have seen them, or can by looking in at the windows of any variety store. They are still something of a novelty in Massachusetts, but, as a matter of fact, they are themselves a chestnut of three-months' standing. They made their first appearance in Baltimore or Pittsburg about July 1, and it took them over two months to get to Boston, and about the same time to get to Chicago and the West.

Such is the history of the chestnut. We make no charge to future lexicographers.

Bond and Stock Prices at 2.30 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.	Bid.	Asked.	RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked.
Boston Ld.	7½	7¾	Cin. S & Cl	—	17
Bos W P..	4¾	4⅞	Eastern....	87½	—
Maverick..	1¾	2	Fitchburg.124		—
BONDS.			F & P Mar.	—	20
Atch ists..125¼		—	do pref...	—	95
A & P inc..	—	25½	KC.Sp&M	61	—
B & M in N 6s, ex....121		—	L R & F S.	45	—
C, B & Q 7s	—	132	Mar. H&O	32¼	32½
C, B & Q 4s	—	100¾	Metrop R..106		107
Den ex..	97½	—	Mex Cen..	6¾	6⅞
Eastern 6s126		127	N Y & N E	47⅜	47⅝
KC,S&M6s110		110⅝	do pref..138		139
LR & FS7s115		—	Old Colony176		—
MexCen7s	42	—	Rutl'd prt.	35	—
do inc....	7¾	8	Union Pac.	61½	61⅞
do deb 10s	62	63	Wis Cen...	21⅞	22¼
NY&NE7s126⅛		127	MINING STOCKS.		
NY&NE6s117¼		117½	Allouez....	2¾	3
[illegible] 2ds....108¼		—	Atlantic...	10⅛	11
U. P s f 8s116½		—	Cal & Hec.222½		225
RAILROADS.			Franklin..	14¼	14½
A. T & S F.	90⅛	90⅜	Huron.....	2½	2⅞
At & Pac..	9	9½	Osceola....	17	—
Bos & Alb..193		—	Quincy....	55	—
B&Lowell.128		129	TELEPHONE STOCKS.		
Bos & Me..201		203	Amer Bell..191		—
B & Prov..190		192	Erie.......	27¼	27½
Cal South.	12½	13	Mexican...	1⅜	1½
Camb'ge R119		—	New Eng'd	40	41
Ch. B & Q..137		137½	Tropical..	—	1

HIS FEET BETRAYED HIM.

Moses Frisby's Audacious Impersonation.

He Poses as Jesse Glasco, Who Never Returned from the War.

His Imposition Finally Procures Him a Felon's Cell.

WESTCHESTER, Penn., September 16.—Over twenty-five years ago Jesse Glasco, the son of a well-to-do farmer here, enlisted in one of the Pennsylvania regiments which went South to fight for the Union. He wrote regularly to his parents and to his sweetheart, whom he expected to make his wife when the war was over. At the close of the rebellion his friends naturally expected him to return, but years passed on and Glasco was still among the missing. He was mourned for as dead. It was supposed that he fell in some Southern engagement, and today filled a grave marked unknown.

Early last fall a man put in an appearance at this place and announced that he was the long-lost Jesse Glasco. Of this there was no doubt. Although a quarter of a century had passed by, the identity was perfect. He did not show the proverbial strawberry mark, but he did show a wound on his arm which corresponded with the one Glasco carried, and stated that it had been produced by being thrown from a horse while attending Lincoln University, and he described the accident and the color of the horse he rode, which tallied exactly with the experience known to have happened to Glasco. He stated that he had been knocking considerably about, and described many adventures he had met with since he left West Chester. The aged parents received the old soldier with open arms. His former sweetheart has long since married. He stated that he did not receive her letters for a year before the war closed, and he thought that she had jilted him. He called on many old relatives and friends of the family in Chester, Berks and other counties. They all received him hospitably, and all remarked that he had not changed so very much after so many years' absence. The fatted calf was killed and there was much rejoicing over the return of the wanderer. When Glasco left home he promised that when he should return he would bring a doll home to his niece, then a little girl, a daughter of Mrs. Enis of this place. She is now grown, and when introduced to her he said, "You know I promised to bring you a doll when I came back. I have not got the doll, but I will give you the money to get one."

Many of his former friends supplied him with money, and he also obtained a good round sum from the aged parents. Photographs of young Glasco, as he looked when he left for the army, were resurrected, and the similarity was as perfect as two peas. He received considerable money from his friends, but he spent it with a lavish hand. Glasco was not of such unsteady habits, but this was attributed to the unsettled life he had been leading. Finally the crash came. He was introduced to J. Lewis Thomas of North Penn Village, Philadelphia, as the long-lost Jesse Glasco.

"Why, that's not Jesse," said Mr. Thomas; "I knew him well, but I also know this man. His name is Moses Frisby. Years ago I frequently worked with him."

The stranger was indignant and threatened to make Mr. Lewis pay dearly for his words.

"To prove that he's not the man," said Mr. Lewis, why just look at his feet. You all know what a small, neat foot Jesse Glasco had. Why, look at this man, he's a regular clod-hopper."

It was even so. Glasco wore a No. 6 shoe and this man wore a No. 10. He was arrested, and the many well-to-do people who had helped him along felt highly outraged. Still the aged parents would not believe it until confronted by other undoubted evidence that he was a first-class fraud. He was sent to jail, and afterwards given a preliminary hearing. When arraigned he stoutly maintained that he was no other than Jesse Glasco. He did not deny having obtained the money as charged by Glasgo's relatives, and that he had spent the greater part of the winter among the Glasco people here. It was not until the evidence against him became so strong as to prove beyond a doubt that he was Moses Frisby and not Jesse Glasco that he admitted his guilt and broke down, and told the story of his imposition. The two men had been in the army together.

"After the war I went to New Orleans and met Glasco there. I went from there to Brownsville. There I fell in with Glasco again." Learning some incidents in the life of Glasco he used the same very effectively to palm himself off as the long-lost soldier. After the defendant broke down and admitted his imposition he informed those interested that Jesse Glasco is still living at Brownsville, Tex., and a letter addressed to him at that place would be answered by him. A telegram was sent to Brownsville, and the answer came that John Glasco, formerly of West Chester, lived there.

There promises to be a general reunion with his relatives shortly. Frisby is now in the West Chester jail in default of $1000 bail. It is thought that he cost the Glasco people from $800 to $1200 during the time he lived with them. The affair is the sensation of entire eastern Pennsylvania, the Glasco's being a respectable, well-to-do and highly connected Quaker family.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE, MONDAY EVENING, September 20, 1886.

APPLES.—The market has been glutted with apples, and the demand is slow, it being difficult to place fruit at any price.

We quote: Porters, $1 00; Sweets, $1 00; Gravenstein, $1 25@1 75 ℔ bbl; Hubbardstons, $1 25; receipts the past six days, 5324 bbls; previous six days, 5832 bbls.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week, 18,106 tubs, 759 boxes; last week, 14,304 tubs, 798 boxes. Exports this week, 2939 lbs; last week, 32,573 pounds.

The demand for fine fresh made stock has been fair the past week, and prices continue upward. Western stock is firm and higher. Imitation creamery and ladle packed are in good demand at better prices.

We quote: Northern creamery—Extra, ..@25c ℔ lb; do firsts, 23@24c ℔ lb.

Western Creamery—Extra, 23@24c ℔ lb; do firsts, 22@23c ℔ lb; do choice, 19@21c ℔ lb.

Dairy—Franklin county, finest, 22@23c ℔ lb; good to choice, 19@20c ℔ lb; Vermont, extra, 17½@18c; Northern, choice, 16@17c ℔ lb; do, fair to good, 14@15c ℔ lb. Western dairy, good to choice, 12@13c ℔ lb.

Imitation creamery—Extra, 14@15c ℔ lb; ladle packed, choice, 11@12c ℔ lb; do, fair to good, 9@11c ℔ lb.

BEANS.—Receipts for the week, 1477 bbls; last week, 571 bbls.

There continues to be a moderate demand and prices are steady.

We quote: Choice pea, Northern hand-picked, $1 75@1 85 ℔ bush; do do New York choice hand-picked, $1 60@1 70; do screened, $1 50@1 55; medium choice hand-picked, $1 50@1 55; do choice screened, $1 15@1 30; yellow eyes, choice, $1 50@1 50; do flat, $1 45@1 50; red kidneys, 1 75@...

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week, 7637 boxes; last week, 6540 boxes. Exports, 48,010 lbs; last week, 10,088 lbs.

The market for Cheese the past week was firm at the advance in rates, and the demand is good, with 10¾c ℔ lb is an outside quotation. Liverpool quotations, 47s.

We quote: New York extra, ..@10½c ℔ lb; do, good to choice, 8½@9½c ℔ lb; do, common, 6@8c ℔ lb; Vermont, extra, 9@10½c ℔ lb; good to choice, 8@9c ℔ lb; common, 6@8c ℔ lb. Western, extra, 10@10¼c ℔ lb; do fine, 7@9c ℔ lb; common, 4@6c ℔ lb. Sage, extra.....@11c ℔ lb; good to choice, ..@.. ℔ lb.

COAL.—The retail trade has been dull the past week, and prices are unchanged. We quote delivered prices.

We quote: White ash, furnace and egg, $4 50@4 75; do, stove and nut, $5 00@5 25; Shamokin, egg, $5 50@6 00; do, stove, $5 75@6 00; Lorberry, egg and stove, $6 50@....; Franklin, do, do, $7 00@....; Lehigh, fur. egg and stove, $5 25@5 50; do, nut, $5 50@5 75; American Cannel, $10@12; Eng., do, $14@15.

CORN.—The demand has been rather quiet for corn, and the prices are easy.

We quote: High mixed, ..@55c; steamer yellow, ..@54c; steamer mixed, 53½c; and no grade, 51½@54c ℔ bush, as to quality.

COFFEE.—The market for Rio stock has been very active early in the past week, and prices advanced, but reacted and closed less firm in tone. Mild grade coffees have been strong, and Java met with some attention.

We quote Mocha at 18@19c ℔ lb; Java, 13@20½c ℔ lb; Maracaibo, 10@13c ℔ lb; Jamaica, 8@9c; Hayti, 7½@11½c ℔ lb; Rio, fair, 11½@11⅝c ℔ lb; do, ordinary, ..@10¾c ℔ lb; Costa Rica, 9@11c ℔ lb; Guatemala, 11@12½c ℔ lb.

EGGS.—Receipts for the week, 15 boxes, 32 bbls, 7660 cases; last week, 187 boxes, 60 bbls, 5891 cases.

There has been a good demand for all kinds choice lots of eggs the past week, and prices have been well maintained, with an upward tendency. All fresh-laid stock well held.

We quote: Near by and cape, ..@20c ℔ doz; Eastern extras, ...@19c ℔ doz; Aroostook county, 17@18c ℔ doz; New York and Vermont, 17@19c; Western, 14@16c ℔ doz; Provincial, 15¼@17½c ℔ doz.

FISH.—There has been moderately active market the past week, with prices fairly steady. The supply of dry fish is light, but equal to the demand. Holders continue firm at the advanced figures on Mackerel, in spite of large imports. No movement to note in haddock and pollock. Shore fishermen have been more successful the past week.

We quote: Mackerel—No 1 shore, $20 00@22 00 ℔ bbl; do Bay, $16 00@17 00; shore 2s, $8 50@9 00 ℔ bbl; do extra, $....@.... ℔ bbl; Bay, large, new, $12 00@12 50 ℔ bbl; new large 3s, $8 00@8 50 ℔ bbl; medium 3s, rimmed, $9 00@9 50.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $3 00@3 00 ℔ qtl; medium, do, do, $2 75@3 00 ℔ qtl; pickle cured Bank, $2 75@3 ℔ qtl; do, do, med, $2 25@2 37½; Georges, $3 25@3 50 ℔ qtl; Nova Scotia, new $3 2.@.. 50 ℔ qtl; do dry shore, $3 50 ℔ qtl; hake, $1 50@2 75 ℔ qtl; haddock, $1 87½@2 00 ℔ qtl; pollock, $1 87½@2 00 ℔ qtl; salmon, ...ed, 12@18c ℔ lb.

FRUIT.—We quote the following current rates: Raisins—London layers, new, $2 75@.. ℔ box; Muscatel, do, $2 25@.. ℔ box; Sultana, @9c ℔ lb; Valencia, new, ..@8½c ℔ lb. Currants, 6½@..c ℔ lb; citron, Leghorn, 19@20c. Dates—Persian, new, 6½@7c ℔ lb; do skins, 5@5½c ℔ lb; do, frail, ..@..c ℔ lb; do fard, new, 7@7½c. French prunes, ℔ case, 6@12c; Turkey do, new, ..@4c ℔ lb. Lemons, $7 50@9 50 ℔ box. Oranges, Valencia, ℔ case, $..@..; do Florida, ℔ box, $7 00@8 00. Peanuts, 5½@7c; Almonds, 15@18c ℔ lb.

FLOUR.—There has been a steady market for flours and prices are unchanged.

The receipts for the week were 33,327 bbls 90,099 sacks; last week, 29,185 bbls 77,371 sacks. Following are receivers' prices for carload lots:

Fine flour, $2 50@.... ℔ bbl; superfine, $2 75@3 00; common extras, $3 25@3 40; choice extras, $3 75@....; Michigan, $4 15@4 20; Michigan roller flour, $4 50@4 60; do, New York, $4 35@4 60; Ohio and Indiana, $4 40@4 75; do, do, roller, $4 50@4 60; St Louis and Illinois, $....@....; do, do, roller, $4 40@4 60; Winter Wheat patents, ...@....; Minnesota Spring pat., $5 00@5 ..; do, Wisconsin, $4 85@5 00.

HIDES AND SKINS.—There has been a rather better feeling in the market for hides the past week.

We quote: Brighton steers, 9½@10; New Eng. steers, 9@9¼; do, do, cow, ..@9½; Calcutta, slaughter, 11½@12½; dead green, ..@9½; do, buffalo, 7@..; Buenos Ayres, 20@21c; Rio Grande, 20@21; Montevideo, 20½@21.

HAY AND STRAW.—Receipts this week, 122 cars hay, 9 cars straw; last week, 114 cars hay, 48 cars straw.

There is a quiet market for hay and prices are steady.

We quote: Choice, $18 00@19 00 ℔ ton; fair, $15 00@16 00 ℔ ton; ordinary, $14@15 00; fine, $13 00@16 00 ℔ ton; swale hay, $10 00@11 00 ℔ ton; poor, $10 00@13 50 ℔ ton; Western, choice, $16 00@17 00; do, fair to good, $13 00@14 50; rye straw, $16 00@17 00 ℔ ton; do, do, machine, $12 00@13 00 ℔ ton; oat straw, $9 00@10 00 ℔ ton.

HOPS.—The market is quiet and without much change. Quotations:

New York choice, 1885, 28@30c ℔ lb; do, 1884 25@30c. California, 25@28c ℔ lb; low grades 15@23c.

Canada malt, 95c@$1 00 ℔ bush; six-rowed State, 88@92c; Western, 65@80c.

POTATOES.—There has been a poor demand for potatoes and with a liberal supply the market was easy. We quote as follows:

Early Rose, 50@63c; Beauty of Hebron, 50@63c; Natives, ℔ bbl, $1 75@2 00.

Sweet potatoes—Virginia, yellow, $1 75@2 50 ℔ bbl; Jersey, $2 75@3 00 ℔ bbl.

STARCH.—We quote Potato starch at 2¼@3½c; corn, 2⅜@3c; do choice, 3¼@4c; wheat, 4½@6c.

SUGAR.—The market for raw sugars has been quiet but steady the past week, and prices were well maintained. Refined sugars in fair demand at steady prices.

We quote: Pulverized, 6⅝c; powdered, 6½c; granulated, 6⅛c; Standard A, 5¾c; soft white, 5⅝c; extra C, 5¼@5⅜c; C, 4¾@4⅞c; yellows, 4⅝c.

SEEDS.—There is a fair demand for seeds and the market is firmer than last week, with prices unchanged. We quote:

Clover, West, 10¼@11c ℔ lb; do, North, 11¾@11½c ℔ lb; do, white, 18@26c ℔ lb; do, Alsike, 12@15c ℔ lb. Red top, $1 ℔ sack, West $2 25; do, Jersey, $2 30@2 50; Hungarian 90c@$1 00; Millet, 90c@$1 00. Orchard, ℔ bush $1 80@2 00; Blue grass, $1 40@1 60; Timothy, Western, $2 15@2 25; do, Northern, $2 25@2 40; American flaxseed, $2 25.

TEAS.—The following are the current prices: Oolong, 17@56c; Formosas, 21@35c; Japans, 18@32c; Hyson, 20½@36c; Young Hyson, 13@32c; Gunpowder, 29½@31c; Twankays, 14@18c; Congou, 30@48c; Imperial, 46@50c; Souchong, 17@45c; Pekoes, 20@60c.

WOOL.—The receipts of wool for the week have been 5414 bales domestic and 1511 bales foreign, against 6636 bales domestic and 3058 bales foreign last week, and 10,835 bales domestic and 876 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1885.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, September 17: Western cattle, 2115; Eastern cattle, 209; Northern, 416. Total, 2740.

Western sheep and lambs, 2860; Eastern sheep and lambs, 220; Northern sheep and lambs, 8743. Total, 11,823.

Swine, 17,265. Veals, 766. Horses, 486.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds dressed weight, ranged from $4 50 to $7 50.

Prices of Western cattle per hundred pounds, live weight.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

Extra quality	$5 25	@5 50
First quality	4 75	@5 12½
Second quality	4 25	@4 62½
Third quality, ets ℔ lb	3 50	@4 12½
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc.	3 00	@3 37½

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

Per pound.		Per pound.	
Brighton hides..	7@7½c	Calfskins......	9@10c
Brighton tal....	3@..c		Each.
Country hds.hy..	6½@7c	Dairyskins......	60@75c
Country tal'w..	1½@2c	Lambskins......	75@90c
Country hds, lt..	@..c	Sheepskins......	75@90c

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

GLOUCESTER, Sept. 18.—For the week ending today the market for fish at this port has been very active, with few changes in prices. The Mackerel receipts continue mostly from the bay of St Lawrence. A single fare, the largest of the season thus far caught on the New England coast was landed during the past week by the schooner Commonwealth. She had 190 bbls. The last sales in fare lots from the bay were made at $13 50 per bbl, including barrel. The total number of fishing arrivals for the week was 69, among which were the following: Twenty-two from Georges Banks, 21 from Brown's Bank, 7 from Truro, 3 from Bay of Fundy, 4 from Western Banks, 4 from fresh halibut voyages, 6 from North Bay mackerel voyages, 2 from Eastern shore, and 1 each from La Have Banks and Greenland. The aggregate receipts for the week were as follows: 1,232,000 lbs codfish, 33,000 lbs halibut, 1750 bbls mackerel, 50,000 lbs haddock and 15,000 lbs hake. The fresh fish market has been well supplied, but prices have been good. Sales of fresh halibut, cargo lots, 7c ℔ lb for white and 5c for gray; jobbers' prices, 9@10c for white and 6@7c ℔ lb for gray. The salt fish market remains without much change. Quotations are as follows:

Georges codfish, $3 00@3 25 ℔ qtl for large, $2 50@2 62½ ℔ qtl for medium and small; old Georges, $2 25@2 50 ℔ qtl; new bank, $2 25@2 50 ℔ qtl for large, $2 25 ℔ qtl for medium; shore codfish, $3 00 ℔ qtl for large, $2 50 ℔ qtl for small; kench cured, $3 00 ℔ qtl for large, $2 50 ℔ qtl for small. Cusk are $2 00 ℔ qtl; haddock, $1 70; pollock, $1 50@1 75; hake, $1 50. Slack-salted pollock, $2 50; boneless and prepared fish, 3½c@4¼c; Grand bank and Georges boneless, 4½@7½c; hake, haddock and cusk, boneless, 3@4c ℔ lb; scaled herring, 17c ℔ box; No. 1 herring, 14c ℔ box; smoked alewives, 50c ℔ 100; smoked halibut, 6@8c ℔ lb; new smoked mackerel, 8c ℔ lb; salmon, $11 ℔ bbl; eastern round herring, $3 00@4 75 ℔ bbl.; Nova Scotia split herring, $4 50 ℔ bbl.; Labrador split herring, $3 75 ℔ bbl.; new shore herring, $2 50@3 00 ℔ bbl.; trout, $11 ℔ bbl.; pickled codfish, $3 50 ℔ bbl.; haddock, $3 00 ℔ bbl.; halibut heads, $3 50 ℔ bbl.; codfish tongues and sounds, $10 50 ℔ bbl.; tongues, $6; sounds, $12; new trimmed halibut fins, $11 ℔ bbl; alewives, $6 40. Fish oils—Pure medicine oil, 65c ℔ gal.; crude medicine oil, 50c ℔ gal.; blackfish oil, 50c ℔ gal.; cod oil, 35@40c.; porgie oil, 27@30c ℔ gal.; shore, 40c ℔ gal.; porgie scrap, $12 ℔ ton; fish do., $6; fish skins, $8; liver do, $6. Fresh liver, 35c ℔ bucket.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, September 18.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Trade was quiet, but there was less depression in values.

COTTON.—Futures advanced smartly for the early months on indications of a partial "corner" in Liverpool next month, and the close was firm at 9.18c for September, 9.21c for October, 9.23c for November, 9.24c for December, 9.31c for January, 9.39c for February, 9.47c for March, 9.55c for April, 9.63c for May, 9.71c for June, and 9.79c for July; sales, 43,000 bales. Spots quiet but firmer; middling uplands, 9 5-16c; gulfs, 9½c. Receipts at the ports this day, 14,407 bales.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures opened depressed, but partially recovered, with more activity to the dealings; sales, 6,512,000 bush at 85⅝@85¾c for October, 86⅞@87¼c for November, 88½@89c for December, 90⅛@90⅜c for January, 94¼c for April, 95⅛@96c for May, and 97c for June. Spot wheat was moderately active at a decline; 128,000 bush taken for export; sales included No 2 red winter, 84⅞@86½c, in elevator and delivered; ungraded do., 78@88c; No. 1 hard Duluth, 88½c, and No. 2 Chicago spring, 84¼c, afloat. Indian corn futures were variable, without much change; sales 1,016,000 bush No. 2 Mixed, at 48¼@48⅝c for October, 49⅜@49¾c for November, 50⅜@50⅝c for December, 50¾c for January, 52¾c for May. Spot corn was about steady, but much less active; only 40,000 bush taken for export; sales included No. 2 mixed, 47¾@48¼c in elevator and afloat, ungraded do, 46¾@47½c afloat. Oats were active, with no important variations; sales 375,000 bush, including options No 2 at 31⅝@31¾c for October, 32⅝@32¾c for November, and 36¾@36⅞c for May; on the spot, mixed at 30¼@33½c, and white at 34@38c, as in quality. Barley nominal at 75@85 for new Canada. Rye quite; new Eastern, 55@56 on the track, for car lots. After 'change—Wheat steady; No 2 for October, 85⅜c; November, 86⅞c; December, 88½c; January, 90c; May, 95⅝c. Corn steady; No 2 mixed for September, 48c; October, 48½c; November, 49⅛c; December, 50⅝c; January, 50¾c. Oats steady; No 2 for September, 31⅝c; October, 31¾c; November, 32¾c; December, 33⅝c.

PROVISIONS.—Lard futures were easier; sales 2000 tcs at 6.70c for October and 6.58c for January. After 'Change the close was at 6.70c for October, 6.58c for November, 6.52c for December, and 6.58c for January. Spot lard was more active; sales, 240 tcs at 6.90c for prime city, 7.25@7.30c for prime to choice Western, and 7.50c for refined for the continent. Pork lower, with sales of 300 bbls at $11.25@11.50 for new mess. Cut meats unsettled; pickled bellies, medium and light weights, brought 7¼c. Dressed hogs, 6⅜@6¾c. Tallow quoted at 4@4½c. Dairy products steadier, but quiet. Fresh eggs, 18@20c.

GROCERIES.—Coffee on the spot quiet and nearly nominal; sales 500 bags Rio No. 7 at 10½c. Rio options less depressed and active; sales 70,250 bags at 9.85c for September, 9.75@9.70c for October, 9.75@9.60c for November, 9.70@9.60c for December, January, February, March, and April, and 9.70@9.65c for May. Raw sugars quieter, owing to firmness of holders; fair refining Cuba, 4¾c; standard centrifugal 5⅜c; sales included a cargo of beet at 10s c. and f. Refined sugars firm. Molasses dull.

PETROLEUM.—Crude certificates were in better demand and prices were consequently firmer, opening at 64½c, touching 64@65½c, and closing at 65¼@65⅜c; sales 3,938,000 bbls.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits turpentine was quiet but firm at 37½c.

If you are a Democrat, you cannot help your party better than by inducing your friends and neighbors to read the Weekly Globe regularly. Read the 25-cent offer, and form a rousing club.

BILL NYE

Visits the Minneapolis Exposition,

And Enters the Art Gallery

Without James Riley's Umbrella.

His Radiant Smile Embarrasses a Young Lady.

In Identifying Himself He Turns Out to Be Somebody Else.

Last week, in company with my family and about 80,000 other people, I paid a visit to the great Industrial Exposition at Minneapolis.

It is a great triumph of mind over matter.

There, on the east bank of the great parent of waters, by which term I would imply the Mississippi river, and near to and overlooking Colonel St. Anthony's justly celebrated falls, stands a building costing $250,000, full of the products of every clime, and all prepared in eighty-three days. It filled we with wonder, as it must any one who views it thoughtfully and from a purely unpartisan point of view.

Less than three months ago, where the morning sun rose reluctantly over the elms of the east side and looked down upon several acres of unimproved real estate, and a broad sweep of wet saw-logs, flecked with cream-colored boys wearing nothing but an air of defiance for the police, now a magnificent building faces the turbulent tide, and people from the four quarters of the globe jostle each other to the weird music of the Mexican band, while ever and anon a large and expensive fountain is dreamily squirting its rhythmic squirt.

Everywhere science and art are visible. Here in the new West, where Minnie Haha but a few fleeting years ago strained maple syrup through a pillow sham, the pale-face wanders through acres of beautiful and useful articles, the offspring, I may say, of tireless hands and throbbing brains all over the universe.

Here where the warrior wooed his mahogany mate, and the pappoose seemed indigenous to the soil, people from Farther India and Erin Prairie, Wis., come to listen to the passionate notes of the Mexican band and stab their umbrellas into the old masters.

A large policeman at the door of the art gallery, in harsh tones, requested me to deposit my umbrella with a young woman. I did it, for I respect a policeman wherever I meet him. Some of them are strangers to me, but they are generally men whose advice it is well to heed. Had it not been for these men I do not know where I would have been today—thousands of miles from here, perhaps.

He told me afterward that he had to stop people from carrying their canes and umbrellas into the art department because thoughtless visitors now and then jabbed a hole in an $18,000 painting, and it delayed the exposition, when they had to wait for a Minneapolis artist to paint another one. He also stated that excited people poked the stationery with their canes and knocked off the drapery.

So I left my umbrella at the check room, for I did not wish to delay the exhibit while new overcoats were being prepared for the revised statues.

When I came back the young woman took my check, and as my radiant smile burst upon her and lit up that end of the building, she became embarrassed, dropped the check on the floor, where it mingled with the redeemed checks, and when I asked for my umbrella, she looked at me with eyes like a startled codfish and murmured:

"What umbrella?"

Time was gliding swiftly by and I wanted to see some other things beside the umbrella exhibit, so I got over the counter to show her which one was mine. To jump over a counter is but the work of a moment with me. I am tall, athletic and easy in my movements, so I got over readily.

It seemed to surprise her and startle her. I learned afterward that it was not customary to climb over the counter in order to identify goods.

But she would not give up the umbrella. She wanted it herself, no doubt. I do not blame her, for it is a good one, and has the name of James Whitcomb Riley engraved on the silver plate of the handle.

That is the way I identify it.

She wanted me to identify myself. I thought of showing her my pass to the exposition, but I decided not to do so because I went in on another man's pass, so I told her that if she would send a male attendant with me to an adjoining room I would demonstrate to the pratical eye by certain embroidered hieroglyphics on my linen that I was the man I passed myself off for.

A young man who is an attache of the building accompanied me.

I succeeded in convincing him that my linen was marked Amos J. Walker, Indianapolis, Ind.

I did not again demand the umbrella. It has only been about two years since I began to conform to this umbrella habit, and to revel in its false joys, and I know that I was happier and more contented when I did not wear one than I have ever been since.

Some would have lost their tempers, but I did not. I was a perfect gentleman throughout. I thought I succeeded in convincing the most sceptical that, no matter how signally the young lady may have failed in that respect, I was a gentleman.

I thought so, at least, until I was going through the hardware exhibit about an hour later, when I heard a spectator say to the owner of the hardware:

"Here comes the party that's claiming to be Bill Nye, the humorsome writer, and just tried to nip an umbrella that belongs to J. W. Riley. Watch your cook stoves and keep your eye on the hot-air furnaces till he goes away."

It seems to me that wealth certainly brings with it a degree of care and responsibility and heartache that poorly recompenses one for the long, hard struggle. And how much of comfort, too, we yield in our mad efforts to appear well in society. Had I still clung to my simple ways, instead of aping the wealthy and straining every nerve to wear an umbrella far above my station how much happier I might have been.

BILL NYE.

Funeral Curiosities.

[Providence Journal.]

One of the city undertakers tells of some strange experiences. One family employing him had no money to pay for the funeral of a relative, and asked him to take a piano and call the bill squared. He did so, and gives as his reason that he preferred to take six and a half octaves of notes that he could get his hands upon at any time to accepting a note of hand that might run on indefinitely. He speaks of a funeral oration which struck him as peculiar, especially as the bereaved one sat next to the casket and was expected to receive consolation from the remarks, said the preacher, "Bredderin we is all born and we is all got to die. Wid our sister dere dis to considter. Her life partner am dead before her. If she was in his place, dere's no tellin' when an oder woman might shin up to him and get married to him." At another funeral he was amazed at the brevity of the discourse, which was exactly as follows: "We are all born, we all live and we must all die—let us pray." After the funeral he asked the clergyman why he had been so brief. "What more could I say," was the reply. "The woman was a soiled dove and remarks about her life would not have suited the family, I am afraid." No further explanation was required.

THROUGH DEATH VALLEY.

Three Plucky Men Endure the Horrors of the Scorching Desert in Their Hunt for the Wondrous Gunsight Mine.

[Los Angeles Herald, Sept. 4.

Through many weary years the search for the wondrous Gunsight mine that was reported to have been discovered near the Nevada line about twenty-five years ago has been continued, and many bleaching human skulls on the burning desert, are the only evidences of the adventurer who went out to find the golden treasure. Many times it has been reported found, but on careful observation it has been discovered that the real mine was not the lost and fabulous Gunsight, but yet the spirit of adventure lived and thrived, and the persons who had seen the specimens of gold from that opulent region believed with a firm faith that they could find the long-lost region of richness.

In firm, brave faith, about a month ago, a party left Los Angeles to search for the golden glory of the Pacific slope. It consisted of A. F. Judson, A. D. Spring and Barney Carter. They went by team via Cajon Pass, down the Mojave, over the Mojave desert in a northeasterly direction from Barstow, passing by Black's ranche, and south of Panamint around the foot of the Amargosa mountains into that caldron of fire, Death valley, under the fervent heat of an August sun. Their object was to follow as nearly as possible the supposed trail that the lamented Goulder followed when he discovered vast placers of gold, and gathered it like the gleaning of a field of ripened grain.

Into the dazzling white plain they went, the burning sand scorching their sore and swollen feet, and through the green goggles over their eyes the reflected blazing light nearly ruined the sight of their weakened eyeballs.

To add to the horrors of the scene, the bones of emigrants and prospectors, mules, burros and oxen lay on the plain where the possessor of these skeletons died from thirst, heat or starvation.

The party followed the north star toward the land of their hopes. Occasionally a great vulture sailed above them, waiting to see when one of the party would perish to furnish him a coveted meal. In the background the barren mountain cliffs where no blade of grass ever grew to gladden the eye afforded no relief, while the heat was terrible, and beyond the waste of shining sand the fantastic forms of rugged rocks bounded the horizon and seemed to sink into the ocean of a deep blue sky. After passing out of the north end of the valley they entered the east range of the Amargosa mountains. Here they became bewildered and utterly lost. The water barrels became dry and shrunk and fell in pieces, while the wagon shrunk and fell apart. Fortunately in that country wood never decays, and pieces of the old wagons of '49 were found from time to time where the emigrants had burned a part of them to cook their food and then died, unhonored and unsung. Out of these remnants of wagons they managed to keep their vehicle in repair and pushed on, they knew not whither. Their thirst became intolerable, and, on digging into the sand, they after a while struck water, but, alas, it was salt. They drank of it, but it only increased their suffering. They poured it into the horses' mouths, but the animals threw it out.

At last, more dead than alive, they reached the mountains where they found some timber and also some bunch grass for their horses and a spring of water. Prospecting was wearily and unsuccessfully carried on until one day when digging for water they shovelled out gravel that abounded in coarse gold in chunks of the value of a dollar to five dollars apiece. They then knew that they had found the great placer that Goulder had discovered long years ago. They staked out a claim and gathered some of the precious metal. It then seemed certain that they were near the famous Gunsight ledges, and after long and tiresome searches they were rewarded with finding ledges of gold-bearing rock, silver ore, galena and copper. These ledges they located and secured a large number of specimens.

They then began their long and weary journey toward Los Angeles, some 200 miles distant, where they arrived yesterday, soiled, ragged, bruised, sore, tired, with weakened eyesight and wasted strength. As soon as they had obtained refreshments they sent for a Herald reporter, to whom they showed their rich specimens and told their romantic tale of suffering and success. Judson and Spring are in fair preservation, but Barney Carter was badly used up and was not able to receive company.

Today preparations for opening the placeres and using dry washers will begin, and men, teams and tools will be engaged to open the ledges. Steel wheels will be made for the wagons and galvanized iron barrels will be made to hold water. Nothing but steel or iron seems to withstand the climate of the great, barren, burning Death Valley.

By the time these preparations are completed it is likely that the heat will greatly moderate.

The returning party will go from Los Angeles to a point near Tehachape by rail and then by teams to the land of gold. It is likely that about three weeks will elapse before the expedition will get under way. In the meantime the discoverers are jubilant at the thought they have found the Gunsight mine and the Goulder placers.

SORRY FOR BERGER.

Colonel Brezee Tells Why He Dislikes to Hear Base Ball Mentioned.

[Chicago News.]

"I have been in town forty-eight hours," said Colonel Lloyd Brezee, editor of the Grand Rapids Telegram-Herald, last evening, "and in that time I have done a powerful lot of business. I came down to buy a press, and I shall take back to Grand Rapids with me tomorrow the finest perfecting Washington hand-press ever seen in Michigan—a press capable of printing, folding and delivering to local subscribers 45,000 papers per hour."

"Of course you took in the game of base ball today?"

"No, sir," said Colonel Brezee, harshly; and then, moderating his tone somewhat, he added: "Perhaps you are not aware that I am unalterably opposed to base ball?"

"No, if the truth must be told, that serious intelligence has not yet been made public."

"Well, it happened in this way," explained Colonel Brezee. "I have two partners in the proprietorship of the Grand Rapids paper. One of them is Fred Berger, whom you perhaps remember as business manager of Sol Smith Russell, the Boston publisher and actor. Berger is one of your humorous fellows, always ready for a joke, yet, withal, a gentle, whole-souled man whom I have been glad to encourage to the extent of my limited ability. When I bought the Grand Rapids paper I let Berger in on the deal, but before doing so I had a serious talk with him and exacted from him a solemn promise that as long as he was associated with me in journalism he would abstain from all gratification of his humorous propensities. He gave me his assurance that he would make an earnest effort to deport himself with dignity. Well, things ran along smoothly for awhile, and we had all begun to remark how much Berger had improved. But about three weeks ago Sol Smith Russell said to Berger: 'Fred, they're after somebody to go down to Detroit to umpire a game of base ball. Suppose, just for a lark, you let me fake you up and send you down there as an umpire of long experience and decided ability.' Unfortunately Berger fell in with the scheme at once. Russell telegraphed to Hanlon, the captain of the Detroit club, that Fred Berger of Grand Rapids was prepared to umpire at short notice, etc. Back came a despatch urging Mr. Berger to 'come at once.' Well, Russell trotted out his stage wardrobe, his wigs and his face paints, and faked up a great disguise for Berger. 'You shall be a barber,' said Russell.

"A barber?"

"Yes, just think of it—one of the editors of the Grand Rapids Telegram-Herald disguised as a barber!" said Colonel Brezee. "Yet in this odious disguise Berger did indeed go down to Detroit. He made everybody believe he was a barber, but he didn't make anybody believe he was an umpire. When the game was over the Detroit people ran him out of town—his decisions were so rank. Sol Smith Russell thought it was a great joke, and so did Berger himself, but you can bet I was very angry about it. I don't know when I have been so humiliated as I was when I heard of the escapade. I saw only one way out of the trouble, and that was to claim that the umpire, Berger, was not my Berger, but another. So, when the Grand Rapids people questioned me about the matter, I stood right up like a revised edition of Ananias and pumped them full of east wind until I felt my soul groaning beneath the weight of the perjuries I uttered. It has been an awful experience, and I have suffered so keenly that it makes me almost wild to hear tell of base ball—durn the miserable old game, anyway!

"Time may heal the wound," resumed Colonel Brezee, after a moment's pause, "but I fear not. Frolics of this character are apt to injure a man's social standing, especially in a town as small and as old-fashioned as Grand Rapids. I feel sorry for Berger, because he was doing well, and I really hoped to make a dignified journalist of him—not a great one, you understand, but dignified and reputable—one of these dress-parade, counting-room journalists who receive old subscribers impressively, and write up personals and puffs for friends who bring in cordwood and garden truck for the editor, but who leave it with the fellow down stairs."

AT KELLY'S FORD.

Graphic Account by One of the Sharpshooters.

Two Champions Picking off the Rebs at Four Hundred Yards.

The Terrible Rush Through the River, Up the Steep, Into the Smoke.

[L. J. Allen in National Tribune.]

In the autumn of 1863 the Confederates, under General Lee, flanked our (General Meade's) army back from the Rapidan to Fairfax Court House, and with raiding forces destroyed the Orange & Alexandria railroad. General Meade soon got a twist on the foxy Confederate, and in turn drove him back toward Richmond, and as we advanced we rebuilt the Orange & Alexandria railroad. This was no little task, I assure you, for there were large trees felled whole into most of the cuts, with old stumps and other rubbish intermixing with Virginia red clay and gravel, rendering our labors to clear them irksome indeed.

It was a bright morning when our advance, the Berdan Sharpshooters of De Trobriand's brigade, reached the Rappahannock river at Kelley's Ford. The Confederates were surprised in the act of drilling some recruits on our side of the river, but made good time across to their works, which consisted of five lines of rifle-pits, one over the other, cut into the face of the precipitous bluff on the other side of the river.

I was in our skirmish line, which advanced to the river bank. There had been several dwellings along the river on this side, but now only the cellars and foundations remained. These served us well as cover in sharp-shooting, which at once became intensely interesting—you see the game shot back. We had about 400 yards range to their rifle-pits. At first their men changed about uneasily from pit to pit as if they had not learned their right places, but soon tired of this, as many of them were shot while so exposed, so that at last quite intervals would pass without our getting a shot. There were several of us in one cellar near the brink. We heaped the stones in the two corners toward the enemy and stationed two of our best shots there, and the rest of us busied ourselves with loading rifles and handing to our two champioions to fire, they handing down the empty guns; this when the work was warm. At one time the left man shouted, "There goes two! Sam, you take one and I'll take the other," and muttering, "allow about eight feet for wind drift of the ball." The two rifles cracked together, and the left-hand Johnny fell, while the other, oblivious of all except his own safety, hastened to cover, leaving his companion lying at full length on the slope. "I've fetched him!" shouted Sam. "Did you fire at the one on my side?" said the left of the two sharpshooters. Sam insisted that he had done just that thing. The two men belonged to different companies and were not well acquainted. Each doubted the other's claim to having aimed at the now prostrate Johnny. Later, after effecting a crossing, it was found that both shots hit him, he stating that both came together, one through the right thigh, the other through the left hip. The shots were about thirteen inches apart in his anatomy. But to our recital. Presently the bugle sounded the assembly opposite the ford, the slower moving columns of infantry had come up, and a forlorn hope column was formed to charge through the river, storm the rifle pits and effect a diversion from Rappahannock station, which stronghold of the enemy was being attacked but a few miles away. We were placed in the third line of the attacking column. I remember feeling "ticklish," as while waiting the order to advance all manner of leaden missiles whizzed and sang about our ears. They did not all pass. Some of them found lodgment in the bodies of our comrades, and more than one good tall fellow suddenly threw up his hands, whitened in features and sank to earth. "Close up those gaps in the line! Close up! Close up there!" was the stern order of our commander. Soon the advance sounded. The first and second lines in the attacking columns seemed to fairly melt away and were swept off by the swift rushing waters, which were about three feet deep in the centre.

I did not feel the water nor realize if it was hot or cold. They made it boil with bullets. A feeling of rage, incomprehensible, overpowering, at sight of our slaughtered comrades seized upon us. Only about a dozen of our line succeeded in crossing, and as we climbed the first rifle pit our brigadier-general, De Trobriand, galloped a battery to the bluff behind us and opened over our heads upon the enemy in the pits above us, leaving us only the one in hand to battle with. As we looked down on this there lay about eighty, as we were afterwards informed, of them packed in the bottom of the pit like sardines. One of them, a sergeant, who seemed to be in command, seeing our scant number, shouted: "Pick up your guns, men, and drive them back! There are but few Yanks over yet." One of our officers called out to Corporal Lyman of Company F: "Shoot that man!" He was instantly shot, and his command marched back through the river the way we had come as prisoners. I remember the rush up the steep, through thick, stifling smoke to the next line of pits, the forked jets of fire spitting through the smoke into our faces, the shouts of officers and men, the groans and shrieks of the wounded, impaled on bayonets or blown through from the muzzles of opposing rifles. At first time seemed long—an age, but soon the fever of battle cast all thought of time aside. Men who, at home or about camp were quiet, peaceful gentlemen, were transformed into demons, with white faces and blazing eyes. They cut and thrust and shot and stabbed and charged until the last line of pits was carried, and the last of the prisoners in gray marched sullenly down the steep under the provost guard. About sixty rods from the bluff, in the centre of the plain, was an earthwork, which we soon had in our possession, and stationed ourselves on its reverse, facing a more formidable line of works of earth and timbers along the edge of the forest beyond. We tried three times to drive them from this, but they were too many and too well covered, so we sullenly swapped shots with them from this last work. Lead and iron flew carelessly about. A huge Swiss sharpshooter belonging to Company A turned his side to the enemy, and a shot struck the edge of his long-handled frying-pan fastened on the back of his knapsack and knocked the bottom out of it. Then a strain of profanity in the Swiss dialect filtered through the dropping shots and covered us like a pall. The poor fellow refused to be comforted, and ever and anon would gnash his teeth and lift up his voice in what we knew from his gestures and the way the guttural tones choked him, were not blessings on the Johnny reb who fired that shot. Some cavalry came out to the west about 900 yards to our left, and showed a desire to sweep around our rear and cut us off from the river, but a dozen of our best long-range shots were ordered to our left and soon scattered them. One of our boys who, until this day, had never shirked any duty assigned him, hung back when we charged over the river, but came over with the fourth line and laid down in the first rifle-pit after its capture; so followed us a little behind until we were at the last earthwork, where he lay sheltered from the enemy's fire. I saw him start up when the men were called for the long-range firing on the cavalry, but that he immediately dropped back under cover, as if afraid. Later, as I passed him, he sat cross-legged at the front of the work, with his rifle across his legs. Presently, muttering to himself "I may as well try a 900-yard shot, too," he half rose with his rifle to his face, looking toward our left. The instant the side of his head appeared above the works a bullet passed through it and he dropped at our feet. The light died out of his keen blue eyes, the rich ruddy color out of his cheeks, the cold, steely blue settled in, and he was dead. Poor fellow, all day he had a premonition of this, and had struggled in vain to overcome it. His record in the past had been so good that no one, officer or man, had appeared to notice his shrinking from duty today. His tent-mate and chum, who was rumored to have been his friend from boyhood, was at the left firing on the few cavalry in sight. An officer walked down to him, saying, "Hagan, Murry is killed." "Where? How? Where is he?" exclaimed Hagan. The lifeless form was shown him. He ran to it, felt the pulse, listened at the heart, carefully examined the gaping wound on the head, then realizing the truth, with a cry which rang in my dreams for weeks, threw himself upon the lifeless body of his friend, embracing it and sobbing and crying like a school boy.

As night fell we were relieved, and went back to the river, along which were a few dwellings of the Southern pattern, with huge chimneys at the ends. These were utilized by the boys to cook supper. I entered one. A number of fence rails had been built up cob-house fashion in the fireplace, and the pyramid was covered with the boys' cups of coffee. Plenty of room up stairs I was told, and found a like fire being started in that fireplace. Set my cup on and leaned back with folded arms against the far wall and mentally reviewed the events of the day. A sudden explosion rent the air, which was full of coffee, cups and brands, ashes and smoke; the chimney was demolished and the boys were getting down stairs with more haste than grace. A shell from one of our guns in the morning had entered the back of the chimney without exploding, and buried itself in the ashes of this fireplace. We had kindled a fire over it, with a very natural result. Fortunately no one was seriously injured, except that we lost our coffee. One more incident of this day may be of interest. As we lay on the farthest point of advance, a large portly German soldier came puffing up from the river and asked, "Shay, poys, vere is der vorty-fort Ne-Yark?" We answered, "Back on the river." "Dose tam provo guards tells me dat de vorty-fort vas here mit de Perdan Sharpshooters." We assured him that was a mistake, and that he had better get back before he got hurt. "Vell, I goes," and he started, but, a little confused, was going straight back on the high ground and in exact range of the enemy's fire. We shouted "Dutchy, go more to the left, or you'll be shot into hash." "Yaw, I goes," he replied, but before he was out of reach he obliqued on the high ground again and disappeared. In the evening I went to the spring for water and found the same Dutchman with a huge ball-hole through his left hand. He proceeded to tell me about it. "Dose tam provo guards sends me oup on de outer line vere dem Perdan Sharpshooters vas, and ven I goes pack feel some leetle prier scratch my hand, and I look. He have dom pig hole in him." He wanted "der surgeon of der forty-fort," who luckily rode up as we conversed, and I laughed half the night over the scene of the old fellow relating his mishap to his regimental surgeon.

DEAD MAN'S MONEY.

Worse Than Black Cats to a Gambler, and so Still Waiting for Lucy Twenty Years After Her Husband Lost It.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Tell you a story, me boy?" mused a Clark street gambler to the Herald reporter, "well, I don't mind if I do. I've been carrying one around in my head for this twenty year, and I guess it won't harm anybody if I tell it to you. It was away back in the early 60's, when me and Cy Merritt were dealing faro in Baltimore. It was in the fall of the year, too, by the way, for I remember we had just rigged up a stove near the roulette wheel. One night when the play was light and there was nobody in the house but me and Cy, a man opened the door, sat down at the faro table and bought five stacks of chips. He was a young feller, this man was. He had a light mustache, blue eyes, and a face as white as a case sheet. Cy did the dealing and I went up into the lookout chair. The deal came our way all through and the feller lost his chips in no time. But he was a dandy, though. He was betting all over the layout, and if he had ever called the turn he'd knocked us silly. I seen that the game was going to be a heavy one so I just locked the door, put on an old straw hat, and watched the bets. The feller never said a word—more'n to call for chips. He never took his eyes off'n the table either. 'Long about midnight me and Cy got hungry, and we asked the feller if he'd stop long enough to get something to eat. He said that he wouldn't, and so the play went on. Nearly every bet he made Cy picked up. The feller seemed strangely unlucky, but he never beefed. Never a word came out'n his head. He just set there and bet and lost until I got sick. About daylight the feller got down to his last hundred. He blew it all in for chips. He slapped $10 on the queen to lose and another saw-buck on the ace to win. He whip-sawed us, begosh, and then Cy said he was hungry and we'd better go get something to eat. The fellow said he wouldn't have anything of the kind. Me and Cy were about ready to fall out of our chairs from hunger, but the player seemed to be as fresh a lark. Every once in a while he'd take a drink of whiskey, but that's all.

"From the moment he whipsawed us he began to win just as fast as he had lost during the night. He was just making Cy and the money box sweat when I exchanged places with my partner, and began to fix the cards in the sardine box for the next deal. The stranger had his bets all made when I tapped the box for luck. But that was all the good it did me. The feller called the turn from start to finish, and hauled in enough chips to make him even. Me and Cy were getting a little uneasy and faint, but the stranger was as fresh as a daisy. We kept on playing until away into the afternoon, with dead luck agin the bank. It had been over twenty-four hours since we'd eaten a mouthful of anything, but the feller still insisted on playing. At 6 o'clock he was about $2500 winner and showed no signs of quitting.

"Finally I got so tired that I couldn't watch the bets no longer. I got up and walked around the room, while Cy began to deal. From that minute the feller began to lose, and at midnight he was down to his last hundred. I remember just how he looked then, although it's twenty years ago. His face looked like marble, his great, blue eyes glittering with a strange light. He had all of his chips in his left hand, while with his right he stroked his long, silk-like mustache. I was looking over his shoulder when he made his last bet. He played the same old cards again—the queen to lose and the ace to win. Then he leaned forward and watched Cy pull the cards. I could almost hear the stranger's heart thump when Cy began to uncover the ace of diamonds, and when he unveiled the queen of hearts I saw the player's fingers twitch nervously, a strange cry escaped from his lips, and then he fell backward upon the floor—dead.

"I will not tell you all that happened from that time until the close of the coroner's inquest, for it's rather unpleasant to me. But this much I will tell you: When they searched the feller's clothes they found nothing but this letter, which bore no date:

My Darling Henry:

Hold on to the money you have been entrusted with. You know your weakness, and just think what would become of the children and I should anything happen to you. LUCY.

"Ever since that day I have been trying to find who Henry was. Cy has been looking for Lucy, but neither of us has been successful. Do you know it has always been my opinion that Henry was sent to Baltimore to buy goods, and that when he realized he had lost his employer's money the shock was too much for him. Lucy was his wife, me boy, and I often wonder if she has learned of his strange death. I wish we could find her, for the money we won from her husband has been compounding interest these twenty years. Suppose me and Cy could spend a cent of that stuff after what had happened? It would have gone agin our grain, and then, besides, it would have been a Jonah. Dead man's money is wuss than black cats."

NOBILITY NOT FOOLS.

Marshall P. Wilder Relates a Joke Upon Himself—Oscar Wilde and How He Lives.

[N. Y. Mail and Express.]

Marshall P. Wilder, the humorist, who returned last week from a visit to England, tells a good little story upon himself. He was given a reception by William Beaty Kingston, of the London Daily Telegraph, and many artists and people were present. Wilder had been presented to a gentleman whose name he failed to catch. In speaking to him of the difference in customs between America and England, Wilder remarked that in the United States one man was as good as another, while in England he was at a loss to know how to address those he met. There was Duke "Come Up the Back Stair" and Lord this and Lord that. The gentleman to whom he was speaking replied that all that was necessary would be to address any gentlemen as plain "Mr." The English nobility were not fools and would be satisfied with that title. Later in the evening a lady asked him how he enjoyed his conversation with the Duke of Teck. Then, for the first time, the humorist discovered he had been talking in a rather plain manner to the brother-in-law of the Queen. Mr. Wilder speaks of Lady Wilde as being even more eccentric than her two sons. Her receptions are attended by the most prominent people in London and are much sought after. She receives her guests seated upon a throne, with Oscar on her right hand and Willie on her left. Every now and then, in imploring tones, Willie will address his mother, "Mother, do you love me?" Then Oscar takes up the strain, "Mother, do you love your Oscar?" Then they will shake hands all round. Lady Wilde, though quite advanced in years, will insist upon wearing her dresses very decollette and pinned at the breast with a brooch containing the picture of her late lamented husband. This brooch, the day Mr. Wilder dined with them, would insist upon falling into the soup. Oscar Wilde's dining-room is most peculiar in the design of its decoration. The entire floor is made of glass to represent water, the walls being decorated in the same style, and the table is set upon an island in the middle of the room. The glass and china are equally unique, the dishes and plate representing various fishes, and the glasses shells. The tables are waited upon by young girls in peasant costumes.

Sold by a Wicked Fakir.

[Lewiston Journal.]

A Lisbon street merchant saw, Friday, a man laughing at the familiar sign in his store window, "Ici on parle Francais," in so hearty a way that he went out and questioned him. "A queer thing to hang up in a store window," quoth the man. "Why queer?" "Oh, 'cause it is," was the reply. "No sense in it, in a store. Who'd want to buy one? Nobody but a woman. My wife bought one to hang over the mantelpiece, but I'll be shot if I'd hang one in a store window if I was I oss. I don't take no stock in these 'ere mottoes." The merchant cross-examined the fault-finder, and found that he and his wife had bought a similar sign of a pedler last week upon the representation of the wicked fakir that it was the original Latin text for "God Bless Our Home." No wonder he kicked.

THE OLD SETTLER

Brought Out By Peleg and the Katydids.

While Waiting at the Tavern for the Rest of the Candidates

He Tells Why "Hot Weather Ain't No Good Time to Rassel B'ars."

[Ed Mott in N. Y. Sun.]

The first katydids of the season were disputing in a lively manner down in the cornfield by the brook. Their rasping notes were borne up to the open kitchen window, and through it, and out to the back stoop, where the old settler was smoking his pipe after supper, and little Peleg, his grandson, was nibbling at a ginger snap he had carried away from the table when his grandmother's back was turned.

"What is it them bugs is hollering, grandpop?" asked Peleg, shaking a small shower of cake crumbs over the floor of the stoop.

"Them hain't bugs, Peleg," replied the Old Settler, "an' consekently they hain't a hollerin'; but I know what a boy 'bout your size'll be hollerin' w'en his gran'mammy sees them crumbs—an' that'll be 'Boo-h-o-o-o-o!' an' 'Outch!' an' Boo-h-o-o-o-o!' ag'in a voice melogeouser th'n a hoot owl, an' twicet ez penetratin'."

"Ain't they bugs, grandpop?" said Peleg, with his mind still on the katydids, and making a swoop at the cake crumbs with his foot as if to brush them away, but plastering them flat and pasty on the floor instead.

"No, they hain't bugs," replied Peleg's grandfather. "They'm insec's, Peleg. They'm a night singin', chaw-up-corn-blades sort o' grasshopper. They'm greener th'n them apples th't you an' Bill Simmons sneaked out'n ol' Banty Rouzer's orchid t'other day, an' w'ich if ye do it agin wun't be me ez'll set up all night, b'gosh, an' plug hotdrops inter ye. An' they've got a voice, them insec's has, like a wheelbar' th't haint been greased sence a year ago last Fourth o' July; an' w'at they warbles, gol durn 'em, is 'Frost-in-six-weeks! Frost-in-six-weeks!' An' that's jist agointer ketch some o' my late garden truck right betwixt wind an' water, an' knock it ez wuthless ez coon meat! Frost in six weeks! If I had the makin' o' katydids I'd fetch 'em along 'bout December 19, b'gosh, an' then they could call for frost in six weeks, or frost in three days, or frost in twenty-six minutes, jest ez they blamed pleased, an' be durned to 'em!"

"So them is katydids, hay?" said little Peleg. "Oh, then, I know what it is they're hollering. 'Ka-ty-*did!*' says one of 'em. Then another one jaws back and says, 'Ka-ty-*didn't!*' Then one away over somewheres else hollers out, 'Ka-ty-broke-the-bottle!'"

"Jee-whizz, Peleg!" exclaimed the Old Settler, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking around with much concern. "Did she, though? Broke it, hay? Who was Katy, Peleg? An' w'at'd she break the bottle fur? I hope th' wa'n't nothin' in it that'd ben handy to hev around in case o' colic or snake bites, was th', Peleg?"

Peleg could give his grandfather no information on these points, much to the old gentleman's disappointment. The mysterious Katy's unaccountable breakage of glassware seemed to worry the Old Settler, for he muttered several times, as if in troubled thought, "Broke the bottle, did she? I wonder if th' were anything spilt th't'd 'a tasted good to me?" By and by he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and, rising from his chair, peered in at the kitchen door, and looked out around the yard.

"Do you see anything o' yer gran'mammy, Peleg?" he asked.

"She's gone to Miss Ketchum's to borrow some emptyin's to set bread with," said Peleg.

The Old Settler put on his hat.

"If she sh'd happen to come in 'fore I git back, Peleg," he said, "tell her I've stepped down to the post office, will ye, sonny?"

Peleg said he would, and the Old Settler went away as if he were in a hurry. Somehow or other he forgot that he was going to the post office, and took the road that led to the tavern. The 'Squire and one or two of the boys were there when he entered.

"G'd evenin', Major," said the 'Squire.

The Old Settler glanced with some anxiety back of the bar. Whether or not he had had his fears that Katy had been running amuck among certain glassware there, his glance seemed to ease his mind. Every bottle was in its place intact, and the Old Settler sat down, plainly relieved.

"G'd evenin'," he said, distributing a bland smile equally between the boys and the 'Squire. "I thort th't mebby I mowt run agin a candidate or two over here t'night, an' I says to M'riar jist afore I left hum th't I guessed I'd drop over an' see w'at the prospects was for shurf, an' she says she wisht I would, ez she's kinder anxious 'bout the state o' the kentry herself. Ben any candidates in lately?"

"Three left here not more'n five minutes ago," said the 'Squire; "two on 'em fur shurf an' one on 'em fur jedge. But ez thuz three more candidates for shurf and three for jedge due yet, we didn't none on us commit 'urselfs, though I don't think I ever see inducements flyin' round so fast an' so num'rous. I got seven on 'em myself, an' ev'ry one on 'em had bitters an' sugar in it. Major, it's a little onusual fur yer to be behind hand we'n self-sacrificin' patriots is around savin' the kentry."

"Wall, 'Squire," replied the Old Settler, somewhat sadly, "I'm giner'ly around an' willin' to be argied with, that's a fact, and I'd 'a' ben here in time to consider some o' them inducements th't was offered this evenin' if I hadn't stopped to give my little gran'son some p'ints in nat'ral hist'ry th't he orter know about. It won't do to let the youth o' the kentry grow up in ign'rance, 'Squire, even if in perventin' it ye hef to cut yerself a leetle short. Is the prospec's cheerin', 'Squire?"

"Be they cheerin'?" said the 'Squire. "Be they? Wall, with five candidates in the field fur shurf, four perspirin' feller citizens sailin' along neck jan' neck fur edge, an' I dunno how many soarin' statesmen pinin' fur the Legislatur, if the prospec's haint ez bright ez if they had a seventy-eight candle power jack lamp turned on 'em, then th' hain't no use o' th' bein' any prospec's at all. But ye want to be around, Major, an' a havin' yer weather eye propped wide open. No candidate hain't outen the woods till the polls is shet, an' consekently th'll be inducements flyin' 'round, plain an' with bitters in, from now till sundown on 'lection day. Th' never was a time w'en it stood ye more in hand to git a double hitch on old Eternal Vigilance th'n th' is now. Ketch him by the neck, Major, an' keep him with ye!"

The Old Settler said he would. Then he cast his eye over the bar and ran it along the array of political influence standing there, corked up and neatly labelled. And he wondered if any of the candidates due would drop in and bring some of that influence to bear upon him before he went home.

"The way the katydids is turnin' up, 'Squire," said he, by-and-by, "'twon't be a great w'ile 'for the ol' tea kittle 'll be a b'ilin' here, an' we'll be a lookin' 'round fur a leetle lemon an' sugar, an' a leetle ol' stingo from Sandy Mingo, to kinder dilute a swaller or two o' hot water with, won't we?"

"Natur'ly," replied the 'Squire. "Else w'at's the use o' havin' the weather git cool?"

"No use, p'tic'lar," said the Old Settler, "'ceptin' th't it's pleasanter fur ye if ye sh'd happen to tumble inter a rassel with a bar. Hot weather be durned fur tacklin' bruin, I say, an' nobody knows it better'n I do. Jis' look at the time I had one July, over on Blinky's Knoll, twenty years or so ago. I'd ben out a huckleberryin', an' hadn't pervided fur interviewin' no b'ar; so, ez I got to the foot o' the east side of the knoll, on my way hum, an' come squar' agin an ol' teaser, all ready fur fight an' a wantin' it, I jis' concluded th't the th'mom'ter were a leetle too genial fur tacklin' him with nuthin' but a jackknife, an' so I took my back track up the knoll an' went down the west side ez peaceable ez a spring lamb. But w'at looms afore me, w'en I got to the bottom, but the b'ar, still a coaxin' a tussel.

"'That varmint has cut around an' met me,' I says, 'an' wants to rile me, but I won't be riled this hot day,' I says; an' so I edged away from him, catty-cornered like up the knoll, and went down the north side. I can't say but what I begun to git a leetle mad, in spite o' myself, when I see the durn b'ar a waitin' fur me thar, w'en I got to the bottom, an' I had half a notion to sail in an' wipe him out; but then I says to myself, 'W'at's the use o' heatin' yer blood an' fetchin' on a sunstroke, mebby,' I says, 'an' mebby a spillin' yer berries, jis' to hammer the life outer one ol' b'ar'' I says, 'an' that up all out o' fur, an' the meat not much better, yit, th'n groun' hog?' So I turned on my heel agin, an' up the knoll I mosied, an' struck fur hum by the south side. Wall, w'en I got down on that side, an' foun' the b'ar layin' fur me thar, I kin tell ye, b'gosh, th't my dander riz right up, an' I couldn't git it down, an' in spite o' the weather I buckled inter the pesky critter, an' in less time th'n it'd take me to stick a pig I laid Mr. Bruin out stiffer'n an ox yoke. Course, if it'd 'a'ben cool weather I wouldn't 'a'turned a hair, but ez it were, the rascal het me up considerable, an' w'en I'm het up I'm tetchy ez nettles. So w'en I turned to pick up my pail o' berries, an' see another big b'ar makin' fur me 'round one edge o' the knoll, I furgot all about sunstrokes an' th'mom'ters, an' pitched in an' twisted the wizzen o' t'other b'ar, so ez ye couldn't 'a' tol' it from a wire rope struck by lightnin'.

"When I sot down to cool off a leetle, an' ez I were wipin' the prespyration offen my forid clumpy-te-clump marched another big b'ar from round one side o' the knoll, an, sloshy-te-slosh tore another un through the brush from round t'other corner.

"'Aw, now, see here,' I says, kinder reasonin' like, to the b'ars. 'Gosh t'mighty!' I says, 'this is astin' too much of a feller,' I says. 'W'y the dingnation can't ye wait till snow flies, an' yer fur is good, an' yer meat is fit to chaw.' I says, 'an' I kin hev a holt with ye without gittin' mad, an' kin lay ye out without wastin' ye?'

"But them b'ars would hev it, an' so I had to risk the sunstrokes ag'in an jerk the everlastin' lights outen both on 'em. Ye see, it wa'n't one b'ar th't kep' a stoppin' me 'round the knoll, ez I thunk it were, but a sassy gang o' four on 'em. Hot weather hain't no good time to rassel b'ars. It riles ye, an' if thurz anything I hate it's to lose my temper. 'Squire, I'll jine ye."

As they stood at the counter, with the bottle between them, the Old Settler got a great start by reason of the appearance of Bill Simmons in the room, because he naturally expected to see little Peleg in Bill's wake. But he wasn't. Bill Simmons had come in after a paper of tobacco for his father, and went right out again. After awhile the Old Settler said:

"Wall, I guess th' wun't be no candidates in t'night, so I'll pull fur hum, ez M'riar'll be anxious to hear about the state 'o the kentry."

The Old Settler went home. Peleg had gone to bed. Maria was disappointed to hear that there was nothing in the post office for her.

"I 'spected a letter from Sally Ann," she said, "'cause I writ her to let Peleg stay another six weeks."

"Jee-whizz!" said the Old Settler, under his breath. Then to Maria: "Never mind, M'riar. Mebbe it'll be along t'morrer."

Next morning at breakfast the Old Settler said to Peleg:

"Little gran'son wants to stay an' cheer his poor ol' gran'pop up for six weeks more, does he? That's good! I can't bear to see ye go back, somehow, sonny."

By and by Peleg looked up and said:

"So Katy didn't break the bottle, after all, did she, grandpop?"

"Didn't she?" said Peleg's grandfather, a little surprised. "Is that so, sonny?"

"Why, yes, grandpop," replied Peleg. "I told Bill Simmons what the katydids said about it, and he said it wasn't no such thing, for he seen you and the Squire looking at the bottle last night, and there wasn't even a crack in it."

The Old Settler went out behind the barn to light his pipe that morning. He was evidently "het up."

"Six weeks longer, hay?" said he. "Then I'll jist drop a line to Sally Ann, tellin' her th't the way I feel now, she'd better send for her young un to wunst, for thuz danger o' his gittin' pizen in his pancakes!"

When he walked over toward the tavern, a little later, the Old Settler looked as if he were on the search for Eternal Vigilance, with the intention of taking it by the neck, and no mistake about it.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

Longings for Watermelon Lead Two Boys to Outwit Each Other and Give Each a Taste of the Switch.

[Arkansaw Traveller.]

"I don't think that I ever committed a wrong without being punished for it," remarked Judge Brown, one of the best-known jurists of Arkansas. "Thinking of this brings up something that occurred when I was a boy. My father was the finest watermelon grower in the country. Melon culture was his delight. I particularly remember one crop. Just before the melons began to get ripe my father called Black Bill and me and said: 'I want you boys to understand one thing. If one of my melons is stolen, I am going to measure the tracks that I find in the patch and then measure feet and the owner of the feet that correspond with the tracks shall get a whipping that he can never forget. See this hickory?' pointing to a long and cruel-looking switch which he had placed above the dining-room door. 'Well, if either of you wants to catch this switch, pitch in.' Bill shook his head and muttered that he didn't want it, that he would rather be killed by a steer (old Buck, a few weeks before, had thrown Bill against a tree and knocked off the bark) than to be cut to pieces with such a switch; and I assured my stern parent that so far as I was concerned he might rest in peace. Bill was the only negro we had, and although he was compelled to go to church every Sunday, riding on the seat behind the buggy, and although he sat in the buggy during services, and, without effort could hear every word of the sermon, yet that boy, with all this careful training, was inclined to be a thief.

"The next day after the proclamation was issued I went out and looked at the melon patch. There, lying in the sun, striped and tempting, lay a beautiful melon. Ah, if there were anything that could make a Southern boy forget honor, it was a watermelon. I trembled, for I knew that I could not prevent myself from stealing it; and then that awful switch came up before me. An idea struck me. I went to the house, stole into the cabin and got Bill's shoes. What an enormous foot the rascal had! The shoes were so large that they would not stay on my feet, but I overcame this great drawback by stuffing them with grass. I slipped around and entered the patch from a locust thicket. A rain had fallen the day before, and I made decided tracks in the level ground. I got the melon, stole back to the thicket and, although it was not ripe, I ate more than half of it. Then I returned Bill's shoes. That afternoon, while Bill and I were in the yard, I saw my father, carefully carrying a small stick, enter the gate. His face wore an unusually stern expression, and I saw that there was something wrong.

"'I don't think that much measuring is needed on this occasion,' said he, glancing at the stick. 'Bill, where are your shoes?'

"'In de cabin, sah.'

"'Bring them here.'

"He brought the shoes. The old gentleman applied the measure, and said: 'Fresh dirt on them, I see.'

"Bill's face became ashy. 'Doan know how it come on dar, marster. Ain't wore 'em sense last Sunday.'

"'Yes, that's all right, John;' turning to me, 'fetch me that switch.' My heart smote me, but I brought the switch. Then Bill began to dance. I never did see a fellow get himself into so many different shapes, and it seemed that every shape was better suited to the switch. I had to snort. I couldn't help it. I kept out of Bill's way as much as possible, for he seemed to look reproachfully at me, but he did not accuse me of delivering him up to the enemy, and I had begun to persuade myself that Bill had stolen the melon when, two days later, I came to grief. Bill and I were again in the yard when my father entered the gate, carrying a small stick. 'John,' said he, as he approached, where are your shoes?'

"'In the house, sir.'

"'Bring them here.'

"I got my shoes. Great Cæsar! there was fresh soil on them. 'Come on, come on,' said the old gentleman. I handed him one shoe and dropped the other one. 'Bill,' said he, after measuring the shoe, 'bring me that switch.' Bill bounded with delight and brought the switch."

"'Pap,' I cried, 'please don't whip me, I ain't done nuthin'—Oh—'

"I danced. I capered, and I met the switch at every turn. In my agony I caught sight of Bill standing at the corner of the house, snorting like a glandered horse. Bill kept out of my way, but that evening I met him and asked:

"'Bill, how did you wear my shoes?'

"'How did yer w'ar mine?'

"'Put grass in 'em.'

"'Wall, I tuck er p'ar er short stilts an' put yer shoes on de ends o' 'em. Reckon we'se erbout eben now. Oh, I tell yer what's er fack, John, it won't do ter fool wid me, case I'se one o' de 'n'inted by de saints."

Veterans in the Ballet.

[Jim Collins in Cincinnati Times-Star.]

"It is the custom to joke about the age of ballet 'girls,' and as a rule there is more truth than romance in these puns about them. As a matter of fact the old women of a ballet troupe are by far the most attractive on the stage. They have had the benefit of long experience and know best how to make up well, and they are the most nimble and graceful in action. The women of 50 years look younger and prettier on the stage then the young but raw recruits, and in nine cases out of ten the old ones will make the mashes on the twenty-year-old boys, and they are known—the women I mean—to be the most desperate flirts and have to be watched the most when they 'go on.' Ten years ago I had a ballet in Philadelphia that took the town by storm. All the youngsters went wild over them, and yet there was not a woman in the crowd who was less than 40 years old. I'll take the veterans every time."

Too Much Carbolic Acid for Conley.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

At least one man in Cincinnati thought he struck an earthquake yesterday. Some careless fellow broke a carboy of carbolic acid in the baggage room of the Central passenger station. The biting, burning acid was spilled on a chair. Before the acid was cleaned up, passenger conductor John Conley came whistling along and sat himself plump down in the acid. It is well to draw the curtain right here, for Conley would have drawn one right there if he had one. That is chiefly for physical reasons. Mr. Conley walked sideways through the cars last night, and this morning took up tickets with a ten foot pole. Just why, however, he does not care to explain.

SQUID SCOOPING

After Dark on the Waters of Monterey Bay.

Chinese Fishermen Who Like to Catch and Eat the Hideous Monsters.

Habits and Appearance of the King Mollusk Who Hides in Ink.

[C. F. Holder, in San Francisco Call.]

"This is a family of squid fishers," said a friend at Monterey, by way of introduction to an old Chinaman and three or four children, that well filled the small room in the Chinatown of the place. My friend had promised me a night's outing at squid fishing, hence our presence in this little uninviting portion of one of the most charming places in California. The town stands below the old Fremont fort in a low place near the bay, and is made up almost entirely of Chinese whalers and fishermen, by whom vast quantities of sea bass, barracouta and Spanish mackerel are brought into the port daily, while in season many whales fall a prey to the white and yellow fishermen. The squid finds little favor with any one besides whales and Chinamen. It is the natural food of the right whale and considered a great delicacy by John, and were it not for its disagreeable appearance, would perhaps find patrons among Americans; but the long white body, the snake-like tentacles, are too suggestive. The squid belongs to the aristocracy, representing the highest branch of mollusks or shells, and includes many strange forms, having a wide geographical range and an extremely ancient ancestry. The remains of the shells of their ancestors may be seen in the corridors of the Palace Hotel, the coiled shells showing distinctly in the stone blocks of the flooring, and in all geological cabinets they are extremely common in some form or other. Today they are represented by squids—Octopi, the Nautilus, Argonauta, etc.—but in the olden days the straight, arrow-like Orthoceratite was the terror of the seas, some of which—as Orthoceras titan—must have weighed over a ton, and have been able to crush and perhaps penetrate extremely large and powerful animals. A coiled shell—the Ammonite—was as large as a cart wheel, while an American naturalist claims that an Orthoceratite has been found in the Black River limestone which when living possessed a shell thirty feet long. These shelled monsters have long since passed away, but they are represented today by a giant that is equally as wonderful—the giant squid of the Atlantic and Pacific—a soft monster weighing 2000 pounds or more, and attaining a length of sixty feet, while specimens have been taken from whales in the Pacific that represented forms much larger. In appearance the squid fully justifies the term devil-fish that is often given it. The body of the largest is about ten feet long, as large around, perhaps, as a flour barrel, tapering to the tail, which is arrow shaped. The flesh is of a white-reddish hue, quickly changing when the animal is excited or affected by any emotions. The head seems connected to the body by a neck, and some naturalists see a skull or cranium in the soft cartilaginous envelope of the brain. The eyes are enormous—quite as large as saucers in some cases, fixed and staring—and when the animal is enraged, especially in the case of the octopus, gleaming with a soft, green, lambent light. Beneath the head is a syphon, from which water is forced, that propels the animal along; this being its chief locomotive power, and quite powerful enough to throw the animal from the water, as in the case of the flying squid, although here the caudal fins also come into play. The head in front of the eyes appears to be divided up into ten arms or tentacles. In a specimen which I examined eight were about eight feet in length, while two were about thirty-two feet long, the short arms lined with cup-like serrated suckers, while the long tentacles only bore them on the tips, which seemed to be enlarged for the purpose. Between the bases of these tentacles is situated the mouth, which bears a forked tongue and two black parrot-like mandibles or bills, the upper fitting into the lower.

With such an armament, the power of changing its color and of lightning-like speed, the giant squid is certainly one of the most remarkable of all marine animals and undoubtedly greatly dreaded by the finny denizens of the deep. Their method of attack is to lie in wait for some luckless fish, dart at it tail first, then suddenly turn and seize it—perhaps with the two long arms—and with these drag it between the others, finally pressing it to the mouth, where, by an intelligent manipulation, the terrible nippers sever the vertebræ column just back of the head, killing the animal immediately; and, curiously enough, this method is always observed—all fishes taken from squids having a small piece bitten out of the neck.

The squids found at Monterey are, as a rule, small, not averaging more than twelve inches in length, and are invariably sought at night, and 8 o'clock on the evening in question saw my companion and myself pushing out from shore with our Chinese friends. Chinese are noncommittal at best, but a coolie fisherman might be deaf and dumb for all practical purposes, and only by the most vigorous pumping could any information be gained. We pushed off, however, the old Chinaman and the boys taking the oars, and soon were enveloped in the chill fog that was rolling in from the sea. We evidently turned to the west and followed up the coast, as the moaning of the sea grew louder as it broke on the rocks outside. There was no wind, so that the slightest sounds could be heard, and occasionally a splash and a deep sigh would be heard alongside—a seal or sealion blowing—and later we did not wonder that the old seamen took them to be mermaids, so human did they appear.

We had gone perhaps a mile along shore when the fishermen pulled in their oars. A brazier made of old wire was now run out over the bow and some faggots, rope, yarn and other combustible material thrown in, and a moment later we were enveloped in a ghastly halo of light. Our figures stood out in high relief and seemed of colossal size and the spray and water that clung to the boat and oars gleamed like veritable gold. I had jigged for squids on the northeast coast and grained them in the Gulf of Mexico, but this was indeed a novelty, reminding me of the way eels are harpooned up among the Thousand Islands. When the fire was well under way, casting a lurid blaze for ten or twenty feet over the water, the Chinaman handed us scoop nets, motioned us to the place of honor in the bow, and himself assuming the oar, slowly sculled the ancient craft along. The light seemed to be a great attraction to the life of all kinds—small fishes darted to the surface and bathed in its rays—now the dark, ugly head of a seal popped up, its eyes flashing for a moment and then sinking quickly away, as if horrified at this finny monster. For some time we drifted along, when suddenly a familiar form drifted into range, a large squid lying directly upon the surface, looking a veritable ghost in the light. A splash, a quick lift, and the mollusk was caught and lifted over the boat, the boys fearlessly untangling its various suckers from the net and passing it into the pail, where it threw out its ink in jets. Another soon appeared, and another, and soon four nets were going on all sides, first one and then the other, as the ghastly creatures hove in sight. Some escaped, dashing partly out of the water in their efforts and leaving a black stain upon the surface, but most of them appeared to be lying motionless upon the surface, perhaps asleep, and were easily trapped.

The ink thrown reminded me of a laughable incident which I observed in the gulf of Mexico. I was sculling my boat, and had a man in the bow—and old man-of-war's man, long in my service—standing with a scoopnet to pick up any pelagii or surface forms he might find. All at once he held up his hand for me to stop sculling, then stooping over he made a desperate lunge; then, with a yell of rage, fell back into the boat. At first I thought he had been taken with a fit of some kind, but as I pulled him over I saw that he had been hit squarely in the face by a squid, and streams of black ink were running down over his clothes. The animals, for there were two or three, had, when startled, ejected their ink with such force that it had struck him fairly in the face as he leaned over to catch them. I never knew him to try a squid again.

In an hour and a half we caught nearly fifty squids, and as the wind began to rise put about for shore. The game was exclusively for family use. The ink bag and other organs were removed and the animals either salted and dried or pickled, and in this condition have a flavor that as yet has not been named, and altogether remarkable. Yet on this trip the young squid fishermen gnawed on bits of dried squid, which they took from their pockets, and seemed to enjoy it as much as an American boy would a ginger snap.

"The first time I ever came out squid fishing," said my friend, "we had a singular adventure that might have terminated fatally. I was with the same party, but we were putting over for the opposite shore and had, I think, reached about the centre of the bay, when all at once I became conscious that the boat was rising into the air; in fact, the old man who was rowing caught a crab and went over on his back, and I saw that the boat had lifted at least a foot out of the water. This, to say the least, was somewhat remarkable. We could not have grounded, as there was plenty of water there, and again the boat did not lose her level, she simply rose into the air, remained there for about ten seconds and then settled and went on as before, the old man shaking with fear and the boys howling. I understood a little Chinese and I made out that they believed that it was some sea demon which they had displeased, and nothing would do but we must go ashore to appease his majesty, so ashore we went, of course. I don't know exactly what it was, but it was undoubtedly a whale that rose up under the boat, and she being flat-bottomed, simply rose with the monster. It was either that or a big shark, but hardly the latter, though a thirty-foot one was caught here last year. It came sailing into the bay with a big harpoon in its head, and was killed and hauled on the beach."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Art's Simplicity.

["M. E. W.," in Life.]

Her pretty hands were slim and brown
And tenderly she fingered
The frills upon the gingham gown
On which my glances lingered.

"A simple frock?" she cried, with mirth,
That Fashion grants her scholars—
"You stupid Jack, 't was made by Worth,
And cost me ninety dollars!"

Evidently He Has Been There.

[Philadelphia Call.]

It is all very well to have a romantic courtship, but common sense is the best seasoning for married life.

Fickle Autumn.

[New York Journal.]

Roasting and frying,
Freezing and sighing,
Muslin and lace,
Wraps all in place,
Ices and juleps,
Blue noses, tulips,
Fickle as Venus,
This autumn, between us
Is one gay deceiver,
And friend of hay fever.

In Court.

[The Judge.]

"You saw the prisoner when he fired the shots?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"How far were you from him?"

"When he fired the first shot I was about five paces off."

"And when he fired the second?"

"About five hundred yards."

The Ascending Scale

[Columbus Dispatch.]

Equipped and adept, he started in life
And, flinging himself amid the mad strife
And cutting his way as with a keen knife,
He tried to get on.

Luck having been kind, he made a bold dash
For political power, and in a wild clash
Of parties and methods and other man's cash
He tried to get honor.

This glory attained, he ventured no less
Another sharp struggle and dared to confess
A final ambition to crown his success,
And he tried to get honest.

Identified.

[Life.]

Dumley—Why, Robinson, I'm glad to see you out again. You don't look the same man you did two months ago.

Robinson—Oh, I'm all right again. By the way, Dumley, have you got a couple of dollars about you?

Dumley (handing him the money)—As I said, Robinson, you don't look the same man, but, by peanut, you are the same man.

A Mistake Somewhere.

[Texas Siftings.]

This love, it is a doubtful game,
Enough to make the cynic laugh;
"Permit me," said this lovely dame,
"To introduce my better half."

Her startled spouse turned turkey red
As any sorely smitten beau;
The other maiden's color fled,
'Twas what we designate tableau.

"Well," said she, finally, "how queer";
There stood the chap who caught and kiss'd her;
"Why, madame," cried this vengeful dear,
"He said last night you were his sister."

Conclusive Evidence.

[Rockland Courier-Gazette.]

"You needn't talk prohybition to me," said old Uncle Abele Bimley with an oracular shake of his head; "I know better. There I hed as four of the likeliest girls as the Corners ever see, an' all the fellers fer miles around a-hookin' up to 'em. Wot did I do? W'y, yelled an' prohibited an' kicked an' prohibited an' chased fellers all over my forty-acre lot, an' wot's the result? W'y ev'ry one o' them girls is married an' bringin' up the likeliest fam'lies in these parts. Does prohybition prohibit? Not by a jugful."

Daisies on the Farm.

[Texas Siftings.]

She painted them on canvas
With a rapt, artistic air,
She wore them in her bodice,
And in her raven hair.
She thought farm life idyllic,
And said its greatest charm
Was lent it by the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.

"Do you not love the daisies?"
To the farmer's son she saith;
But all the praise he uttered
Was underneath his breath.
It sounded energetic,
But she felt a vague alarm
That he did not love the daisies
The daisies on the farm.

She read to him a poem,
A pastoral complete;
He seemed unsympathetic,
Though her voice was very sweet.
With some repressed emotion
His face grew dark and warm,
For its burden was the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.

Soon the charming summer boarder
To her city home returned,
For a soul of higher longing
Her æsthetic nature yearned,
And the farmer's son, undaunted,
With his scythe upon his arm,
Went to battle with the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.

Following Instructions.

[Omaha World.]

Doctor—"Ah! looking badly yet, I see. You have evidently not been following my instructions about taking exercise."

Patrick—"Yis; I walked half a mile yesterday."

"Good. You remember I told you that you must always have some object in view when you walk so as to get your mind off of your troubles. I hope you made yesterday's outing a matter of business of some kind."

"Yis; I went and bought a cemetery lot."

Dan.

[Patty Caryl in Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Just Dan! His mother called him that,
An' if she could, I can.
There's hifalutin names enough
To make "Dan" sound a little rough,
But I don't care for no such stuff,
They can't mean no sech man.

As Dan! Why, that name means a man
Some over six feet tall!
With a face you see on mighty few,
An' an eye that looks you through and through
An' a heart—well, for a heart more true
You'd never hev no call.

An' Dan, when we start out for church
(I'm just a tellin' you!)
He wears a broad-brimmed soft felt hat,
Jammed in on top with a careless pat;
Ther' ain't no nicer hat'n that,
An' it's becomin', too,

On Dan. An' when the hymns are sung,
An' all the people jine,
A voice comes out o' my Dan's throat,
Sweet an' deep-down, like an organ note,
An' he sings them hymns right off by note
In a way that's ruther fine.

That's Dan. An' mebbe ther' don't live—
I don't know how ther' can—
A woman happier'n me,
An' I must say I've got to see
The one who is or who can be
The wife of a better man.

A Bulgarian Atrocity.

[Rockland Courier Gazette.]

"So Alexander has left Sofia," David observed, shortly after opening the evening paper.

"Do let alone those naughty newspaper scandals," Dora said, in a severe tone.

But when David made no reply, contenting himself with an inward chuckle, and went silently on with his reading, Dora softly said:

"You are the most provoking of men What are their other names?"

AFTER DARK IN BOSTON;

—OR—

The Faith and Fate of a Working Girl.

By ABIGAIL PERKINS.
(JAMES OTIS KALER.)

CHAPTER XI.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYE.

When Susie Walton awakened in her new boarding-house it was with feelings far different from those she had on the first morning at Mrs. Sweeney's. Not that the room was any larger or any more elegantly furnished than the one she had occupied on Lyman street. In fact, the description given of Mrs. Sweeney's boarding-house would, with one or two trifling exceptions, answer for that of Mrs. Flagg's, on North Bennet street.

There was quite a difference in the landladies, however, and that difference was very materially in Mrs. Flagg's favor. She was fat where the other was lean; good-natured where the other was ill-tempered, and in fact had one good quality to each bad one possessed by Mrs. Sweeney. Yet, with all these things in her favor, Mrs. Flagg kept a boarding-house which was quite as cheerless and desolate-looking as the other in which Susie had lived, and the price of board was about the same.

When Susie had first awakened at Mrs. Sweeney's she had a feeling of desolation which was agonizing in its intensity, and yet here, surrounded by the same inducements to home-sickness, she almost felt cheerful. It is true that she was even worse off in a worldly sense than she had been before, for her modest wardrobe and few trifling keepsakes had been destroyed by the fire, yet she had learned the value of her two friends, and that knowledge was more than sweet to her.

She was well, knew that for one week the price of her board had been paid, had two friends who, if they were small, dirty and rough, could be depended on at any time, and why should she be despondent? There was no reason that she could think of, and consequently she was in fairly good spirits.

She did not doubt for an instant but that she could obtain work at Scrimp & Screw's again, and she was going there that very morning. Dickey and Patsey were to walk around there with her, and she sang a glad little song of thankfulness to herself as she dressed.

It was yet quite early when she reached the cloak manufactory on Summer street, and Miss Tibbits had not arrived. Susie asked one of the girls near whom she had worked the one day before, if any one else had finished the cloak on which she had been working.

The girl was not quite sure, but she had an impression that the work had been finished by some one else, more because of what she knew of the forewoman than anything she had heard said. She rather intimated to Susie that she might have some difficulty in getting an opportunity to work there again, since she had left once without giving notice; but no such thought troubled Susie, for she felt certain that she would only need tell the cause of her absence to be accorded a hearty welcome.

Therefore, when Miss Tibbitts did arrive, Susie said to her confidently:

"If you please, I would like to come to work again now."

Miss Tibbits looked at her for a moment as if she did not know her, and then, as if suddenly remembering, she said:

"Oh! you are the girl that worked here a day and a half, who said she came here from New Hampshire?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Susie; "and now, if you will give me some work, I will thank you, or if the cloak I was making is not finished, I will do that. I was burned in the fire on Lyman street, and have just got well."

"There's no need of your telling the last story," snapped Miss Tibbits. "There's no work here for you; we never take back girls that march off without saying a word to anybody, as if they were ladies."

"But I didn't march off," said Susie, flushing deeply as the harsh words were spoken. "The house in which I was boarding took fire, and I was burned so bad in trying to escape that I have been in the hospital ever since."

"It's nothing to me where you've been," was the sharp reply. "It is possible that you have been in the hospital, but I doubt it. Such girls as you are usually leave a place as soon as they get it."

"But it wasn't my fault," said Susie, pleadingly, as her eyes filled with tears.

"For your sake I hope your story is true," and Miss Tibbits spoke in a virtuously severe tone; "but my duty to the others in this place forbids my giving you any more employment. I hope this will be a lesson to you, and that in the future you will lead a respectable life. You may go now, and don't come back again, or I may be forced to speak more plainly."

The poor girl was bewildered, stunned. She was conscious that she had done nothing wrong, and yet Miss Tibbits had caused her to believe that she must have been in fault someway or somehow. She was too thoroughly bewildered to speak, and she walked out from Messrs. Scrimp & Screw's cloak manufactory very much as if she had committed every crime in the decalogue, and was just beginning to repent of them.

Discharging a girl from employment was no new thing for Miss Tibbits to do, and she was always glad of the opportunity when it was in the case of one like Susie; for then the amount which was due would go into Miss Tibbits' own individual pocket. To be sure, the amount due Susie would have only been about thirty cents, even if the work had been so far done as to really make it collectable; but that thirty cents was not to be despised by the thrifty forewoman; for in an establishment where from 300 to 400 girls were employed, she could count on discharging at least three girls a day on an average, and she had learned that she could thereby add at least $1 a day to her income. There are very many Miss Tibbits in Boston, as hundreds of working girls can testify.

Susie found herself on the sidewalk almost without knowing how she got there, and the cold air was friendly to her, because it took away the deathly faint feeling which was creeping over her.

She walked up Summer street in an aimless way, not knowing and not caring where she went. In her mind was the thought that she must find some employment, but it was so overshadowed by the horrible feelings which Miss Tibbits' words had caused as to make it indistinct and vague.

She felt almost as if she had really sinned, and she was crushed under the weight of the crime as much as if it were actually a fact.

Up across Washington to Winter street she went, threading her way with difficulty through the crowd of richly-dressed women and girls, and the rebellious thought would come to her that all these were happy and fortunate, while she was doomed to be alone in the world, dependent upon her own exertions for the very food she ate.

As the poor look upon the rich and hear them extolled for their goodness, they say to themselves that those people who are not tempted to crime by hunger or cold do not merit praise for their goodness, since they have not been subjected to the many temptations which poverty brings, and one can well believe that the thought is the true one.

The very profusion of display in the shop windows maddens the hungry ones, and as he sees money spent on some trifling article, as much as would be sufficient to furnish food and warmth for an entire family during the cold winter months, it is not to be wondered at that he questions the goodness or the love of that Being who gives all to some of His creatures, and from him that has not takes the little he has.

Susie walked amidst a scene of plenty and happiness, and never had she felt so thoroughly alone as when in that throng; never had she felt her own poverty as when she was pushed against the rich furs and shimmering silks of those whom fortune had favored while she had been forgotten. Her own desolate and lonely condition came painfully to her mind as she saw other girls of about her own age cared for and loved by their parents, and there came into her heart one great wish that the kindness which death brings to the weary of this world might be known to her.

Oh, the heartache, the misery, the deep, utter degradation which comes to one at such a time as this!

In such a wretchedly painful frame of mind as this, she crossed Tremont street and went on to the Common, where, despite the cold, she sat on one of the seats on the Tremont-street mall, gazing on the passing throng and seeing them not.

It has been said that Boston Common is the breathing place of the city, where rich and poor, crossing it on their way to or from business, can have a breath of fresh air unconfined by brick or granite, and a glimpse of some of the beauties of nature.

It is the city's breathing place, and affords pleasure to thousands daily, but it is also the sighing place. Here it is that the young man or maiden, who are yearning for just one look of the old homestead in the country, come to give free vent to all their wretchedness; here, where the trees and the green grass will remind them of the home so lately left and so ardently longed for. Here congregate the army of unemployed, and the good God alone only knows how many hearts, hungry alike for bread and love, have given way to their wretchedness under the wide-spreading boughs of the stately elms, and resolve to leave the world wherein they seem to have no part. Here come the wretched of every class, and their misery is only intensified by the sights and sounds of happiness they see everywhere around them. Therefore does the Common offer attractions to the very happy and the very wretched; twin sisters are happiness and misery, and they are almost always seen hand in hand.

For nearly an hour did Susie reflect on her own position, and gaze with a heart burning enviously upon those she saw around her full of joy and hope. Then she was so chilled that, despite her inclinations, she was forced to walk rapidly about to restore warmth to her insufficiently clad body.

By this time the desire to gain some employment had mastered the pain at her heart, and she looked at the stores as she passed, wondering whether or no she might not be able to get some work in one of them, when she saw a sign in one of the windows which told that "salesladies" were wanted within.

Here seemed to be an opportunity for which she had been seeking, and yet she hardly dared to enter because of the crowds of customers and her own clothing.

Two or three times she walked past the store, trying to gain sufficient courage to go in, until at last she resolved to be brave. She had already learned that the poor have no business with such a commodity as pride.

A young lady whose hair had been forced into the most bewildering shape, and whose dress was cut in quite the latest fashion, was the only unoccupied attendant whom she saw, and of her she timidly asked if she could procure a situation there.

The young lady with the well-glued hair looked the applicant over superciliously, and with an unmistakable curl of the lip replied:

"There are some salesladies wanted, but I don't think it would do any good for you to apply for the position. You might ask that man at the desk."

"I don't suppose it will do any good for me to apply," said Susie, more timidly than before; "but I must get work of some kind, and perhaps there may be something here that I can do."

"Well, go on; don't stop here, for people will think that you are a beggar, and won't come near," and the young lady moved some of the articles that were nearest to the edge of the counter, as if she feared Susie might steal them.

The poor girl gave one quick sob of pain, and then went toward the desk as directed, wondering why it was that women could be so cruel to the suffering of their own sex. She was learning the ways of the world with a rapidity such as only the poor can learn.

As she walked across the well-filled store, one or two of the female clerks looked at her with pity in their eyes; but many of them acted, as had the first one, as though she had come there to steal the entire stock.

At the desk she waited some time for the gentleman to look up from his writing, and when he did she was startled by his quick, sharp question:

"Well, what do you want?"

"I saw by the notice in the window that you wanted saleswomen, and I have come hoping to get a situation," she said, in tones which faltered from fear and the sense of the insult given by the young lady.

The gentlemanly proprietor of the establishment looked at her as if she were a sample of inferior goods which a merchant was trying to palm off on him for the best quality, and although his lip did not curl as had that of the young lady behind the counter, his look was quite as offensive.

"I don't think you would answer," he said, and then he went back to his writing quite as unconcerned as if he had been answering a question relative to the state of the weather.

There are some men who have the idea that God looks for them the first thing in the morning, and then, finding that they are where He hoped to see them, allows the world to go on for their express benefit, and some of these men have settled in Boston.

Susie knew, after this rebuff, quite as well as if she had been told in plain words, that her garments were not fashionable or rich enough to admit of her gaining a position as saleswoman in any of the stores, and she retraced her steps to the vicinity of Messrs. Scrimp & Screw's establishment, in the hope that she might find again employment at sewing.

Down Summer street she walked slowly, looking intently at the stores on either side of the street in the hope of seeing some placard which would tell that girls, who were so unfortunate as to have neither costly nor fashionable garments, might obtain such employment as would enable them to obtain food and shelter.

She had walked as far as Arch street, and was crossing it, when she heard a shrill voice that sounded very familiar, crying:

"Here's yer 'xtra! Latest news; twelve o'clock 'dishun!"

And before she had time to find with her eyes the source of the noise, she heard the same voice exclaim joyously:

"Gracious, ther's my Susie!" and looking down Arch street she saw Dickey's short and very much dressed form coming towards her as fast as the short length of his legs would permit.

"Hi, Susie, hold on!" he cried, waving his papers to attract her attention.

In the frame of mind in which she was then no one could have been more welcome than was Dickey. She would have hugged him then and there, and heartily kissed the dirty, freckled face that looked so honest and friendly, but that such an exhibition might seem a trifle out of place on a public thoroughfare.

"Jes been home ter dinner?" he asked, as he came up breathless and excited.

Susie shook her head. For a moment she was undecided as to whether she would tell him of her troubles, because she knew he would enter into them so fully as to make them his own; but a second thought showed how impossible it would be to keep it from her two friends, and she told him the whole story.

"An' did that Miss Tibbits dare to talk to you that way?" asked Dickey, loudly, his eyes glowing with anger.

"She had as good a right to talk in that way to me as to any of the girls there," said Susie.

"No, she hadn't," was the savage reply; "the other gals don't belong ter me an' Patsey, an' it won't take long ter let her know it, neither. Jest hole my papers a minute."

Dickey had put his papers into her hands and was about to rush across the street, when she grasped him by the arm.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Goin' ter knock the jaw offer that woman!" exclaimed Dickey, his cheeks glowing and his eyes aflame. "I'm goin' to let her know that me an' Patsey take care of you, an' when I get through wid her she'll be sick."

Dickey was thoroughly enraged, and there is no doubt but that he would have attempted to carry his threat into execution at once, although it is, of course, impossible to say whether he would have succeeded in knocking Miss Tibbits' jaw from her face, had Susie not detained him.

"Please don't go, Dickey," said she, "I don't suppose she meant what she said, and if you go up there the men will give you a terrible whipping. Please stay here with me."

"Now, see here, Susie," said Dickey, gravely, as he vainly tried to release his coat-sleeve from her grasp. "Yer know I'd do anything ter please yer; but what do yer s'pose Patsey should say ef I didn't go up there an' let them people know who yer belong to?"

"He would say that you did right if I had asked you not to go."

"Susie," and now Dickey grew argumentative, "what's me an' Patsey good fur, 'cept ter take keer of you, an' what kind of snoozers wud we be ter see the chip knocked offer our gal's shoulder, an' not put up our dukes at onct."

"I don't know what you mean about dukes, and any one knocking chips from my shoulder, but I do know that you would not do anything that would make me feel badly," and Susie stroked Dickey's arm in that coaxing manner which every woman can use to perfection.

"Of course we wouldn't," agreed Dickey, quickly.

"Well, it would make me feel very badly indeed to have you go up there and get a whipping."

"If that's what's you's afeard of, let go my coat-sleeve. Why I'd jes keep my eyes in mournin' all the time for you, an' I'd be proud of it, too," and again Dickey tugged to free hsrself from her grasp.

"But it would make me feel very badly to have you go up there in any event," persisted Susie, seeing that she had made a very serious mistake in using the previous argument. "Now, I have got to find some place where I can get work, and if you would only go with me to show the way, you would be helping me very much."

This was the very idea with which to catch Dickey, and induce him to give up his idea of wreaking vengeance on Miss Tibbits.

"Of course I'll show yer 'round, he said, quickly; "but, Susie, I do wish you'd jest let me go up there an' lend that woman jest one under the ear. It would do me a heap of good, an' so it would Patsey. Won't yer wait jest half a minute?"

Susie shook her head decidedly.

"I can't lose any time," she said, as she moved away, knowing he would follow, "and there isn't time even for you to go up one flight of stairs. Which way do you think we had better go?"

Dickey gave one last lingering look up at the windows of the room where he knew Miss Tibbits was, and then he started down Summer street, saying as he did so:

"I s'pose we'd better go down here first, an' then we kin go through Devonshire."

The first sign which offered any inducements for them to enter any one of the buildings was one which announced that "good hands on neckties" were wanted.

"I will try here," said Susie, whose courage was greatly augmented by Dickey's presence.

"All right. I'll stay down here and try ter sell some papers while yer gone," said Dickey, and immediately he began to cry his wares in his loudest and shrillest voice.

Susie climbed up the four long flights of stairs, her courage slowly oozing out at her finger ends the farther she got from the street, and then the workroom was reached.

It was a very pleasant lady who met Susie, and the contrast offered between the two forewomen was very great. The young girl was very sure that her life would be comparatively an easy one could she get employment under such a mistress; but she was told that they only wanted experienced hands, and had no room whatever for those who were learning the trade.

She went down the stairs disappointed at being unable to get a situation, but very much braver than when she went up, because of the kindly words which had been spoken to her.

If those in charge of work rooms or shops could only know the value of a kindly word to those seeking honest labor, or, knowing it, would use it, a great deal of pain might be spared that is otherwise inflicted, and an incalculable amount of good would be done without the expense of the slightest effort.

"Got a job?" asked Dickey, as Susie reappeared on the sidewalk again.

"Not yet, but I hope I shall soon have one," she said cheerfully, and the two continued their search.

Two other stores were visited with the same result, but at the third the young girl received some little encouragement by being told that there might possibly be a vacant situation to learn the cap-maker's trade on the following Monday.

This little bit of cheering news was told to Dickey, and he at once advocated her waiting for the situation, without trying anywhere else.

She tried to convince him that it was doubtful whether she could get the position in case she did wait for it; but he, having sold out his stock of papers while she had been away, insisted that his plan was the best.

"Anyway," he argued, "go home an' get some dinner first. There hain't nothin' that 'll put pluck in a feller like a good square meal of vittles, an' it's my advice that yer git one."

It was hardly more than 12 o'clock, and Susie was unwilling to give up the search so early, protesting that she was not hungry, but Dickey was so importunate in his demand that she go home, that a compromise was effected. He was to accompany her to two more places, and, failing then, she was to follow his advice.

The two places next visited afforded no satisfactory results, except to Dickey, who was not displeased that she had wasted her time since she had gone contrary to his advice, and the two started for North Bennet street, the boy taking her the longest way around, in order that he might have her company the longer.

During the walk, Dickey told her all the particulars of the incipient riot on Devonshire street that morning, and he concluded his story by saying:

"We could a cleaned them duffers out jest as easy as wink your eye, ef Clothespins, the lycee cop, hadn't come around an' made us all dust. But we'll fix 'em yet, an' ef Patsey don't hang on to that Mister Hallett what gives him a quarter every day jest to run two or three errands fur him, why I shall give him a piece of my mind."

Susie tried to take advantage of the opportunity by telling her companion how wrong it was for him to quarrel; but it was a most lamentable failure, for he gave her to understand very quickly what he thought of "a feller what wouldn't stick up to his rights."

The two were passing the Revere House when Dickey espied Ben Wade, for whom he had taken a violent fancy during the time he had seen him in the hospital, and he attracted the detective's attention by a piercing whistle.

Wade came towards them at once, and Dickey lost no time in telling him of the business they had been upon, as well as the insult offered by Miss Tibbitts.

"So you found no work?" said Wade to Susie.

"No, sir; but perhaps I shall have a chance next Monday, which is better than nothing, of course, although I can ill afford to remain idle until then."

"How would you like to go to work in a millinery store?" asked Wade, after he had consulted his memorandum book.

"I should like it very much, but I am afraid I could not get such a situation, because I cannot dress well enough, and because I do not know anything about the business," replied Susie, with a sigh, thinking of the rebuff she had met with in Tremont street.

"I guess yer kin dress well enuf," said Dickey, quickly, "Me an' Patsey 'll buy yer the very best dress in this here city, an' then see how you'll look."

"I know of a milliner whom I think will take you on my recommendation, and teach you the business," said Wade. "But don't thank me yet," he added, as he saw the gratitude in her eyes, "for you have not got the situation. Where are you going now?"

"To dinner."

"Are you going out this afternoon."

"I did intend to go out to look for work, but—"

"Don't go; it will pay you to wait until I have seen what I can do; and besides I want to talk with you this afternoon about the business I spoke of last night. Will you wait for me?"

"Certainly," replied Susie, who was so grateful to the kind-hearted detective that she would willingly have done anything to serve him.

"Can I wait an' hear the bizness, too?" asked Dickey, sharply, just a trifle jealous that anything concerning his girl was going on without him.

"Certainly you may," laughed Wade; "though I don't think you will be able to do much of any good."

"I'll be there all the same," said Dickey, decidedly, and the detective left them until the afternoon.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL FOR LOVE.

On the evening that Henry Thurston had saved Charles Hodgdon's life in the apartments of the latter at the Hotel Boylston, the young man had told a certain story which he had believed would give to Mr. Thurston sufficient reason as explanation for the rash act of his which that gentleman had prevented.

He had explained his position in life; told of his poverty, and of the annoyances which beset him through his creditors, and allowed his listener to accept by inference that reason for the attempted crime.

Mr. Thurston, a man of business, and a gentleman in no slight degree acquainted with the world, could not accept any such excuse for an attempt at self-murder, and, as is already known, insisted that his young friend had not told him all.

In the presence of a man who has saved one's life, and who is also a creditor, it is extremely difficult for one to make any evasive reply which does not bear on its face the imprint of that same evasion, and Hodgdon's story was certainly, to his listeners, an equivocation.

One bares his heart, as it were, to such a friend, and any attempt at concealment, instead of answering the purpose, only brings forth his little untruths in such hideous deformity as to make them seem absolute and wilful lies.

Therefore, when Mr. Thurston demanded of Hodgdon the true reasons for his attempt at suicide, the young man, although very unwilling, was obliged to answer the question truly.

Told in his confused, broken, disconnected way, which was caused by timidity and by the thought that his listener would censure rather than sympathize, the recital occupied a very long time. It is only necessary to give the substance of it in a brief and more connected form than that used by the young man.

The principal reason why Charles Hodgdon had attempted to force the accident which should end his troubles in this world was simply that he was in love.

Nothing so very strange for a young man of his age to be in love—desperately, violently in love; but it certainly was singular that a young man of his years, being in that condition, should show further signs of his insanity by attempting to kill himself. It would seem as though his status in life was hard enough without adding to his troubles, as it is possible every one does who steps from out this mundane sphere into—

While the usual modes of falling in love are as near a mild species of insanity as possible, Hodgdon's case was a more aggravated one than is usually seen. He had set his effections upon one who was the wife of another.

This is the substance of the story he told:

About six months previous to the time when he had become so weary of the world Charles Hodgdon had, after taking a drive over the "Mill-dam," dismissed his carriage, and without any apparent reason therefor strolled through the public garden. There, while seated on one of the benches, watching the different forms and faces about him, he saw a young woman approach him, who presented such a vision as dazzled his eyes and brain.

It seemed to him then as if a veil had been withdrawn, opening before him the horizon of a life of which, until that day, he had never dreamed.

Accompanying her was a fine-looking old gentleman, still young in build, and almost so in face, despite his silver hair and white side-whiskers, dressed with a simplicity that was elegant, but suitable to his age.

This vision, as she seemed to Hodgdon, was a beautiful blonde, tall and slender, supple and graceful, and appeared to be, at the most, not more than 19 years of age. She leaned with tender confidence on the arm of the gentleman, who, from appearances, must have been her father, and raised to him now and then her large, deep-blue eyes, which seemed to take as much a part in the conversation she was carrying on as did her smiling lips, that unveiled such pearly teeth.

Hodgdon could not hear the conversation; but, fortunately, or, perhaps, unfortunately, the couple seated themselves very near him, and he was thus favored with a glimpse of her profile, when, at times, she turned half around to speak to her companion. He contemplated at his leisure the graceful shoulders, and handsome blonde tresses, which were knotted on her white neck, and artistically formed a sort of crown on her head, and, as he gazed, there was in his heart a feeling of emotion which hitherto had been unknown to him.

If any one had asked him the reason for the emotion which he displayed, he would certainly have been at a loss for an answer.

For nearly half an hour this couple, in whom Hodgdon was so interested, remained seated gazing at the beauties of the varied forms of nature which were spread around them, and then they departed.

It seemed to the young man as if the sun had suddenly become obscured, for with their departure everything appeared suddenly to be involved in gloom, and all nature uninteresting.

He would have followed them, but they had entered a carriage and were driven rapidly away almost before he realized that they were going.

On the next day he saw the young lady enter a dwelling on Arlington street, and he sent his servant to make inquiries relative to the occupants of that residence.

The word brought back to him was that an elderly gentleman, Benjamin Arnold, resided there, with his ward, a young lady some 19 years of age, by the name of Clara Rowell.

For the next two months Hodgdon's life was spent in following Mr. Arnold and his ward wherever they went; but his pursuit was concealed with such discretion that neither the old man nor the young girl could perceive it.

One day about noon the young man was riding up Arlington street, as he had been in the habit of doing for some time, in order that he might pass Mr. Arnold's house. As he approached the Arlington Street Church he saw an immense number of carriages around the edifice. Footmen in livery formed many sedately colored groups, and among them he recognized the liveries worn by Mr. Arnold's servants.

Doubtless some brilliant marriage was being celebrated in the church, and Mr. Arnold and his ward would undoubtedly be present. This unexpected opportunity of seeing the object of his love caused the young man to descend from his carriage and enter the church. There he found a large assemblage, aristocratic and elegant, but somewhat less select than it might have been.

While the ceremony which attracted his attention was indeed a marriage, he could not see the bride or the groom, but it mattered little to him, as it was not mere curiosity which attracted him.

Close beside him some young men were chatting in a low voice. A few fragments of their conversation escaping from the stifled murmurs of their words came almost distinctly to his ears.

"She is charming," said one. "It's a great pity."

"Why a pity?"

"Because she is so young, and he is so old."

"What does that matter? He is rich, and if money makes happiness, she will be very happy."

"They say he idolizes her."

"An old man's infatuation."

Hodgdon was not anxious to see this bride of whom all were speaking, and with whom he was no doubt unacquainted. But by remaining where he was he thought he would have an opportunity to see Clara as she left the church, and he remained waiting fully half an hour.

Then there was a commotion in the crowd, which opened right and left to make a passage for the newly-married pair. As he looked upon the happy pair, Hodgdon received what seemed to him an actual blow on his heart, and the floor appeared to sway to and fro beneath his feet.

The bride, fair and smiling in her white robes, slowly advanced between the two rows of bowing heads, and leaning on the arm of her husband showed the fair face of Clara Rowell. The groom was her guardian, Benjamin Arnold.

Charles Hodgdon, when the moral paralysis, resulting from the violent blow he had received, began to disappear, found himself almost alone in the church. The crowd had swept by without his being conscious of it. In the state of mind similar to that of a man who has been suddenly awakened from a troubled sleep, and who has not had time to recover complete control of his senses, Hodgdon entered his carriage and drove away.

He had said to himself that he would forget this brief but vain dream of love; and, even as he said it, did it return stronger and more violent, until it seemed to him on the day that he received an introduction to Mrs. Benjamin Arnold, as if the height of his desires had been attained.

And yet the meeting was, in a measure, an unsatisfactory one; for the young woman greeted him as indifferently as she would have received any stranger, and, perhaps, a trifle more so.

Hodgdon fed on the rare glimpses which he obtained of her fair face from time to time; and when his fortune had thus suddenly disappeared, or, at least, when it had ceased to appear, he felt that then, indeed, all hope for him, so far as attaining any friendship—he had ceased to think of love when he knew her to be the wife of another—had fled.

He had made no progress in his acquaintance. If he met Mrs. Arnold on the street or at a friend's house, he had the great pleasure of receiving a bow from her and that was all. Once, on the occasion of a large party, he had been invited to her house, and it is extremely doubtful if during all the time that Charles Hodgdon had followed her she had bestowed a second thought upon him.

He had, as has already been told, resolved to commit suicide, and in such a manner that should seem accidental; and it was the hopelessness of his love that had made the uselessness of his life.

Mr. Thurston was not a man very much given to romance. When Hodgdon had told him the story of his unreciprocated and unknown love he had exacted from him a promise that he would be no more of his passion, which was at once hopeless and wrong. On that agreement Mr. Thurston had promised to aid the young man as he, indeed, already had done.

This promise was made in good faith by Hodgdon; but it was fated that before twenty-four hours had elapsed from the time of making it, he should break it, certainly without intention, and almost without thought.

The Handel and Haydn Society presented a new work to the public of Boston, in Music Hall, on the evening of the same day Hodgdon had made his promise, and, with the rest of the fashionable world, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were there.

Next to his passion for Mrs. Arnold was that of music in the heart of Charles Hodgdon, and although no longer counted among the fashionable world, he was also present.

During the evening he saw not the musicians, for, indeed, he hardly knew whether there was any one on the stage or not; but, unmindful of his promise to Mr. Thurston, unmindful of the publicity which he was giving to his passion, unmindful of everything save that one face, he made his admiration of it public.

After the last strains of the organ had died away, and the last sweet note had ceased reverberating through the building, Charles Hodgdon had hurried out and on to the street, in order to get another glimpse of Mrs. Arnold's face.

He had just reached the sidewalk at the Winter-street entrance to the hall, when the object of his adoration appeared, leaning on her husband's arm. She was chatting gaily with him, and entirely oblivious to everything around her, while the old gentleman was listening so intently to his wife that he did not notice the rough-looking man who seemed intent only on pushing his way where the crowd were the thickest.

Just as the ill-favored individual reached Mr. Arnold's side he made a grab at that gentleman's watch-chain, and, breaking it from its fastening, was about making off with it, when the old man grasped him by the coat-collar and cried lustily for the police.

The thief tried to release himself from the detaining hand, but in vain, and then, with a quick movement, he drew a knife from his pocket and raised it to strike.

Mrs. Arnold saw the impending danger, and screamed for assistance.

Charles Hodgdon heard that cry, and, before the weapon could descend, had sprung forward to render his aid. The knife which had been raised was buried in the breast of the young man, and he fell lifeless upon the pavement.

In an instant all was confusion. Mrs. Arnold fainted. Her husband was obliged to attend to her before he could pay any attention to the young man who had saved his life at the peril of his own. Carrying his wife to his carriage, he waited their only long enough to see that she had revived, and then, after ordering the coachman to drive home, he returned to the wounded man.

He found Hodgdon unconscious, ghastly pale, his eyes closed, and breathing with difficulty. A foam discolored with blood appeared on his lips with each respiration, and the surgeon, one who had just come from the hall, told the old gentleman that he believed the wound to be mortal.

"He was killed for me," murmured Mr. Arnold. "It is horrible: and I shall never be able to think of myself other than as his murderer. Can you do nothing for him?" he asked, appealing to the surgeon.

"I will try to relieve his left lung by bleeding him. Nothing else can be done, and, if there is any chance for his life, it is that. The knife has entered the right side of the breast, and the point of the blade has come out just under the shoulder."

"Let us take him over there," said Mr. Arnold, pointing to the drug store on the corner, which was still open.

The young man was carried into the store as had been suggested, and there the surgeon proceeded to bleed him.

At first the blood flowed slowly, drop by drop, then more rapidly, and the purple foam ceased to appear on his lips. He sighed heavily, but without opening his eyes.

"Well?" said Mr. Arnold, as if asking the surgeon whether his operation had been successful.

"Well, sir, the success attained exceeds my expectation, I admit; but I do not wish to excite any vain hope, for no decisive result can be obtained now."

"But yet, he is better," persisted Mr. Arnold, who drew hopes from the changed appearance of the young man's face.

"Yes, no doubt; but, in order that this improvement should continue, it is necessary that a coagulum should form and arrest the internal hemorrhage. We shall then have a simple respite, and the danger will not have disappeared by any means. Many complications may ensue."

"Surely the science that tells you to do one thing will tell you how you may save his life, since you so fully understand what should be done," half asked, half asserted Mr. Arnold.

The surgeon shook his head:

"Science proposes, but God disposes."

The young man was removed to his apartments as soon as possible, and placed upon the bed in his room, without having once opened his eyes. His livid pallor gave to his face the appearance of being covered with a waxen mask and the feeble respiration which caused his chest to rise and fall at irregular intervals, was the only sign that he still lived.

The surgeon, on being questioned by Mr. Arnold, replied that the danger resulting from internal hemorrhage appeared to him to have almost disappeared, but that the wound would certainly become inflamed, feverish, and the young man, weakened by the quantity of blood he had lost, would be in great danger.

These words, and the perceptible anxiety of the man of science, were not of a nature to reassure Hodgdon's friends.

Mr. Arnold, forced to return to his young wife, after having been with the wounded man all night, made the surgeon promise that he would not leave the apparently dying man's bedside for a single instant, and, on his part, promising to return in an hour or two, left for his own home.

For the first time in her life Clara Arnold did not have the courage to devote her usual care to her toilet. She had waited for her husband until the noon following the night of the attempted murder, and yet he had not come. She had refused to allow her maid even to dress her hair, and the morning dress, covered with embroidery, lace and ribbons, was carelessly thrown around her. The ruffles which encircled her delicate neck were crushed as if the young woman had frequently allowed her head to droop on her breast. Her cheeks seemed even whiter than ever from the contrast with the rose-colored ribbon which knotted her lace collar, and a dark line, so delicate that it seemed a shadow, appeared beneath the lustrous eyes.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when her husband returned, and she did not wait for him to enter the house, but ran to meet him in the vestibule.

The greeting between man and wife was then, as it ever had been during their married life, tender, respectful and paternal. There was none of that ardor of love which one expects to see exhibited by couples who are hardly in the last quarter of the honeymoon.

Mrs. Arnold was too impatient to await her husband's method of telling the condition of the young man who had been injured in his defence; but it was not until he had answered her leading questions that she would allow him to give a detailed account. He concluded his recital with these words:

"You see, my child, Charles Hodgdon will no doubt pay with his life for a generous and noble action. His life, which had scarcely commenced to bloom, will fade away, and I am the innocent cause of it! Judge what I must suffer. I scarcely knew him, but now that he is going to die for me it seems that some mysterious tie unites us. I cannot realize that I have not always known him."

"You will return home again?" said Clara.

"Yes."

"And shall you be gone long?"

"No, I will soon return and give you news of him. I know not what it is that warns me, but I have a presentiment that the news which I shall then bring to you will not be good."

"Presentiments are often deceitful."

"I hope to God they may be so today."

CHAPTER XIII.

A BUSINESS PROPOSAL.

On the same morning when Mr. Henry Thurston had written the letter to Savannah, telling Robert Jameson's nephew that the papers marked "In the case of the so-called Susie Walton," and found in the safe belonging to the deceased banker, should be kept as private as he wished, and could be had upon application, the lodger in the front rooms on Washington street, who called himself Arthur Hallett, received a telegram which gave him great uneasiness.

The message had been sent from Savannah, and addressed to Arthur Hallett. It read as follows:

"Am obliged to leave the city suddenly. Can no longer attend to your business. Nothing new."

There was no signature to the despatch, but the man who received it knew well from whom it had come.

On the night when James Tracey knew that the time had come for him to commit the horrible deed which would make him an outlaw among men, he had written to a man whom he had known years before, and could trust because of the tie of crime which existed between them, that he was about to conceal his own identity, and merge into that of Arthur Hallett.

He had requested—perhaps demanded would be the more correct term—that this friend, who had taken up his abode in Savannah that he might be some distance away from certain officers of the law who were anxious to see him, should let him know whether anything was heard of the missing Arthur Hallett, and that he should remain there for some time at least, in order to post or receive letters which Tracey might wish post-marked from that city, or that might come there for him.

The first step which Tracey had taken towards carrying out his scheme was to send the letter relative to the private papers to Mr. Thurston as one of the administrators of the Jameson estate, and just at a time when the answer to that letter would be received in Savannah, he learned that his friend would not be there to receive and forward it.

It was perplexing, certainly, to a man who had risked so much, to see a chance that all his plans might be upset, simply because the one whom he proposed to use as a tool should suddenly take it into his head to leave the city where, in justice to Mr. Tracey's little game, he should remain.

The difficulty must be overcome in some way, but how it should be done seemed likely to be a vexed question.

He dared not take any one into his confidence. The one whom he had trusted with a portion of his secret would not dare to betray it because of that which Tracey could expose of his crimes. But he knew of no one else over whom he held such a potent spell.

As the doors were locked, and the man who had such a bad attack of rheumatism knew that no one could surprise him by suddenly entering, he was sitting by the window, holding the telegram in his hand as he had held it fully an hour after it was received, when he saw Patsey coming up on the opposite side of the street.

"That is the very idea!" exclaimed Mr. Hallett suddenly, as if a perfect calcium blaze of light had been thrown on that which troubled him so severely.

Then he threw the telegram into the fire, unlocked the door after undressing himself, and ensconced himself snugly in bed.

After the disturbance on Devonshire street, when Patsey's right to work for Mr. Hallett had been so rudely questioned by Mr. Gimpey and his friends, the boy naturally felt as if some undue influence might be exerted by the Gimpey faction against him, and, in order to counteract it, he concluded that he had better call upon the gentleman as soon as possible, although he had been there once before that morning.

A little doubtful as to whether Gimpey might not have been there before him, and already poisoned the mind of his employer, Patsey knocked timidly at the door, and entered quite as timidly when he was bidden to come in.

The sick man was still in bed with his face to the wall, and the drawn shades and curtains had plunged the room into a state of semi-obscurity, which rendered it very difficult to perceive anything distinctly.

Patsey waited a moment to be spoken to, but as not a sound came from the sick man on the bed, he said:

"I'm the feller what does your errands, an' I was goin by, so I thought as how as I'd cum in ter see ef yer wanted anything else dun."

Now Patsey knew that he was telling an untruth when he made it appear that this visit was an accidental one, but, as it was open warfare between himself and Gimpey, and as all stratagems are fair in war, he thought himself perfectly excusable, or, at least, he would have thought so if he had troubled his head about the matter at all.

"I don't think of anything I want at present," said Mr. Hallett in a feeble tone, which told plainly how very sick he was. "I ought to have left the city today on very important business; but this fearful attack of rheumatism confines me here, despite everything."

Patsey hardly knew what answer to make to this remark, and still he felt that it was incumbent on him to make some reply.

"I'm sorry fur yer," he managed to say at length. "I s'pose rhumatiz is awful, fur I knows of a feller down ter one of the newspaper offices that kinder clings to it all the time, an' he goes out to his home on the cars every night. But he's a good deal smaller'n you, so I don't s'pose it hurts him so much, though he does make a good deal of fuss and swears orful when any of the fellers leave the winders open."

Under the principle that misery loves company, Patsey had cited this hard case of rheumatism, but it did not appear to help his employer's sickness in the slightest degree.

After quite a long pause, during which Patsey stood first on one foot and then on the other, as if undecided whether he should go or stay, the sick man said, quite as though he was thinking aloud, and not as though he was preparing the way to a business proposition:

"A boy like you, who was smart, energetic and discreet, could arrange the business for me to a certain extent, I suppose."

Patsey's ears were opened very wide now, and he fairly trembled with excitement at the prospect of becoming a business agent.

"Do you like to travel?" asked the sick man.

"Well," said Patsey, hesitatingly, "I s'pose I do, but I never had a chance ter find out. Me and Dickey started ter go on a journey down ter Downer's Landin' last summer, but I didn't like that very well, 'cause we hadn't no money ter pay our fares, and the steamboat folks made us walk back."

"But if you had plenty of money to pay your fare, and could go in as good style as anybody, how would you like it then?"

"'Course I should like that," was the reply, confidently; "an' I could look as well as anybody, too, fur I've got a shirt—one with lots of red an' black horse-shoes on it—down to the place where I live, an' ef yer could only see a necktie I've got, you'd think it was a stunner."

"Would you like to go away for me?"

"How far?"

"Down South."

"Whew!"

Patsey made a very expressive sound of astonishment at this answer. The words "down South" implied, in his mind, a journey of great magnitude, and already was the desire to travel and see the wonderful things of this world exciting his busy brain.

"How long would I have to be gone?" he asked, as the thought of Susie came to him.

"I suppose it would take you about ten days to go there and back," replied the sick man.

Patsey was silent now. Ten days was a space of time which seemed almost endless, and, much as he would like to take a journey of that duration, he could not neglect other ties simply because of the anticipated pleasure.

He thought of the work which he had undertaken for Pie Face, and quickly decided that he could get some one to attend to that for him. Then he thought of Susie, and wondered whether it would be possible for her to get along in safety during his absence. In answer to this came the thought that of course he would be paid for his time, and thus he could give her sufficient money to pay her bills during his absence; decidedly, so far as Susie was concerned, he had better go.

Those two considerations need not prevent him from accepting any offer which promised a reasonable payment for his time and services, and he had about decided to accept.

Then he thought of Dickey, and this was the rock on which he split. Ever since he could remember he and Dickey had been together, sharing their hunger, cold and distress in the most impartial manner. Dickey had always offered him the warmest corner of the area-way when they had no other place to sleep, and Dickey had borne his share of blows from the policeman's club. They had starved together and feasted together, suffered from the cold and the heat in company, had fought for each other and with each othher, and were now in business together. He asked himself how he should feel when it came night, with no chance for him to see or speak to his partner, and of the hogshead home where Dickey would be obliged to sleep alone, and the question was settled at once.

"I'd like to go," he said, thoughtfully, "'cause I should have a better time and earn more money than I should here; but, you see, I can't."

"Can't? Why?"

The man, who had expected that his proposition would be eagerly accepted, was both surprised and annoyed that it should be so positively refused. To confide in any one, even to the slight extent he had thought he would in Patsey, was dangerous, and, although he had told him nothing in fact, yet he did not want that what he had said should be in vain.

"I will give you $2 a day all the time you are gone."

The amount of money which could be earned while one was really on a pleasure trip caused the boy to catch his breath as one does when suddenly submerged in cold water; but there was Dickey's freckled face before his eyes, and the love for Dickey in his heart.

"I'm sorry; but I can't," and the inflection on the words showed that he was really sorry to decline the tempting offer.

"And I will pay all your expenses. You can travel as if you were a millionnaire," continued the tempter in the bed.

"I know it; but I can't."

"Just think of what you would see, and what a glorious time you would have."

It seemed as if the more decided Patsey was that he could not go, the more earnestly did Mr. Hallett desire that he should be his messenger.

"I know it," said Patsey sadly, "an' I'd like to have the money orful; but yer see I can't get away."

"Why not?"

"'Cause there's Dickey; I couldn't leave him no how."

"Who is Dickey?" asked Mr. Hallett, just a trifle piqued that this Dickey was the cause of Patsey's refusing his generous offer.

"He's my pardner," said Patsey, and his eyes commenced to sparkle as he spoke of the boy he loved—the boy who made up the only home circle he had ever known until Susie had come into their lives. "He's a little feller, an' hain't half so big as me, but he's right there every time, just as if he was as big as a elerfant. That's why I couldn't go, 'cause I don't see how I could leave him. I know he wouldn't go off from me, 'cause he's stuck by a good many times when he knowed he was goin' ter get a lickin' fur it."

"But you would come back to him," persisted Mr. Hallett; "you would only be away from him about ten days."

"I know," replied Patsey, with a shake of the head which told of the unchangeableness of his decision, "but what would he do them ten nights without me, an' what would I do without him? No, sir, I couldn't leave Dickey, ef you was ter give me a million dollars a minute, grub thrown in."

"You're a fool," growled the man with the rheumatism.

Patsey's heart was very tender just then from the thoughts of his love for Dickey, or he might have taken some exceptions to the remark; as it was, he allowed it to pass unnoticed, and awaited any further commands which his employer had to give.

Hallett remained silent several moments. By his very loyalty to his friend, Patsey had shown himself to be a boy who could be trusted, and the sick man was more anxious than ever to have him as a messenger.

"I suppose you might take your friend with you," he said musingly.

"What!" screamed Patsey, "take Dickey wid me, an' go orf travellin' fur $2 a day!"

"It would cost twice as much for travelling expenses; but I don't think I would let that stand in the way if I thought you would attend to the business carefully, and not let any person know where you were going."

"Now I'll tell yer what it is, Mister Hallett," said Patsey, seating himself on the edge of the bed in his eagerness to get nearer his employer, in order that his words might have more impressiveness, "ef you want me ter go anywhere fer yer, an' will let Dickey go too, I'll do everything jest as yer tell me ter, even ef it's to stand on my head two or three times a day."

"The work which I want you to do will not be very difficult; the principal thing is to keep your mouth shut about it. You see I am a runner for a dry-goods house, and if they knew I was here in Boston they would discharge me. I simply want you to go to a certain place, post one letter which I will give you, and another to me which you will find there."

"I kin do that easy enough," was Patsey's confident reply.

"And you can do it without letting any one know what you are about?"

"You jest bet yer sweet life I kin."

"Will this parner of yours do the same?"

"Dickey's a brick, a perfect brick," said Patsey, enthusiastically; "when he says he'll do a thing he's right there an' no mistake. He's solid, he is, an' there can't any duffers get the cover off er him 'thout he's willin' to let 'em."

During all this conversation the sick man had been lying with his face to the wall, but now he turned so that he could see Patsey, and the boy thought that at last he was to have a view of his employer's face.

But in that he was mistaken, for Mr. Hallett, probably through fear of taking cold, had so muffled the sheets about him that nothing save the upper portion of his head was visible. Patsey could see that his eyes and hair were light, and that was all.

"You will have to dress differently from that," said Mr. Hallett, in a half musing tone, as he surveyed the boy critically.

"Oh, I've got better things than this where I live," and the boy looked down upon himself with a feeling of pride that he was not nearly as gorgeous as it was possible for him to make himself. "Me an' Dickey have got a couple of shirts, with reg'lar collars an' neckties ter match. Yer orter seen us yesterday."

"Have you got another suit of clothes?"

"No," said the boy, a little disappointed that the story of his magnificence had not created more attention in his employer's mind. "But Dickey sewed his over yesterday ter fit him, an' I tell yer he makes a reg'lar swell when he's fixed up."

"I suppose I had better get you both a suit of clothes to commence with."

Patsey's eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"What! real store clothes, like yer buy, 'thout nary hole or a patch?"

"Yes, you ought to be able to get good suits for $10 apiece."

"Ten dollars! ten whole dollars for one suit of clothes. Now, see here, yer hain't stuffin' me, are yer?"

"Can you go tomorrow night?"

"Where?"

"Where I'm going to send you."

"What way do we go?"

"To New York first."

Patsey was now in such a maze of delighted surprise that if his employer had told him he expected him to go to the moon from New York, he would probably have been perfectly willing to make the attempt.

"I can go jist as soon as I kin see Dickey, an' I know pretty near where I kin find him about now."

"Very well; make all your arrangements and come up here in the morning. Be sure that you do not tell any one about going away."

"I won't open my head."

Mr. Hallett turned to face the wall again, and Patsey, taking that as a signal that the interview was ended, started away, saying as he went:

"We'll be here the first thing in ther mornin'."

Patsey could hardly credit his own senses, and started down town at a rapid pace, in a state of indescribable bewilderment. He hardly allowed himself to walk a step of the way, and when he arrived at the head of State street without having seen his partner, his excitement and vexation knew no bounds.

He felt that Dickey had personally affronted him by not being in his usual haunts just at that particular time; but when the boys whom he asked told him that Dickey had not been seen since before 12 o'clock, he began to grow anxious.

He ran to their hogshead home, and, finding there no evidence that the missing partner had been there since morning, started for Susie's boarding place at once.

There he found his partner in earnest conversation with "their gal," and it seemed so singular that Dickey should thus be neglecting business, that, for a moment, the great news which he brought was put aside in his anxiety to know the reason for this singular state of affairs.

"What's up?" he asked, as he entered the room, and stood before Dickey like an accuser.

Susie then told him of her troubles of the forenoon, and Dickey explained that he was there because he was anxious to know what it was the detective had to say.

Both were in high spirits over the fact that Wade had got a situation in a milliner's establishment on Temple place for Susie, and that she was to go there to commence to learn the business on the following morning, with a weekly salary of three dollars and a half.

"What else did Mr. Wade want ter tell her?" asked Patsey, as soon as this story had been told him.

"Nothing except to ask me all kinds of questions about myself," replied Susie, and he—"

"He made her go out an' have her picture took!" exclaimed Dickey, who was so brimful of the singular news that he could not wait for Susie to tell it so slowly.

"What was that fur?"

"I dunno; he said he might want ter use it."

When Ben Wade had heard from Susie that Robert Jameson had been sending the money for her support, miserably poor though it was, he believed that there was more to the story of her life than she knew herself, and he resolved to ferret it out on his own account.

He had thought it possible that she could tell him more than she had told him in the hospital, and for that purpose had made the appointment which Dickey half resented. But the poor girl knew no more about herself than she had already told, and, in case he might want to use it, Wade had asked for her picture.

It was his intention to discover the secret of her birth; and Ben Wade was a man who usually accomplished whatever he attempted, however many obstacles might stand in his way.

After all this had been told him, Patsey was about to relate the astonishing news he had to impart, and which he knew would throw his listeners into a ferment of excitement; but he suddenly remembered that he had faithfully promised not to tell it to anyone save Dickey, and he checked himself.

Then he indulged in a series of mysterious winks, which were intended to convey to Dickey's mind the fact that he had something important to communicate, and wanted him to leave the house with him. Of course he could have said this in plain words, but, considering the magnitude of his information, that would have been too tame a way altogether.

But Dickey did not divine his partner's desire. He sat there placidly winking back, with quite as many contortions of the face, and believing all the while that these optical gymnastics were because of the rare good fortune which Wade had brought to Susie.

"Oh, will yer never tumble?" groaned Patsey, and then it was that Dickey discovered his mistake.

"We'll see yer again tonight or in the mornin'," said Patsey, and the two boys tumbled out of the house with that volume of sound which only boys can make when they are striving to move about softly.

"What's the matter?" asked Dickey, when they were clear of the house.

Patsey said not a work, but with an air that was provokingly mysterious, led the way to their home.

"Tell me what it is?" cried Dickey, now worked up to a perfect fever of suspense.

"I don't dare to till we get home," was Patsey's reply in a hoarse whisper that caused the impatient Dickey the liveliest feelings of apprehension.

When they were in the seclusion of their hogshead and Patsey had fully satisfied himself that there was no one near to overhear the conversation, he made Dickey sit directly in front of him. Then producing two cigars, that looked as if they were made of autumn leaves, he lighted one and handed the other to his partner.

As gravely as if he had been Sitting Bull, and indulging in the pipe of peace, Dickey lighted the cigar and waited the revelation which was to come anxiously.

"Dickey," said Patsey sternly, "we're goin' ter New York."

"New York!" faltered Dickey.

"An' further'n that; we're goin' down South."

"Down South!"

The cigar fell from Dickey's mouth, and was fast burning a hole in the very lengthy tail of his coat without his being aware of it.

"Yes, down South; and we're goin' ter have a couple of suits of real store clothes for ten dollars."

Dickey's look of surprise was fast giving way to one of incredulity, and in a few moments more he would have believed that his partner was trying to play a joke on him, had Patsey not told him his experience of the afternoon.

Dickey drank in every detail of the story, uttering not a word, and hardly breathing until the whole thing was finished, and then he gave vent to both his surprise and pleasure by the expressive words:

"What a tear it'll be!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AFTER KNIFE-HANDLES.

The Way They Fish for Shells in the Waters Around New Guinea.

Between the most northern portion of Queensland, Australia and New Guinea flow the waters of Torres Straits. The straits are eighty miles wide, filled with islands, shoals and reefs, and amid these the pearl shell fisheries of Queensland are situated. The product is shipped to the United States and Europe and used for knife-handles, buttons, combs and ornamental work. Most of the vessels engaged in the business belong to Sydney. One or two American vessels have also been employed. The vessels pay a license fee to Queensland, and are taxed for the land used in connection with the fisheries. A failure to take out a license is liable to a fine of three times the amount of the fee. In 1883 there were 206 vessels engaged in the work, employing 1500 men.

The dress of the divers is heavier than is seen here and is made of solid sheet Indian rubber, covered on both sides with canvas; the helmet is tinned copper with three glasses, one in front and one on each side, to give the wearer a good chance to see his surroundings. Small iron bars protect the glasses from injury. There is a double collar on the helmet, the inner one coming up around the neck and the other fastened to the dress. The breast plate is made of tinned copper, with a valve by which the diver can regulate the pressure of the atmosphere. A small hose supplies the necessary air and a signal line is tied to the waist of the dress. The whole outfit costs $700.

The vessels go out in fleets with provisions for two weeks. When the ground is reached, the diver goes down and finds a spot where the shells are plenty. He signals to those above to cast anchor, and proceeds to fill the bag that he carries. When full, it is drawn up and again sent down. In this way the work is carried on for hours, during which time the diver remains under water. Care has to be used in taking the shells, as when they are touched on the wrong side they close up, sometimes taking the diver's fingers in a vise-like grip. When this occurs, he must rise to the surface of the water and have it removed.

Some of the boats are not provided with divers' outfits, and depend on expert swimmers, who dive down, seize a shell and throw it into the boat, and, after getting back their breath, dive again. The divers earn from $60 to $150 a month. Generally, they sign shipping articles for three years for regular wages, and a certain per cent. in the amount of shell taken. Some make as much as $300 a month. The crews are mostly South Sea Islanders, Malays and Chinese. Tenders who assist the divers are paid $12 a month, and a small interest in the catch. The boats having no diving apparatus are idle in stormy weather, and from December to March, but the men are paid for full time. The swimmers get from $3 to $8 per month.

At Torres Straits no organized effort has been made to gather the pearls that are found and most of them are taken by the men who secrete them until a chance offers to dispose of them. Sometimes this is done by swallowing them. A number of handsome specimens have come from these fisheries. The European and American demand regulates the price of shells at the fishing ground, and varies from $6 25 to $7 50 per ton. The shipments to America are increasing, but much of it arrives via London. Young shells are the best and command a much higher price than the old.

Hairpins.

[Stoves and Hardware.]

For years the English and French controlled the manufacture of hairpins, and it is only within the last twenty years that the goods have been produced in this country to any extent. The machinery used is of a delicate and intricate character, as the prices at which pins are sold necessitates the most rapid and cheapest process, which can only be secured by automatic machines. The wire is made expressly for the purpose, and put up in large coils, which are placed on reels, and the end of the wire is placed in a clamp which carries it to the machine while straightening it; from there it runs in another machine, which cuts, bends, and, by a delicate and instantaneous process, sharpens the points. Running at full speed, these machines will turn out 120 hairpins every minute. To economize it is necessary to keep them working night and day. The difficult part of the work is the enameling, which is done by dipping in a preparation and baking in an oven. Here is where the most constant and careful attention is required, as the pin must be perfectly smooth and the enamel have a perfect polish. The slightest particles of dust cause imperfections and roughness, which is objectionable.

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

[National Weekly.]

When you got a shweet oxbression on your face it vas cofer a good many freckles about your coundenance.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

Palestine as the Capital of the World.

A Scheme for a Combination of the English-Speaking People.

Circular Issued by a Member of the Canadian Parliament.

OTTAWA, Ont., September 19.—That imperial federation, as outlined by its most ardent supporters, is considerable of a myth, all who have studied the question must admit. Henry Wentworth Monk, M. P., of this city is one of the bright and shining lights of the Canadian branch of the Federation League, and has perfected a scheme which he thinks will obviate all possible objection to the federation idea. He is at the head of a company recently started which has for its purpose the purchase of Palestine and the establishment of the English-speaking capital there when federation shall have become a fact. The capital stock of the "New British Empire Company" has been fixed at $10,000,000,000, of which $1,500,000 has been already subscribed. Just how it is expected to bring the United States into a federation which will acknowledge a king or queen for its head is not stated by the originators of the enterprise. In the prospectus of the new company, just issued, the president, Mr. Monk, M. P., says:

Canada and Australia, each containing millions of square miles, evidently compose the great bulk of the British Empire, so far as extent of territory is concerned. The British Isles and India, containing the great bulk of the British Empire, so far as density of population is concerned (hundreds of millions of British subjects being in India, and about thirty or forty millions in the British Isles), and whether we regard extent of territory or density of population, Palestine happens to be the only convenient central position that might fitly be chosen as the future capital of the proposed British imperial confederation (as a glance at the map of the world should convince us at once), the British Isles and India being each about 2000 or 3000 miles from Palestine, and Canada and Australia being each about 5000 or 6000 miles from that grand common centre.

Palestine occupies also the central position of the habitable world, as the great continent of Asia (with about half the population of the world) is at its back; Europe being at its right hand and Africa at its left, while America and Australia are about equi-distant from it, in opposite directions, so that there is evidently no other central position in reference to these five grand divisions of the habitable world but Palestine alone and its neighborhood along the east coast of the Mediterranean.

It is clearly foretold also that at a certain time the nations will accept Palestine, or Jerusalem, as their capital, whenever they become enlightened enough to abolish warfare. Isaiah ii 2-4; Micah iv. 1-3. Why then should not the English-speaking peoples everywhere now take advantage of the present favorable opportunity to take such action as might lead to the long-predicted millennium of peace, by at once making suitable arrangements with the Turkish Empire and the great nations of Europe for the acquisition of Palestine for the world's capital as soon as the nation generally shall be prepared to combine in one grand universal confederation which shall guarantee a general peace over the whole world for many generations? Meanwhile, until other nations are prepared to join us, Palestine would be the most convenient central position for the capital of the proposed confederation of the British Empire, or for the English-speaking communities everywhere; for the United States would doubtless immediately join us in such a confederation for the sake of ensuring the general peace of the world at the earliest possible day.

The present time appears to be very favorable for this purpose, as the federation of the English-speaking peoples—with Palestine for our capital, and the general peace, progress and welfare of the whole world for our ultimate object—would doubtless soon overwhelm entirely every "Irish grievance," and cause "home rule" to prevail, not only in Ireland, but in every other convenient locality also, that would be embraced within our proposed confederation of the English-speaking peoples immediately, or of the united nations of the world subsequently.

In the circular which accompanies the prospectus of the new company, Mr. Monk, M. P., says that "the object has been undertaken for the purpose of a federation of the English-speaking peoples everywhere, with a view to the abolition of warfare with all its horrors and expenses."

The president of the company will start for England early next month for the purpose of agitating the question there. Among the honorary vice-presidents whose names adorn the prospectus are those of His Excellency the President of the United States and Hon. James G. Blaine. The patron is given as Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The stockholders, who are only to be called upon to pay their subscriptions when the purchase of Palestine is effected, include the Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C. G. B., etc.; Sir William Dawson of McGill College, Montreal, each down for $10,000, and some twenty members of Parliament.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

An Indorsement by Rufus Choate That Puzzled Governor Rice.

[Cambridge Chronicle.]

Thirty years ago, when we had giants moving about in everyday life in Boston and Cambridge and only thought of them as "our distinguished townsmen" Daniel Webster or Edward Everett or Rufus Choate, or as those "pestilent fanatics" Charles Sumner, or Wendell Phillips or Lloyd Garrison or Theodore Parker, there were many good stories told of the impossibility of deciphering the peculiar hieroglyphics of the then famous counsellor, Rufus Choate.

The other day, like a voice from the grave of my departed youth, a sealed package came to me from the desk of one of Boston's oldest and best loved pastors, not long gone down to an honored grave. Among other letters was one of Mr. Choate's and as nearly all concerned are now at Mount Auburn, I am violating no confidences in speaking of it.

Briefly then, in my salad days I was a candidate for the position of secretary of the Boston School Committee and among other valuable testimonials I had one from my dear friend—although greatly my senior—Rufus Choate.

On the day of the election the mayor, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, ex-officio chairman of the school committee, arose and after carefully adjusting his pincenez, began: "Gentlemen of the committee—I will read you the testimonials of the candidates for the position of secretary of the board." Then, taking up the first letter, he read on, at first rapidly, then more and more hesitatingly: "I have much pleasure in stating that I personally know Mr. —— and his—his"—here he wiped his glasses vigorously—"his reparation—no, reputation in—in." He paused, turned over the page and said: "Gentlemen, this is quite a lengthy indorsement, evidently, from its appearance of a highly flattering character, of the candidate, Mr. ——, but when I tell you it is signed by our distinguished townsman, Rufus Choate, you will not wonder that I find it impossible to decipher, and will doubtless give the candidate the benefit of its weight, although I regret to say I cannot read it to you!"

FLANEUR.

PARISIAN JEWELERS SCARED.

Bogus Rubies Puzzle the Experts in Precious Stones.

Great was the consternation of the jewelers in the Palais Royal, Paris, when they recently found themselves the dupes of a new and exceedingly ingenious fraud in the line of rubies. Last year they were the victims of a diamond fraud. The diamonds found at the Cape were far more plentiful than formerly, but were all of a decidedly yellow hue. By means of skilful manipulation, they were steeped in some violet dye and came forth a brilliant white. The jewelers had the sorry comfort of helping the ingenious inventor to a cool seclusion of six months in prison, but now things are going wrong again. Splendid rubies have come upon the market, whose genesis it is difficult to trace. Chemically tested, they were the true Oriental ruby. Analysis showed them to consist of the proper constituents, and of nothing else. The chemist is satisfied, the expert has his doubts. The fire is not so brilliant; there are yellow tones which the true gem escapes. The solution of the problem is difficult. It is suspected that the crafty Swiss artificers have melted up a number of small gems, and consolidated them into one large stone. In this manner, ruby sparks worth ten francs can be converted into a ten-carat stone, which is worth several thousands. The subject is a difficult one, and experts are now engaged in trying to find out how it is accomplished, after which the law and the judges will have a chance to decide whether the process and sale amount to a technical fraud.

OLD AND NEW SHIPS.

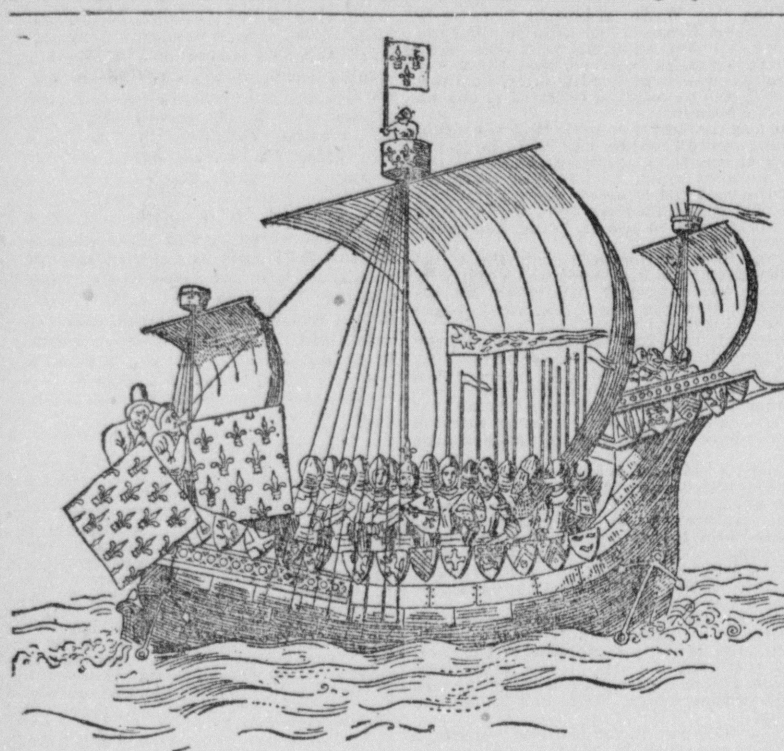
Description of the Famous Sovereign of the Sea.

East Boston's Famous Clipper Ship Flying Cloud, Built by Donald McKay.

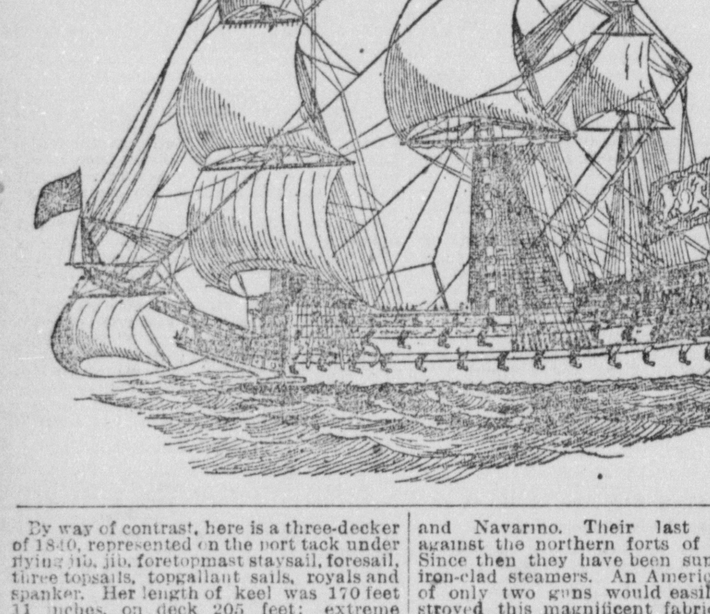
A Picture of the Probable Merchantman of the Future.

The nineteenth century has been specially marked with progressive inventions which have added to the prosperity and comfort of the people of all nations. In no department of commercial life has this spirit of invention been more active than in the building of ships.

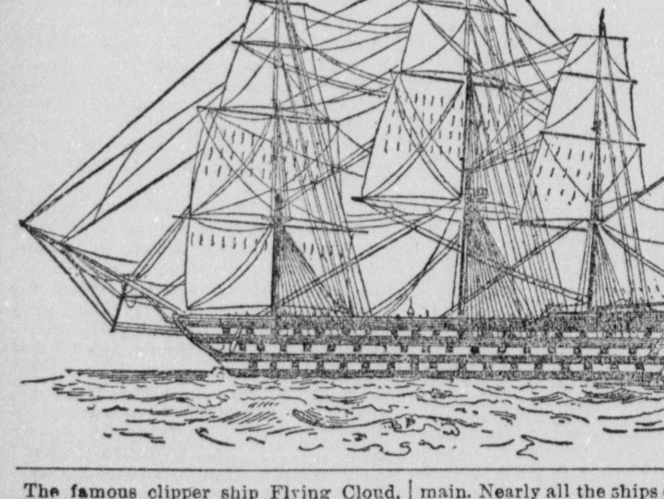
There have been more changes in shipping during the past fifty years than during 500 or 600 before, and each change has been an improvement. The flotilla of William the Norman, with which he invaded England in 1066, is variously stated, by some at 900, by others at 3000 vessels. The invading force consisted of about 60,000 troops, which would give in the one case about sixty-six men to each vessel, in the other twenty-one men. The following illustrations of Norman shipping of the fourteenth century show a large increase in the size of the vessels compared with those of the invading flotilla:



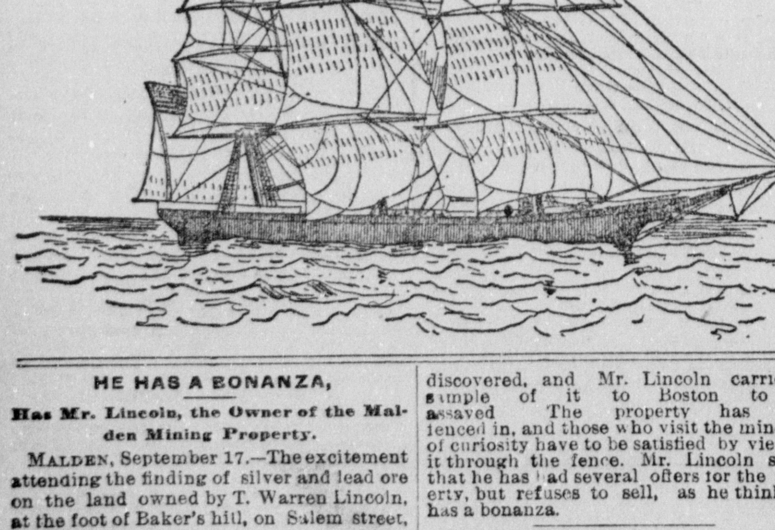
From the introduction of sails and the use of artillery afloat, the size and shape of the ships were greatly enlarged and improved. The ship Sovereign of the Sea was built in 1637, and was a three-decker, with three masts, courses, topsails, topgallantsails, royals and a spritsail. In the accompanying drawing the jibs are not shown, though she has a long bowsprit and the usual stays. Her foremast is very far forward, and the sails on it would enable her to tack or wear without jibs. The yard, peaked on the mizzenmast, is the old-fashioned crossjack-yard, which has long since been superseded by the lower yard of the mizzentopsail. She does not seem to have any fore-and-aft sails whatever. Her measurement was 1683; length of keel, 187 feet 9 inches; breadth of beam, 48 feet 4 inches, and whole depth about 30 feet, with four decks. She had fixtures for 120 guns, though only pierced in the picture for seventy-six. She doubtless carried many small guns on the poop and topgallant forecastle.



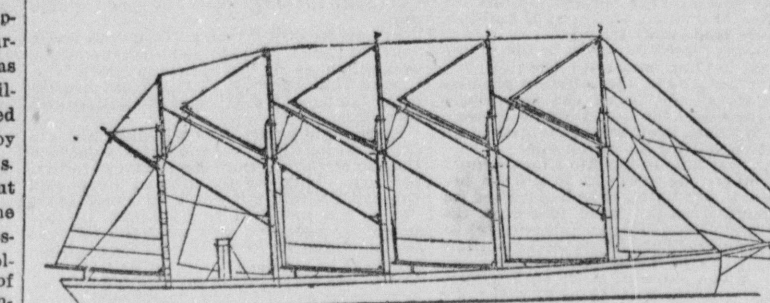
By way of contrast, here is a three-decker of 1840, represented on the port tack under flying jib, jib, foretopmast staysail, foresail, three topsails, topgallant sails, royals and spanker. Her length of keel was 170 feet 11 inches, on deck 205 feet; extreme breadth of beam 60 feet, and height of portsills about 6 feet; capacity 3099 tons, with three gun decks, an orlop deck and a spar deck. She had also a poop-deck, and carried guns on the forecastle quarter-deck. In war she had a crew of about 1000, all told, and her broadside weight of metal was 2028 pounds. With ships inferior to this the British fought the great battles of Copenhagen, of the Nile, Trafalgar, Algiers, and Navarino. Their last fight was against the northern forts of Sebastopol. Since then they have been superseded by iron-clad steamers. An American monitor of only two guns would easily have destroyed this magnificent fabric by a few well-directed shots. The invention of the Monitor has revolutionized naval warfare, and the end is not yet. The many improvements in torpedo boats at no distant day may put a stop to building large vessels. Numerous small vessels of the highest speed with rams may be found less expensive and more efficient. The "wooden walls" of old England, like the row-galleys of the Normans, have ceased to be.



The famous clipper ship Flying Cloud, commanded by Captain J. P. Cressy, which made the passage from New York to San Francisco in eighty-nine days, presents a contrast to the ships-of-war. She was 1700 tons, and was built at East Boston by the late Donald McKay. She is shown with the wind abeam, with flying jib, jib, foretopmast-staysail, courses, topsails, topgallantsails, royals, skysails, spanker, maintopmast, topgallant and royal staysails, topmast, topgallant and royal studdingsails on the fore and main masts, the stars and stripes from her mizzen peak and her signal letters at the main. Nearly all the ships of her class have disappeared, and the few that remain do not carry studding-sails. The clippers North American of 1400 tons, and the South American of 1600 tons, owned by Commodore Hastings, are the only large clippers now running. The magnificent fleet which the California and Australian trade developed, has been worn out. The large ships recently built in Maine have double topsail yards, and are full modelled to carry large cargoes. Some of the three and four-masted schooners, mostly employed in the coasting trade, range from 300 to 1500 tons register.



The following drawing, designed by Captain R. B. Forbes, represents the probable merchant ship of the future for long voyages, or for passing through the Suez or Panama canals. She will have steam power to be used in calm or light winds. This vessel will be 316 feet over all. A square sail may be added to the masts if desirable.



At present iron and steel are the principal materials used in the construction of ocean steamers and of some merchant sailing vessels, but the sailing tonnage of the world is still mostly of wood, and is likely to continue so for the next thirty years at least. The average life of a ship is about twelve years. A wooden ship can be made in less time and at less cost than one of iron, and is on the whole safer, but one of iron is lighter and has less broken stowage, and is considered more durable. If the Cunard steamer Oregon had been built of wood, she would probably not have been lost. Butts might have been started and timbers broken, but the planks and ceiling would have sprung partly back when the force of the collision was spent, and the leaks caused would have been easily managed with her powerful steam pumps.

EIGHT RACING SEA DOGS.

Fox's Plucky "Little Pete" Wins First Prize—Big Crowds Watch the Novel Exhibition in the Bay Off City Point.

"Come Emp, good old gal, come."

"Yip."

"Come Pete, keep up your nose, old boy; come on, old fellah."

"Pull on there, Bill! Faster; he can do better than that; faster, I tell you, faster."

Black ominous clouds hung down over the bay at City Point, and the hundreds of yachts at anchor bobbed heel and toe, like the cork on a fisherman's line. There was a strong, stiff wind from off the sea, and the surface of the water was by no means like a smooth shining mirror. Out on the water a half mile from shore, was a little boat flying a large flag, and stretched over the water near the shore was a long line.

Up on the beach and upon the verandas of the Grant Hotel an immense throng of people were gathered with binoculars scanning the movements of a score or more of boats dancing around the one flying the big flag.

Occasionally from far out upon the water came a growl, and then again a plaintive whine in a voice that music teachers would declare had a compass of at least three octaves and a half.

Landlord Grant was just rushing across the piazza of his hotel after having noted that it was already 3 o'clock, when he was accosted by a little man who wore a scorbutic face behind a "long nine" cigar, and who asked in a wee, piping voice: "Is that Al Watts out there going to heave over all dem dogs?"

"Yes, the dogs are surely going over, but not a la Watts."

Three Harvard men who were standing by laughed at this retort, but the scorbutic man, without noticing them or their hilarity, continued, "Well, what's going on, anyway?"

"It's a swimming match," said the proprietor as he hurried away toward the shore.

It was an exciting swimming match. Captain Paul Boyton with his rubber suit and paddle never occasioned half as much genuine enthusiasm as did those half dozen racing dogs. Walter R. Bellows had entered his big mastiff Empress, B. F. Millward his shepherd Romeo, W. H. Wall his Irish setter Prince, John F. Donahoe his mastiff Don, Joe Golden his bull mastiff Jack, William Fox his bull terrier Pete, R. F. McGlynn his English setter Jack, and D. J. Driscoll his dog Chink.

The dogs were to be cast overboard, and a boat was to coach each one to the line. When the men who were going out went down the pier they were cheered, and as the dogs were put into their respective boats they were patted and fondled by their many admirers.

As they rode out over the choppy sea each dog lay down in the bottom of the boat. Grant's big dog "Kim" rushed down and seemed to want to be put out with the rest. "Kim" had not been entered in this race because of the fact that in a previous race old "Kim" came in too far ahead of his competitors. It was too much like entering a 2.30 horse in a 2.50 race, so Kim stayed on shore.

Each of the eight owners on arriving at the stakeboat put his own boat in position, while a companion sat down to the oars prepared to row as fast as the dog who was to be in the wake could follow. Soon the eight boats were as nearly in line as it was possible to be in so choppy a sea. Each man stood in the stern of his boat holding his dog, and prepared to heave him over when the signal should be given. The water was cold, and the poor dogs knew it. Some of them had previously been given a rum bath, but still they did not seem to take kindly to the idea.

"Yip" went a shivering little fellow way down toward the end of the line and his remonstrance was immediately seconded by a big brother who gave utterance to a basso profundo bark. But each owner felt that his reputation was at stake, and so the poor dogs had to go.

Judge Scanlon stood on the deck of the boat, carrying the big flag, and called out

"Are you ready?" Each man looked first at his dog and then at the oarsman, then surveyed himself, and finally nodded to the judge.

"Then get ready."

The oarsman straightened up and the unwilling and remonstrating dog was straightened out.

"One, two——"

Sixteen bright oars flashed above the green hued water; eight men leaned further out over the stern of their respective boats, and eight dogs shivered even more perceptibly.

"Three!"

Before the word was hardly spoken there was a splash and the water leaped above the head of the first dog in.

Splash! dash! splash! and all the dogs were in the water. The big mastiff Empress made the water leap up higher than the boat as she went under. Presently she came up again, and blowing the water from her nostrils she struck out for the boat of her master that was just in front of her. Her owner was calling to her, and with great, vigorous "overhand" strokes she tried to come up with them. It was a fine exhibition of coaching. The crowd on shore looking through their glasses cheered themselves hoarse with delight.

Then little Pete, a wee tiny little chap, was seen with his nose pointed out of the water following close after his master in the stern of the boat. All the dogs were now in the water and were being coached along as fast as it was possible for them to go.

One old lady, dressed in the latest fashion, screamed so long and so lustily for little Pete that she became overcome, and had to be carried up on the veranda of the hotel. In the meantime the dogs in the water were struggling with all their might and main.

"Come on, Prince; good boy, come," and his owner's hand was reached out encouragingly toward him.

For a time all the boats were huddled together, and it was almost impossible to tell even with the glasses one dog from another. But presently the choppy sea began to separate them, and two or three of the boats began to drift in-shore. In vain did Mr. Haskell call to them to keep off. Nearer and nearer to the shore they came, and farther and farther away they are brought from the finish line.

People holding glasses were soon able to discern the dogs.

"Hurrah," cried one, "Prince is ahead."

"No; 'tis Empress."

Then all the friends of Empress and her owner began to shout.

But while they were shouting little dog Pete had forged ahead, and, with quick, rapid movements, he continued to gain on Empress, and just as they neared the line he pushed vigorously and came in first. The crowd became wild with enthusiasm. Empress came in second, with Jack third and Don fourth.

The prizes were $20 to the first, $15 to the second, $10 to the third and $5 to the fourth. The judges were Daniel Sullivan, Thomas Scanlon, George Grant and Gus Haines.

Immediately after the race Mr. Grant offered to match his dog Kim, that had been barred out, against any dog in the day's race, or any dog in the State, for a purse of from $25 to $500. The distance to-day was half a mile, and the time was 8½ minutes.

FEIGNS TO BE DEAD,

And His Supposed Corpse is Buried—A Chicago Paper's Charge Made Against an Alleged Embezzler.

CHICAGO, September 15.—From investigations by the press of this city, a case showing to what extremes those who have made themselves amenable to the law will go in order to escape detection or conviction has just been brought to light; and if the published details are substantiated by later developments, the plot assumes a dramatic as well as criminal element rarely recorded.

September 8, William J. Clingen, ex-clerk of the Armory Police Court of this city, died very suddenly, and was buried the following day at Calvary cemetery. Clingen was a prominent figure in local politics, and had for several months been under indictment for a deficit of several thousand dollars in his accounts. The circumstances of his sudden death were but briefly told in the daily papers, and what facts were ascertained, it is claimed, came from only one source. The deceased had been suffering from an attack of pleurisy, which, it was given out, had finally reached the heart and caused death.

A local paper this morning says: "It is currently reported that Clingen is not dead at all, and that there was altogether too much mystery and haste in the funeral arrangements of the alleged deceased. The rumors were first set afloat by certain members of the Order of Foresters, of which Clingen was a member, but which order he denied having any connection when the embezzlement cases were brought against him in the Criminal Court. The Foresters claim that none of them were allowed to see the body even eight hours after death, on account of the state of decomposition into which it had so rapidly fallen—so the family and some of the near friends put it. Even intimate friends of the supposed dead man were refused permission to see the body, and, so far as is known, no one saw the face of the dead from the time of the announcement of death until the interment of the body in Calvary cemetery yesterday. The certificate of death was signed by Dr. Gibson, whose name does not appear in the directory. It was on the strength of this certificate that no coroner's inquest was held.

The rumors of suspicion of trickery have reached the city law department, and it is understood that an investigation is in progress, and that the case against Clingen will not be nolle pros'd for the present at least.

A peculiar circumstance is the fact that the body was not interred on the day of the funeral, but was kept in a vault until yesterday. The circumstance is looked upon, in view of the tendency of the warm weather at this season of the year, to aid decomposition to such an extent that should suspicion be aroused before burial it would be impossible to identify the body."

It is thought that Clingen has escaped, and is in hiding. The plan, as exposed, shows that it was his intention to feign death, and submit to being placed in a coffin and taken to a tomb in the cemetery. Here a decomposing corpse was to take the place of the supposed dead man. Clingen could thus be enabled to escape conviction, as the case against him would be nolle pros'd, and he could join the American colony in Canada. Further developments are expected.

PRELLER'S GHOST.

The Haunting Vision That Stares Maxwell in the Face.

ST. LOUIS, MO., September 16.—Dr. Walter Lenox-Maxwell is confined in murderers' row, in the Four Courts jail, and is closely watched. Maxwell is as pale almost as a corpse, his nervous system is wholly unstrung and his eyes have a sad, far-away, melancholy expression, and he has lost all his dash and freshness. He is humble, resigned and apparently aware of the fact that he is not quite so important a personage as he at first and for a long time imagined himself to be.

He passes the time in a most stupid manner, reads very little, and that a newspaper, or of a light trashy character, and he reads by spurts, showing conclusively in every move his distress, anxiety and wretchedness. That he is nervous, no one can gaze upon him a moment and not be thoroughly convinced. His eyes show it, and if they did not his talk would.

"No matter, asleep or awake, head covered up or how, at a certain hour Preller appears in that corner," said Maxwell to a visitor. "Why," he continued, "I can see him as plainly as were it but yesterday. His eyes, his smile, his every characteristic, is perfect and life-like. At first I banished the thing as only a dream, but night after night he came, and now I cannot banish it. Like the ghost in Hamlet, it won't down, and stays to distress me."

"Yes, indeed, Maxwell is in distress," says one official. "His life is a curse to him, and he has lost all desire to live, and is hopeless or indifferent as to the higher court's action, and if he gets a half chance I fear he will put an end to his earthly misery. That ghost is killing him. It don't come every night, or at least he don't see it every night, but he fears it every night, and all the time. And he sees in his mind's eye Preller and the trunk every time he shuts his eyes: the form imprints itself on the wall in the gloaming; when the gas burns dimly a fantastic figure appears in bold relief in that corner, and whether it is there or not Maxwell fears it is, and hence he constantly throws his eyes to that corner, and the twitching of the nerves follows."

FIENDISH COLORED YOUTHS.

A Little White Girl Suffers Indignities at Their Hands.

HIGHTSTOWN, N. J., September 14.—Two colored youths, George Augustus Dunne, aged 18, and James Brown, aged 13, have been sent from this place to the jail at Trenton for an alleged criminal assault on a little white girl 13 years old. On Sunday last S. H. Bergen, a farmer residing on Cranberry Neck road, attended church. He left Brown and Dunn in charge of the premises. Mr. Bergen's neighbor, Perrine E. Mount, also went to church and left a little white servant girl, aged 13, as sole occupant of his farm house.

Shortly after services had begun at church the two boys entered Mrs. Mount's premises and approached towards the young domestic, who was standing in the front door. The girl became frightened and shut the door. The negroes tried to burst it in, but failing, climbed through a window. The girl, hearing the boys' footsteps, ran shrieking from room to room. She reached her own room and shut the door and threw herself against it. With a strong push and muttered curses the boys burst the door open and in a moment she was grabbed by her assailants. The girl struggled in vain. The boys then ran out of the house and entered Mr. Bergen's place, and resumed work as if nothing unusual had occurred.

When Mr. Mount returned he found his hall door open and his furniture upset, and he naturally called for the young domestic. She faintly answered, and with great physical exertion entered the sitting-room. The news spread rapidly, and the furious people collected at Mr. Bergen's place and vowed vengeance upon the girl's assailants. The two boys were taken before Squire S. Shangles and, after a hurried examination, were sent to Trenton.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Might Be Slow in Turning.

[Commercial Bulletin.]

They should name the next fast yacht the Prodigal. If there's anything in a name it would make a quick run on the home stretch.

HE HAS A BONANZA,

Has Mr. Lincoln, the Owner of the Malden Mining Property.

MALDEN, September 17.—The excitement attending the finding of silver and lead ore on the land owned by T. Warren Lincoln, at the foot of Baker's hill, on Salem street, still continues, so far as out-of-town parties are concerned. Nearly every train from Boston brings a number of men who have heard of the "find," and come to see for themselves. A party of New York gentlemen visited the mine this afternoon for the purpose of looking over the premises and examining the ore, with a view of purchasing the property.

This morning, while the men were at work a vein of ore resembling gold was discovered, and Mr. Lincoln carried a sample of it to Boston to be assayed. The property has been fenced in, and those who visit the mine out of curiosity have to be satisfied by viewing it through the fence. Mr. Lincoln states that he has had several offers for the property, but refuses to sell, as he thinks he has a bonanza.

Sheep are dear at fifteen cents per head in Fayette county, Ala. Poor crops caused the falling off in price.

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FRAMED IN A SILVER DOLLAR.

A Child's Picture in a Coin Taken at the Sub-Treasury, Boston.

The clerks at the sub-treasury come across many strange specimens of coin brought there for exchange. Among the most unique was that presented by a messenger of one of the national banks a few days ago. A silver dollar which had every appearance of perfection and solidity was presented and pronounced to be "off," and short in weight. The coin was found to have been hollowed out in the centre so as to allow the placing within it of the photograph of a child, while the face of the coin formed a sort of cover, which was held in position by hinges and a clasp. So fine was the work that no one but an expert could detect it.

The coin is supposed to have been carried as a pocket-piece by some fond father, who had it so worked over as to contain his child's picture. It is thought that the piece found its way into circulation by mistake, and that the owner will be glad to recover it, as he may obtain trace of it by reference to the sub-treasury in the post office building.

HIRED TO ASSASSINATE.

The Confession of Arthbuthust, the Murderer.

How He was Employed by a Railroad Official for Dirty Work.

History of the Crime and the Amount He Received.

ST. LOUIS, September 14.—The confession of Arthur Arthbuthust, alias A. L. Pitman, alias Charles Walker, alias Parsons, who is under arrest at Covington, Tenn., and claims to have killed the late Mayor Bowman of East St. Louis, November 18, has been received by the East St. Louis authorities, and is substantially as follows:

During the early part of November, 1885, I was visiting in East St. Louis, and while walking in the outskirts of the town about dusk one evening I was approached by a well-dressed man of pleasing manners, who stopped and conversed with me. After a while he asked me if I wanted to make some money. I told him yes. I was pretty hard up, so I was ready to do anything. He said there was a man in East St. Louis who he wanted to put out of the way. I told him I was his man and I could make arrangements to kidnap his victim. He said he didn't want him kidnapped, but put out of the way. I said I would murder the man for $3000. If I was going to be hanged at all, I wanted to sell myself for a decent amount. I didn't intend to commit murder, however. I meant to kidnap the man, and keep him in an asylum. By this means I could extort the money from my captive and my principal at the same time. I made an appointment to meet him, and at second interview I learned that my employer was a vice-president of a railroad company and a resident of St. Louis. The final arrangements were then made, and I then agreed to do the job for $2500. I started immediately for New York, and while there made arrangements with "Dandy Jim" and "Striped Charley Blake" to assist me. On November 18 I went back to East St. Louis and there completed the details of my scheme. I bought a bull-dog revolver, a five shooter of 44 calibre, and two long hunting knives. I didn't intend. I want it understood, to murder Mr. Bowman, but only bought the weapons to defend myself if he should resist my attempt to kidnap him. That evening I met the railroad vice-president by appointment, and while we were talking together Mr. Bowman passed by.

"There is the man," said my companion, "that I want you to put out of the way." He gave me a photograph so that I could make no mistake.

On the next night my plans were complete, except that my accomplices had not arrived. I stationed a hack near Mr. Bowman's house, in which it was my intention to drive him to an asylum, where I had made arrangements for his confinement. I then concealed myself near a lumber pile in front of Mr. Bowman's house and waited. I soon perceived the gentleman walking in my direction, and when he came opposite me I sprang out in front of him and presented my pistol before his face and commanded him to halt. He seized my hand and I told him to let go, that I was not going to kill him nor take his money. He dropped my hand and stepped away a foot or two and called "Police." In order to quiet him, I raised my revolver and fired. He fell, face downwards, and I then knew that I had hurt him worse than I had intended. I did not even then comprehend that I had killed him. I only intended to disable him, place him in the carriage and take him to the asylum. I walked up to his body, and found that he was dead. I then started to escape, and had gone but a short distance when I met my employer. He then paid me my money, and we went to his house in St. Louis and spent the remainder of the night. Early in the morning, disguised as a woman, I took the first train for Springfield, Ill.

The confession then details his travels through the South and his final arrival at Covington, Tenn., and his subsequent arrest. He states that he makes the confession voluntarily, simply because of a guilty conscience. He knows his employer's name and his place of residence, and could easily identify him if he should ever see him again. He refuses to disclose the vice-president's name, but promises to do so when the proper time shall arrive.

GRIM PRISON WALLS

Have a Peculiar Effect Upon a Prisoner—How Ex-Mayor Bowman of East St. Louis Was Murdered.

ST. LOUIS, September 14.—A special from Covington, Tifton county, Tenn., states that Sheriff Carter, of that county, has in jail a man who is supposed to be the assassin of the late ex-Mayor Bowman of East St. Louis. The man was arrested about two weeks ago at Covington, for some trivial misdemeanor, and was fined and imprisoned. While locked up, it is alleged that he commenced talking about a terrible murder he committed in East St. Louis. Carter concluded to investigate the man and his statement.

As near as the result of the sheriff's efforts could be ascertained, it appears that the prisoner confessed that he was the man who fired the shot that killed Mr. Bowman. He gives details as to how he committed the crime and why it was done. He says that he was employed by a vice-president of a railway company in East St. Louis to put Mr. Bowman out of the way. The sum to be paid was $2500, of which the man says he received from the hands of the railroad official $1000 before the deed was perpetrated. After receiving the $1000 he set about preparing the plans by which to carry out his contract. He watched Mr. Bowman, and ascertained his course to and from his residence. He says that on the evening of November 21, 1885, Mr. Bowman approached his residence while he, the assassin, stood behind a gate a little open on the opposite side of the street to his residence, and almost facing it.

As Mr. Bowman arrived at the gate he jumped out from behind and grasped Mr. Bowman by the arm; think Mr. Bowman caught him by the wrist, and demanded, "What do you want?" to which the assassin replied, "Come with me," intending to pull him inside the gate into the field, and there do the work. Bowman replied, "Go about your business," and gave him a push, whereupon the assassin put his pistol to the back of Mr. Bowman's head and fired.

The man gives further and fuller details of the crime, but the officials emphatically refuse to give any details or allow the man to be interviewed. The assassin remained in and about East St. Louis till the railroad strike, and then committed such depredations against the railroads that he had to leave East St. Louis and wandered down to Tennessee, where he was arrested as stated a few weeks ago for a trivial offence. It is also known that the Tennessee sheriff has been in correspondence with the East St. Louis authorities, but with what result is not known as yet.

A reporter, upon receipt of the foregoing information, went over to St. Louis to ascertain what truth there was in the affair. It was there learned that such a revelation had been sent up from Tennessee, and that in the main the special was correct.

FULL OF MINUTE FIBRES.

The White Water Phenomenon Appears on the Cape Fishing Grounds.

ST. JOHN, N. B., September 14.—The cape fisheries have suddenly dwindled down to almost nothing. A short time ago the boat and inshore craft were getting good catches daily. One day last week the "white water," as it is colloquially termed, made its appearance on the ground, moving towards the west. This is a phenomenon rarely if ever witnessed here, but well known to bank fishermen, who look upon it as a very discouraging sign. The fish, they say, either retreat before this milky current or else will not bite while it is passing. From last week's experience off the cape there seems to be some reason for such a belief. The day before the white water was noticed, the boats found fish quite plentiful everywhere. The next day few of them caught over twenty, and the scarcity still prevails, though the sea has resumed its usual clearness.

One man describes the sight as a most singular and unaccountable circumstance. The white water which showed a long distance on the surface, and seemed full of minute fibres of curd-like consistency, was on its western edge as perpendicular as the walls of a house, and apparently reached the water in thirty fathoms. It was moving slowly; not so fast, he thought, as the tide generally runs in that place, but, strange to say, the ebb tide did not seem to carry it backward. It would be interesting to study the phenomenon, both as to its causes and its effects on the fishery.

The Minister Lost His Supper.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Not very long ago," said Rev. C. C. F., a well-known minister, "I was called to go out into the country a considerable journey by rail to attend a marriage. On reaching the beautiful rural home of the bride—a long distance from the station—hungry, as you may well suppose from the time I had been on the road, I was shocked to find that instead of a house full of joyous guests and a tastefully prepared repast, I found it was to be a supperless and strictly private affair. Hence my mission was quickly performed, the knot tied, the fee received and speedily whirled back to the railroad station, which I found closed for the night. A storm of wind and rain soon set in to make the night hideous. No kicking at the doors, no efforts to raise the windows, no howls to awaken the agent or yells to arouse the neighbors brought any relief or shelter. And now, for two of the longest hours that ever befel, I tramped up and down that depot platform, bewailing my refusal of my wife's invitation to sup at home before I started out. But the train hove in sight at last, and the "wee sma' hours o' the mornin'" found me partaking of a cold morsel at my own table.

DANGERS IN THE WIND.

Path of a Cyclone Through an Illinois City---Houses Levelled, Men and Women Injured---Other Damage.

JOLIET, Ill., September 18.—About 8.30 this evening a terrible wind storm and cyclone struck the southern limits of this city, coming from a southwesterly direction. A dozen frame buildings, about Three Points, are levelled to the ground, the streets filled with boards, parts of roofs and trees, which have been torn from the ground. The old pump factory on South Chicago street, a large frame building, was blown ten feet from its foundation and badly smashed.

John Buckley lived near the pump factory. His house was blown to pieces, all the family but Buckley fled to the street and escaped injury. Buckley took refuge in the cellar, from where he was dug out badly injured.

The residence of Peter Daily was torn to pieces and scattered over an acre of ground. Daily and his wife were buried in the ruins, but were removed only slightly hurt. A woman, whose name could not be learned, was taken out of the ruins of her home with her leg broken.

The large grain elevator of H. S. Carpenter on Eastern avenue, and the office building near the same were totally ruined, the elevator being levelled to the ground. A number of small frame buildings along the Chicago & Alton railroad track were blown down. One frame house was blown across the track and landed against a freight track standing near the old Knowlton elevator.

Most of the street lamps were extinguished by the storm, and as that part of the town is in total darkness it is hard to obtain information, and only daylight will show the extent of the damage.

WESTERN CROP PROSPECTS.

How the Drought Has Injured Next Season's Growth.

ST. LOUIS, September 15.—The Republican this morning prints replies from its correspondents in 185 counties in Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, in answer to inquiries concerning the crop prospects, and comments upon them as follows: Viewing the returns as a whole, the fact most striking is the decidedly unfavorable condition of fall pasturage. Fall ploughing is late, and has been generally retarded by extensive droughts. Fifty-five writers predict decreased sowing of winter wheat.

Illinois and Kansas appear to have sold their wheat sooner than Missouri, the latter State having fully half a crop now on hand. It may be stated of these three great States that the pasturage has certainly been damaged to an extent that precludes possible improvement; that the corn yield will be better than expected, an average of about eighteen to twenty-seven and one-half bushels to the acre on an increased area; that fall ploughing has not been general, farmers are late and retarded by drought; that the conditions are fairly favorable for winter wheat sowing; that the winter wheat acreage will be the same as last year's, or slightly greater, perhaps; that more than half the wheat crop has been sold or consumed.

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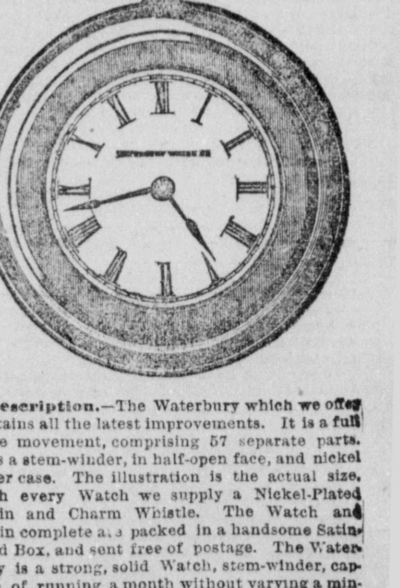
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